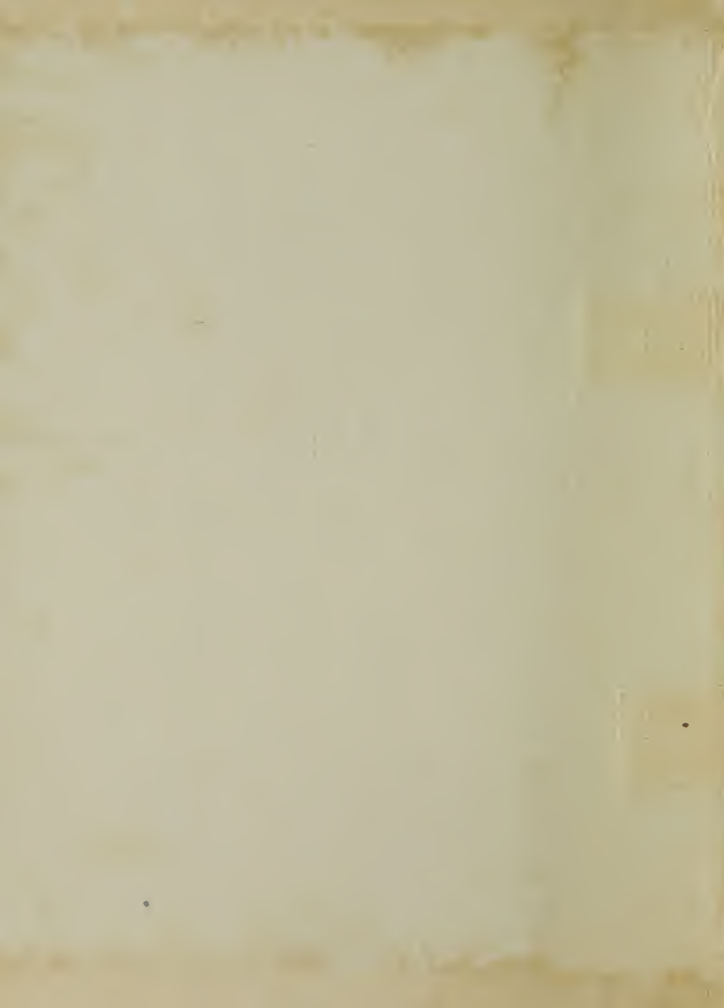




Songs of The Sael

SERIES 4

BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD.
PUBLISHERS
DUBLIN



SONGS OF THE GAEL

FOURTH SERIES

A Collection of Anglo-
Irish Songs and Ballads

WEDDED TO OLD TRADITIONAL IRISH AIRS

BY

AN T-*AD*AIR *pá*ORUIG *b*RE*AD*NA*C*

EDITOR OF “*ceól ár sínsear*,” “*ár sceól féin*,”
AND “*roinnt áin*.”

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FOREWORD

WITH this Fourth Series of *Songs of the Gael* I bring to a close the work on which I have been engaged. That work was the fitting to old Irish traditional airs of many beautiful Anglo-Irish songs and ballads which until now have never been wedded to music. Another object I had in view was the bringing together into one collection, with their music, very many songs which had been written to old Irish airs, but which were scattered through many books and private collections. As a mere anthology these four Series of *Songs of the Gael* will be found to be a treasure house. But it is principally as an effort to popularize hundreds of beautiful old Irish airs hitherto unmated with words, and to do a like service for fine songs hitherto unmated with music, that the collection will be valued.

In this Fourth Series there are upwards of one hundred songs wedded for the first time to old Irish music. Taking the four books or Series which have been now published it will be found that over three hundred songs, which had never been sung, are now found united to old traditional airs. These songs are all "racy of the soil."

Davis, in his essay on Irish songs, said that "Ireland does not rank low in songs. She is far above England, or Italy, or Spain, and equal to Germany." He thought her below Scotland. That estimate was formed in 1842-1845. Since that time, a host of song-writers have added to the lustre of the Irish name: William Rooney (1873-1901), "Leo" (1846-1870), Frances Brown (died 1879), R. D. Joyce (1830-1883), P. J. McCall (1861-1918), John Locke (1847-1889), Michael

Hogan, "Bard of Thomond" (1832-1899), Allingham (1824-1889), "Ethna Carbery" (died 1902), John Hand (1845-1903), "Conaciensis" (Mathew F. Hughes, 1834-1895), Michael Scanlan, born in Co. Limerick, one of the most gifted of the Irish-American poets (born in 1836), C. J. Kickham (1825-1882), Doheny (1848), William Collins, born in Strabane (1838-1890), John Boyle (1822-1885), Arthur Forrester, born in Ballytrain, Co. Monaghan, 1850, died in 1895 in South Boston, U.S.A., Dora Sigerson, who died a few years ago, and many others.

We have still living amongst us song-writers whose work would have gladdened the heart of Davis, such as Dr. George Sigerson and Frank Fahy. Even in the outburst of patriotic effort against alien rule since 1916 poets have arisen who voiced Ireland's claims. I need only mention the names of Brian O'Higgins, Maev Cavanagh, and the noble men who died for Ireland—Pearse, T. MacDonagh, T. Ashe, Plunket—and the writers of the two fine songs, "Pearse to Ireland" and "She our Mother." In fact, so luxuriant has been the crop of writers since Davis's time that I have largely drawn upon them in these pages.

And what Davis wrote of as a want in all Irish songs before his day—that is, the want of strictly *national* lyrics—we have supplied to us in this collection. To them I venture to apply the words of that illustrious Irishman: "They are full of heart and reality. They are not written for the stage. They are the slow growth of intense passion and simple taste. Love, mirth, and patriotism are, not the ornaments, but the inspiration of these songs. They are full of personal narrative, streaming hopes and fears, bounding joy in music, absolute disregard for prettiness, and, then, they are thoroughly Irish." Sweet, noble, and varying between pastoral, love, joy, wailing, and war songs. Such are the selections which I have endeavoured to gather within the pages of *Songs of the Gael*.

Whilst aiming at making this collection high-class, my object also was to make it popular. I have excluded rigorously the class of song and ballad condemned by Davis in which one "finds bombast, or slander, or coarseness, united in all cases with false rhythm, false rhyme, and conceited imagery."

The verse-writers whom Davis longed to see arise will, I think, be found to be those whose names are recorded in my pages: "If they be poets—if they be men who have grown up amid the common talk and pictures of nature—the bosomed lake amid rocks—the endless sea, with its roaring and whispering fringes—the bleak moor, the many-voiced trees, the bounding river—if they be men who have loved passionately, and ardently hated—generous in friendship, tranced by sweet or maddened by strong sounds, sobbing with unused strength and fiery for freedom and glory—then they can write the lyrics for every class in Ireland."

Evidently Davis had in mind such men as Sigerson, Rooney, "Leo," M'Call, and women of the type of "Eva," Ethna Carbery, and Dora Sigerson.

I send this collection of songs forth to the Irish public as the class of lyrics which our distinguished countryman wished to see in vogue: "Songs for the Street and Field, requiring simple words, bold, strong imagery, plain, deep passions (love, patriotism, conciliation, glory, indignation, resolve), daring humour, broad narrative, highest morals . . . and in all cases simplicity and heartiness."

At the end of this Fourth Series I give three specimens of hymns wedded to old traditional Irish airs, just to show that many of our old airs are eminently suitable for hymn tunes. We have a large repertoire of such music to draw from. A few years ago (1917) I edited (The Educational Co., Talbot Street, Dublin) four booklets of such airs with *Irish* hymns, under the title of "Ροινητ Διμῳδόν." This shows what can

be done, and what a rich store-house of materials we have got. One has only to listen to the beautiful congregational singing at the monthly meetings of the "Cúladóir Múirne," under the direction of the Rev. C. O'Flynn, in Cork Cathedral, to see the superiority of old traditional Irish music over the modern English hymn-tune.

With the issue of the four Series of *Songs of the Gael* and the two books of Irish Songs with music, entitled “Ceól Ár Síneas” and “Ár Ceól Féin,” which have been also given to the public, the children of the Gael can no longer plead a dearth of suitable concert songs as an excuse for falling back on the mawkish, unwholesomely sentimental, un-Irish rubbish of the music-hall variety.

Let us hope that the songs of our native Irish writers—in the language, Irish or English, which each one may be master of—and the music of our native land, now within easy reach of all, will be as widely sung as they deserve. Of the one and of the other we assuredly have good reason to be proud.

πάτορις βρεῖται.

ST. PETER'S, PHIBSBORO',
DUBLIN, *August 15, 1922.*

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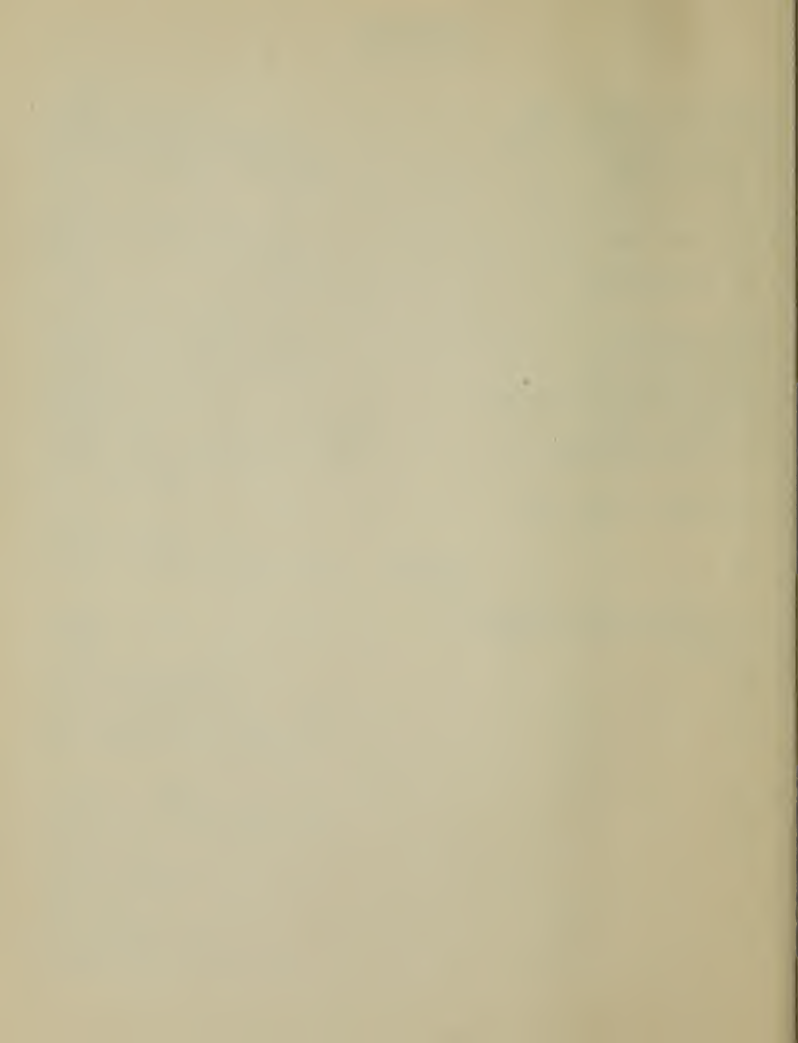
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SONGS OF THE GAEL
FOURTH SERIES

A SONG FOR THE POPE.

KEY C. *Animated.*

Air: "The Old Astrologer."

{	: m	.f		s	.s ,s : s	.f		s	.m	: d	.,d ^l	}
	A			song	for the Pope, the			Roy - al		Pope, Who		

{	d ^l	.t	: s	.m		f		: m	.f	}
	rules	from	sea	to		sea,		Whose		

{	s	.s ,s	: s	.f		s	.s ,l	: t	.s .,s	}
	king - dom	or	scep -	tre		nev -	er	can	fail, What a	

{	s	.d ^l	: d ^l	.,d ^l		d ^l		:	.s	}
	grand old	King	is	he !					No	

{	s	.f ^l	: m ^l	.r ^l		d ^l	.t ,t	: s	.,f	}
	war - rior	hordes	hath	he,		with their	swords,	His		

{	s	.f ^l	: m ^l	.d ^l		r ^l		: s	.,s	}
	rock - built	throne	to	guard :		For		a -		

{	d ^l	.d ^l ,d ^l	: d ^l	.t		d ^l	.,r ^l	: m ^l	.d ^l	}
	gainst	it the	gates	of		hell	shall	war	In	

{	t	.s ,s	: f	.m ,m		f		: m	.f	}
	vain,	as they ev -	er	have warred.		Then				

{	s	.s	: s	.f ,f		s	.l	: t	.s	}
	one	cheer	more	for the		grand	old	Pope,	Hur -	

{	s	.d ^l	: d ^l	.d ^l		d ^l				}
	ra,	hur -	ra,	hur -		ra !				

Great dynasties die, like flowers of the feld;
 Great empires wither and fall;
 Glories there have been that flashed to the stars;
 They *have* been—and that is all!
 But there is the grand old Roman See,
 The ruins of earth among,
 Young with the youth of its early prime,
 With the strength of Peter strong.
 Then one cheer more for the grand old Pope,
 Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Over all the orb no land more true
 Than our own old Catholic land,
 Through ages of blood, to the Rock hath stood
 True may she ever stand!
 O ne'er may the star Saint Patrick set
 On her radiant brow decay.
 Hurra, for the grand old Catholic isle!
 For the grand old Pope, hurra!
 Then one cheer more for the grand old Pope,
 Hurra, hurra, hurra!

DR. MURRAY

Dr. Murray, the writer of the above song, held the highest chair of theology of the ordinary college course in Maynooth before and after the date of its disestablishment in 1871. He wrote a famous treatise, "*De Ecclesia*" and other works. He also wrote several pieces of poetry, the best known of which are "A Song for the Pope" (1858), and "Glandore." When he gave his students a "free class," that is, when he declared solid theological business "off" for the day, it was a treat to listen to him reading passages from some classic, or recounting his experiences, or telling anecdotes. As a reader and raconteur he was not surpassed. I give his song here because it is a favourite in clerical circles, and is often heard at Catholic gatherings. This is the first time the song has been linked with an *Irish* air. I may remark that this old Irish air to which I have wedded it is a fine, rousing one, that is likely to recommend itself at Irish gatherings. I have added the last two lines in each verse as a chorus.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

KEY F.

Air: "St. Patrick's Day."

{ : s₁ | d :- : r.d | d :- : m.f | s :- : l.s | s : m : d }
 { Oh, | blest be the days when the | green ban-ner float-ed Sub- }

{ | r :- : d.r | m :- : d.s₁ | l₁ :- : t₁.l₁ | l₁ :- : s₁.l₁ }
 { | lime o'er the moun - tains of | free In-nis-fail ; When her }

{ | d :- : r.d | d :- : m.f | s :- : l.s | s : m : d }
 { | sons, to her glo - ry and | free - dom de - vo - ted, De - }

{ | r :- : d.r | m :- : d.s₁ | l₁ :- : t₁.t₁ | d :- : s }
 { | fied the in - va - der to | tread on her soil. | When }

{ | s : l : t | d^l :- : l | t : l : s | l : s : s }
 { | back o'er the main They | chased the Dane, And }

{ | s : l : t | d^l :- : t.l | t : l : s | l :- : s }
 { | gave to re - lig - ion and | learn-ing their spoil, When }

{ | s : l : t | d^l :- : l | t : l : s | l : t . d^l | s₁ }
 { | val - our and mind To - geth-er com - bined— | But }

{ | d :- : r . d | d :- : m . f | s :- : l . s | s : m : d }
 { | where - fore la - ment o'er those | glo - ries de-part - ed, Her }

{ | r :- : d . r | m :- : d . s | l | :- : t . l | l | :- : s . l | }
 { | star shall yet shine with as | viv - id a ray; For }

{ | d :- : r . d | d :- : m . f | s :- : l . s | s : m : d }
 { | ne'er had she chil - dren more | brave or true heart-ed Than }

{ | r :- : d . r | m :- : d . s | l | :- : t . | d :- }
 { | those she now sees on St. | Pa - trick's Day. }

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
 And treason surrendered what valour had held,
 But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
 Which spite of her tyrants would *not* be quelled.
 Oft, oft, through the night
 Flashed gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
 But a star is now near,
 Her heaven to cheer,
 Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
 But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
 On daughters as fair, and on sons as true-hearted,
 As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! blest be the hour, when begirt with her cannon,
And hail'd as it rose by a nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen Irish laws.
Once more shall it wave
O'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause;
And like brothers agreed,
Whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause, like the brave and true-hearted,
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's Day.

M. J. BARRY.

I have already given a fine song for this air in my Third Series from the pen of Dr. Sigerson. In both songs the air is, of course, the same, but in different keys.

MY BONNY CUCKOO.

KEY B♭. *Cheerful and tenderly.*

{ : s ₁	d : - . r : m	m : r : d	l ₁ : - : s ₁	m ₁ : - }
{ My	bon - ny	cuck - oo	I	tell thee true }

{ : s ₁	s ₁ : - . l ₁ : d	r : - : d . r	m : - : r	d : - }
{ That	through the	groves	I'll	rove with you, }

{ : m	l ₁ : - : r	s ₁ : - : d	m ₁ : - . r ₁ : d ₁	r ₁ : - }
{ I'll	rove with	you	un -	til the next spring, }

{ : s ₁	s ₁ : - . l ₁ : d	r : - : d . r	m : - : r	d : - }
{ And	then my cuck - oo	shall	sweet - ly	sing— }

{ : m	l ₁ : - : r	s ₁ : - : d	m ₁ : - . r ₁ : d ₁	r ₁ : - }
{ Cuck-	oo,	cuck - oo,	un -	til the next spring }

{ : s ₁	s ₁ : - . l ₁ : d	r : - : d . r	m : - : r	d : -
{ And	then my cuck - oo	shall	sweet - ly	sing.

2

The ash and the hazel shall mourning say,
 My bonny cuckoo, don't go away,
 Don't go away, but tarry here,
 And the season last all the year.
 Don't go away, but tarry here,
 And the season last all the year.

This air and song are taken from Bunting, who procured it "in the poetical district of Ballinascreen" (Sligo).

THE KILRUDDERY HUNT.

KEY E^b. *Allegro ma non troppo.*

Air : “ Διπλάν αν ἡδὺα रुदित्.”

{	: s . m In		r : de seven-teen		r : m . s hun - dred and		l : t for - ty		d ^l : d ^l four,		The	}
---	---------------	--	----------------------	--	-----------------------------	--	-------------------	--	--	--	-----	---

{	r ¹	:	r ¹	.t		d ¹	:	t	.t		l	:	l	.l		l	:	-	.l	}
	fifth		of	De -		cem -		ber,	I		think		'twas	no	more,				At	

{ r^l : r^l .t | d^l : d^l .m | r : de .de | r : m .s }

four in the morn - ing by most of the clocks, We

REFRAIN

{ | l : l . l | l . l : t ., l | s : fe . fe | s || m . s }
rode for Kil-rud-der - y in search of a fox. 'San }

{ | d .,m : s .,m | r .,d : t₁ .,d | r : de,de,r | m .,d : l₁ .,t₁ |
di - dle doo - dle di - dle doo-dle | dom did-le-dee doo ree-om, San }

{ d .r : m m f | s .m : r m | d : d d d | d : }
di - dle did-il-dee di - dle doo-dle | dom did-il-dee dom.

{ d .,m : s .,m | r .,d : t₁ .,d | r .,m : d .,r | m .,d : l₁ .,t₁ }

Ri - dle doo-dle di - dle doo - dle | dal-dee dal-dee doo-ree-om, San }

{ | d .,r : m m f | s .,m : r .,m | d : d d d | d
di - dle did-il-dee di - dle doo-dle, dom did-il-dee dom. ||

The Loughlinstown Landlord, the brave Owen Bray,
And Johnny Adair, too, were with us that day;
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, those huntsmen so stout—
Dick Holmes, some few others, and so we set out

REFRAIN.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar;
“Hark, Wanton,” cried Joe, and the rest were not slack:
For Wanton’s no trifler esteemed by the pack.

REFRAIN.

Old Bounty and Collier came steadily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din:
Had Diana been there, she’d been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

REFRAIN.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way—
As strong from Killegar, as if he could fear none,
Away he brush’d round by the house of Kilternan,

REFRAIN.

To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankill he climbed, and to Ballyman glen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap’d Lord Anglesey’s wall,
And seemed to say, “Little I care for you all,”

REFRAIN.

He ran Bushes Grove up to Carbury Byrnes—
 Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns ;
 The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
 Tho' he might have got in, still he chose to keep out.

REFRAIN.

To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
 At Dalkey's stone common we had him in view ;
 He drove on to Bullock, he slunk Glenageary,
 And so on to Monkstown, where Larry grew weary.

REFRAIN.

Thro' Rochestown wood like an arrow he passed,
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
 Then gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
 And said in his heart, " None can now follow me."

REFRAIN.

But soon, to his cost, he perceived that no bounds
 Could stop the pursuit of the staunch-mettled hounds ;
 His policy here did not serve him a rush,
 Five couples of Tartars were hard at his brush.

REFRAIN.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
 But ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
 He found both of speed and of daring a lack,
 Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.

REFRAIN.

And at his death there were present the lads I have sung,
 Save Larry, who, riding a garron, was flung :
 Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,
 That held us five hours and ten minutes' space.

REFRAIN.

THOMAS MOZEEN.

(1710-1770.)

I have set above song to a new air—one that is a great favourite in West Cork and one that suits the song perfectly. I have retained the chorus or refrain of the song whose air I have adapted.

DEAR FLORENCE.

KEY F. *Lively.*

Air: "All alive."

{	<u>l₁.t₁</u>	d : m : d	r : t ₁ : r	d : - .l ₁ :l ₁	l ₁ : -	}
{	Dear	Flor-ence, his	heart is	so	lov - ing and gay,	}

{	<u>t₁.t₁</u>	d : m : d	r : m : d	t ₁ : - .s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ : -	}
{	And his	blue eyes would	daz - zle	dark	sor - row a - way,	}

{	<u>t₁.t₁</u>	d : t ₁ : d	r : d : r	m : l : l	<u>l : s</u>	}
{	And his	voice, full of	mu - sic, 'tis	sweet as	can <u>be,</u>	}

{	f	m : m .r : d	<u>t₁.d</u> : r	: t ₁	d : l ₁ : l ₁	l ₁ : -	}
{	But	sweet - est when	talk - ing	low	love words to	me.	}

{	t ₁	d : m : l	s : m : d	s : m : d	<u>s : m</u>	}	
{	Oh!	light is	the	step with which	Flor-ence goes	<u>by,</u>	}

{	d	t ₁ : r : s	r : t ₁ : s ₁	r : t ₁ : s ₁	<u>r : t₁</u>	}	
{	And	kind - ly	his	glance as	a	smile from the <u>sky,</u>	}

{	s ₁	d : m : l	s : m : d	d ^l : - .t : l	<u>s : m</u>	}	
{	And	rea - dy	his	hand is	to	give, or to <u>aid,</u>	}

{	d	<u>r . m</u> : f : r	<u>t₁.d</u> : r	: t ₁	d : l ₁ : l ₁	l ₁ : -	
{	And	faith - ful	his	heart to	his	own I - rish maid.	

Most girls in the village are richer than I,
 And many a fairer walks under the sky,
 But little he heeded, for Florence well knew
 That never a heart beat more loving and true.
 And once, when my sister just bid me good night,
 And spoke of his beauty so gladdening and bright,
 I thought—there's a dearer than all you have said—
 'Tis the love in his heart for his poor Irish maid.

For, though Florence is courtly to win and to please,
 And gay as the skylark, and kind as the breeze,
 Alas! for my weak thoughts, most fondly they twine
 Round the frank, loving heart that is plighted to mine.
 My Florence, thy heart is both loving and gay,
 And thy blue eyes would banish dark sorrow away,
 And thy voice, full of music, 'tis sweet as can be,
 But sweetest when talking low love-words to me.

MARY.

The song is found in Hayes's *Ballads*. The air is from Petrie's *Ancient Music of Ireland*. He is of opinion that it is one of Carolan's compositions. This is a woman's song. On next page I give a man's song with same air.

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

KEY F. *Lively.*

Air: "All alive."

{	<u>l₁.t₁</u>		d	:	m	:	d		r	:	t ₁	:	r		d	:	-	l ₁ :	l ₁		l ₁	:	-	}
	Oh!		faint		are		the		breez		-es		and		pure		is	the		tide,				

{	t ₁		d	:	m	:	d		r	:	m	:	d		t ₁	:	-	s ₁ :	s ₁		s ₁	:	-	}
	And		soft		is		the		sun		-	shine		and		you		by		my		side;		

{	t ₁		d	:	t ₁	:	d		r	:	d	:	r		m	:	l	:	l		l	:	s	}
	'Tis		just		such		an		ev'		-	ning		to		dream		of		in		sleep—		

{	f		m	:	<u>m.r</u>	:	d		<u>t₁.d</u>	:	r	:	t ₁		d	:	l ₁	:	l ₁		l ₁	:	-	}
	'Tis		just		such		a		joy		to		re-		mem		-	ber		and		weep;		

{	t ₁		d	:	m	:	l		s	:	m	:	d		s	:	m	:	d		s	:	m	}
	O,		nev		-	er		be		-	fore,		since		you		called		me		your		own,	

{	d		t ₁	:	r	:	s		r	:	t ₁	:	s ₁		r	:	t ₁	:	s ₁		r	:	t ₁	}
	(Were		you,		I,		and		Na		-	ture,		so		proud		-	ly		a		-	lone—

{	s ₁		d	:	m	:	l		s	:	m	:	d		d ^l	:	-	t:	l		s	:	m	}
	Δ		Curr		-	le		mo		çpiorôe,		'tis		bles		-	ed		to		be			

{	d		<u>r.m:f</u>	:	r		<u>t₁.d</u>	:	r	:	t ₁		d	:	l ₁	:	l ₁		l ₁	:	-		
			All		the		long		sum		-	mer		eve		talk		-	ing		to		thee.

O dear are the green banks we wander upon—
 And dear is our own river, glancing along—
 And dearer the trust that as tranquil will be,
 The tides of the future for you and for me ;
 But dearest the thought, that, come weal or come woe,
 Through storm or through sunshine together they'll go
 Δ ἄριστε μοι ἐμοῖοι, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon barque o'er the waters how swiftly it glides—
 My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides ;
 As little I know what the future brings near,
 But our barque is the same and I harbour no fear ;
 Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true—
 Wherever the stream flows 'twill bear me with you—
 Δ ἄριστε μοι ἐμοῖοι, 'tis blessed to be
 Summer and winter time clinging to thee.

MARY.

MY OWEN BAWN.

KEY C. *Spirited.*Air: “*Ἀν παρὰ ἑρίτε λεῖταιρ.*”

{	t.d ^l		r ^l	: - .t : s		r ^l	: - .t : s		s	: f	: m		f	: -	}
{	My		Ow	- en Bawn's hair		is	of		thread of	gold spun;					}

{	f.s		l	: - .t : l		l	: t	: d ^l		t	: - .l : s		d ^l	: -	}
{	Of		gold	in the		sha-dow,	of		light	in the	sun;				}

{	t.d ^l		r ^l	: - .t : s		r ^l	: - .t : s		s	: f	: m		f	: -	}
{	All		curled	in a		coo - lin the		light tress - es	are,						}

{	f.s		l	: - .t : l		l	: r ^l	: d ^l		t	: l	: s		d ^l	: -	}
{	They		make	his head		ra - diant	with		beams like a	star!					}	

{	t.l		s	: - .l : s		m	: r	: d		f	: - .s : l		f	: m	}
{	My		Ow	- en Bawn's man-tle		is	long and	is		wide,					}

{	r		m	: f	: s		l	: t	: d ^l		t	: l	: s		d ^l	: -	}
{	To		wrap me up		safe from the		storm by his	side;							}		

{	t.l		s	: - .l : s		m	: r	: d		f	: - .s : l		f	: -	}
{	And I'd		ra - ther face		snow-drift and		win - ter wind	there,							}

{	r		m	: f	: s		l	: r ^l	: d ^l		t	: l	: s		d ^l	: -	
{	Than		lie	a - mong		dai - sies	and		sun-shine else - where.								

2

My Owen Bawn Con is a hunter of deer,
 He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear,
 Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters flow,
 Ah, there goes my love, with the dun-dappled roe.
 My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,
 He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann ;
 And rock'd in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
 Draws up the red trout thro' the bursting of spray.

3

My Owen Bawn Con is a bard of the best,
 He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest ;
 And the cruit 'neath his fingers rings up with a sound,
 As tho' angels harped o'er us, and fays underground.
 They tell me the stranger has given command,
 That crommeal and coulun shall cease in the land,
 That all our youth's tresses of yellow be shorn,
 And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion worn ;

4

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
 That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
 That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
 For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade :
 That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
 That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
 That the sounds of our lips must be strange in our ears,
 And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears.

5

Oh, sweetheart and comfort ! with thee by my side,
 I could love and live happy, whatever betide ;
 But *thou*, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a day—
 Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away !
 There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and
 clear,
 There are lochs in Tir-oën as lovely as here ;
 There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
 And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all !

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
 Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake ;
 And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows there,
 Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.
 Farewell, then, black Slemish, green Collon adieu,
 My heart is a breaking at thinking of you ;
 But tarry we dare not, when freedom hath gone—
 Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen Bawn Con !

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen away.
 We will leave them the dust from our feet as a prey,
 And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil—
 'Twill be long ere they quench them with streams of the
 Foyle !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

“The events are placed in the summer of 1333. The hero is O'Neill, ‘the youngest of the Princes of Claneboy.’ The scene is laid in Co. Antrim. The ballad is supposed to be sung in the tent of O'Neill, on Slemish, near Ballymena, on the first night after he had crossed the Bann, the boundary of the British Pale. The singer is ‘Turlough,’ the Prince’s harper.” [*Hayes’s Ballads*]. My selection of the air is from O'Neill’s music. The last four lines may be sung to the second part of the air as a chorus to the sixth verse.

SLIEVENAMON.

KEY F. *Cheerfully.*

{ m.f | s :- : s | s :- : s | l :- : s | s :- . l }
 { Two | thou - sand men for | Ire - land, }

{ t | d^l :- : f | m :- : f | s :- :- | : }
 { Up - | on the moun - tain top! }

{ l.t | d^l :- : d | d :- : d | r :- : d | d : r }
 { With | such a har - vest | Free - dom's arm }

{ m | f :- : l | s :- : f | m :- :- | : }
 { Might | glean a glo - rious crop— }

{ l.t | d^l :- : d^l | t :- : t | l :- : l | s :- }
 { A | crop of seed, to | cast a - broad, }

{ f | m :- : s | f :- . m : r | d :- :- | : }
 { Thro' | vil - lage, town and | home, }

{ m.s | f : s : f | r :- : f | m :- : d | m :- }
 { And | to the chil - dren | of the land }

{ s | f : s : f | r :- : t_l | d :- :- | : }
 { A - | cross th' At - lan - tie's foam. }

2

Two thousand men for Ireland,
 On splendid Slievenamon!
 Two thousand voices asking Heaven
 How Ireland may be won—
 Won from her sick'ning thralldom,
 From the serpent's thick'ning coil—
 From the poison of its slaving tongue,
 Its trail upon the soil.

3

No puny arm, nor limb, nor lung,
 Could clamber such a height—
 A red deer's wild and rocky road,
 An eagle's kingly flight!
 No craven breast could brave that mount,
 Upon its crest to breathe
 A prayer to God—to save, to spare
 The beauteous land beneath.

4

Two thousand men for Ireland,
 Upon that altar high—
 Its broad base, Tipperary!
 Its canopy the sky!
 Two thousand hearts, ennobled
 By place, and cause, and all—
 Two thousand patriots pondering
 On their country's rise and fall.

5

Yes, raise the pile, and feed the blaze,
 On every mountain's side,
 And, to the ruthless recreant's shame,
 Ring out the voice of pride—
 A true man's pride, his country's pride,
 The link that binds in one
 The Irishmen of every clime
 With those of Slievenamon.

Sure some must tend the sacred fire
That feeds the nation's life,
And though of high or low degree,
In torpid peace or strife,
A gallant soul he still must be
Who gives his aiding breath
To rouse the dark'ning, slumbry spark
From an untimely death.

Then hail ! brave men of Ireland,
Upon the mountain top—
With such a harvest Freedom's arm
Might glean a glorious crop.
Be you of cheer, though foemen sneer,
And fearlessly push on,
Till every mountain in the land
Be manned like Slievenamon !

J. T. CAMPION, M.D.

LIVE NOT SLAVES.

("Youth of Ireland, live not slaves."—O'CONNELL.)

KEY C. *With spirit.*

Air : "Father Frank of Gorey."

{	s	.d ^l	: d ^l	.d ^l	t	.,d ^l	: r ^l	.f ^l	}
	"Live	not	slaves,	O	youth	of	Ire	- land !"	}

{	m ^l	.d ^l	: d ^l	.s	m	.m	: s	}
	Thus	the	might	- y	trib	- une	spoke—	}

{	s	.d ^l	: d ^l	.d ^l	t	.,d ^l	: r ^l	.f ^l	}
	"Live	not	sla	- vish,	das	- tard	cra	- vens,	}

{	s ^l	.m ^l	: d ^l	.m ^l	r ^l	.r ^l	: d ^l	
	Crin	- gers	'neath	an	a	- lien's	yoke.	

{	l	.f	: f	.l	s	.m	: m	.s	}
	Think	up	- on	your	fam	- ished	bre	- thren,	}

{	l	.r	: r	.m	f	.f	: s	}
	Think	up	- on	your	fa	- thers'	graves ;	}

{	l	.t	: d ^l	.l	s	.f	: m	.r	}
	By	their	glo	- ries	and	their	sor	- rows,	}

{	d	.d ^l	: t	.r ^l	d ^l	.d ^l	: d ^l	
	Youth	of	Ire	- land,	live	not	slaves !"	

{	l	.f	: f	.l	s	.m	: m	.s	}
	Think	up	- on	your	fam	- ished	bre	- thren,	}

{ | i .r :r .m | f .f :s }
 { | Think up - on your fa - thers' graves, }

{ | l .f :d^l .l | s , l , f :m , f , r }
 { | By their glo - ries and their sor - rows, }

{ | d .d^l :t .r^l | d^l .d^l :d^l }
 { | Youth of Ire - land, live not slaves ! " }

2

"Live not slaves"—this holy teaching
 Is our cherished creed to-day—
 Kneel you not to kingly idols—
 Be not worshippers of clay !
 For our God has placed within you
 Springs of manliness and truth,
 Flashing back in radiant glory
 All the splendid dreams of youth.
 For our God, etc.

3

Pathways two fall on your vision—
 One, the rugged path of right ;
 Soft and flowery is the other
 Course of wrong and golden might ;
 Over one an angel's winging—
 O'er the other fiends of wrath ;
 Toil and freedom ! ease and slavery !
 Youth of Ireland, choose your path !
 Over one, etc.

4

Will ye crouch to silken hirelings ?
 Will ye bend for gear and gold ?
 Will ye sell youth's priceless treasure,
 Or forsake the faith of old ?
 Will you part your love of Ireland
 For the love of Ireland's foe ?
 Hark ! a million voices pealing,
 Fierce as thunder, answer "No."
 Will you part, etc.

Forward, then, and lead the vanguard,
 Girt with manliness and truth;
 Wrap the sunburst round your bosoms,
 In the fervid love of youth:
 Forward, then, on freedom's mission,
 Over chains and over graves,
 And our country shall no longer
 Be the dwelling-place of slaves.
 Forward, then, etc.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

There was a '98 song written to the air which I here select for "Leo's" fine composition. Both song and air are spirited and make an admirable match. The second four lines in each verse are repeated. The reason is seen from examination of the first verse which is printed under the Music.

I AM A POOR STRANGER.

KEY G.

{ (: m . r | d . l | : s | : s | . l | d : m : m d | r : d : d }
 { Tho' | bright be the | sun - light and | clear the blue }

{ | d :- : m ., m | f : f : l | s : s m : r ., d }
 { | sky, There's a pang at my heart and a }

{ | d : d ., r : m . r | m :- : d r m | f : f : l }
 { | tear in mine eye; 'Twixt me and old }

{ | s : s .m : r .,d | d : d .r : m .f | s :- .f : m .r }
 { | Ire - land the | wild bil - lows | roam, I }

{ | d .l, : s, : s, .l, | d : m : m .d | r : d : d }
 { | am a poor | stran - ger that's | far from my }

{ | d :- ||
 { | home ! ||

2

The shadows are flying above the wild hills,
 And sparkle and murmur the clear summer rills,
 Where once, like the red deer, so swiftly I clomb,
 But I'm now a poor stranger that's far from my home !

3

Ah ! the roots of my heart from the soil have been torn,
 'Tis long since a green bud of Hope they have borne ;
 All weary I wander 'neath Heaven's wide dome,
 For I'm a poor stranger that's far from my home !

4

As soft as the blossoms fall down from the tree,
 Come stealing those mem'ries of Erin to me ;
 And sweet as the west wind, wherever I roam,
 To the poor lonely stranger that's far from her home.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY
 ("EVA").

O MY BIRD.

KEY C. *Slow and with great expression.*

Air : "The Coolin."

{ : s ., l | d^l .r^l : m^l : r^l ., d^l | d^l : m : s ., l }
 { O my | bird of the white breast, and }

{ | d^l ., r^l : m^l : r^l .d^l | d^l :- : d^l .t }
 { | soft swell - ing form, Thou }

{ | l .s : d^l .l : s .m | s : d : m .s }
 { | canst not be near me a - }

{ | l : s .m : r ., d | d :- || m .r }
 { | mid the wild storm; Thy }

{ | d .r : m .s : l .d^l | s : m : s .l }
 { | soft notes of mu - sic would }

{ | d^l ., r^l : m^l : r^l ., d^l | d^l :- : d^l ., t }
 { | fal - ter and die 'Neath the }

{ | l .s : d^l .l : s .m | s : m : s .d^l }
 { | dark - ness and cold of the }

{ | l : s .m : r .d | d :- || }
 { | sad win - ter sky. }

The bright fluttering plumes thou art used to unfold,
 'Mid fair, blooming flowers and warm skies of gold,
 Would droop by the drenching rain, shattered and torn,
 Tho' my fond, circling arms should not leave thee forlorn.

The place of our rest, was it not calm and fair ?
 And now, by the spoiler's dark hand, 'tis laid bare ;
 No more shall we rove thro' the hazel-shades green,
 Where the strawberry-buds in their beauty are seen.

Far from me thou must wander, until the mild spring
 Shall sweet-smelling blossoms and gentle airs bring.
 Thou canst not be near me, oh, loved as thou art,
 Though thy nest shall be warm in the depths of my heart !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY
 ("EVA").

This version of the air is found in the Forde Collection, now in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. Dr. P. W. Joyce says of the air :—
 "There are many versions of this celebrated air, of which Bunting's and Moore's are not among the best : they are both wanting in simplicity. The beautiful setting found in Forde, as played for him by Hugh O'Beirne, is probably the original unadulterated melody. Hugh O'Beirne was a professional fiddler of Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim, a man of exceptional musical taste and culture, with a vast knowledge of Irish music, gleaned from the purest and most authentic sources."

The fine air is my selection for "Eva's" nice song, now wedded to music for the first time.

THE WEDDING.

KEY E. *Moderato.*

{ :s | d :m :s | d^l :s :m | s :l :s | s :m :m }
 { Och, | ear - ly last Mon-day, I | mean late on Sun-day, I }

{ d :m :s | d^l :s :m | r :m :r | r :- :m }
 { went to the wed - ding of | Dar-by Mac Shaun, And }

{ d :m :s | d^l :s :m | s :l :t | d^l :t :l }
 { there with good breed-ing, good | looks and good feed - ing, For - }

{ s :l :s | m :f :r | m :d :d | d :- :m.s }
 { got it was night till we | saw the day dawn. Och, }

{ d^l :t :d^l | l :s :m | s :- .l :s | s :l :- .t }
 { Dar - by was ra - ther the | same as his fa - ther, A }

{ d^l :t :d^l | l :- .s :m | r :- .m :r | r :- :s }
 { gay lit - tle man, and his | name was Mac Shaun; And }

{ d^l :- .t :d^l | l :s :m | s :l :t | d^l :t :l }
 { Nor - ah, his charm-er, the | niece of a farm-er, That }

{ s :l :s | m :s :r | m :d :d | d :- ||
 { lives up the val - ley in | Ma - hon - y's bawn. ||

Cars covered with bedding, brought up to the wedding,
 The uncles, aunts, cousins, of Darby, "my dear";
 Myself, too, quite gaily, brought Moll and Nan Hely,
 She's one of the Helys that lives at Cape Clear.
 The bride wore a red dress, her hair was her head dress,
 How the girls gazed on her fine bran new shawl.
 'Twas all silk and cotton, and won't be forgotten,
 For in it she looked the genteelest of all.

The bridecake and whiskey soon made me so frisky,
 I called for a dance with a bothering call;
 And light master Dooly, quite calmly and coolly,
 Ushered us off to a barn for a ball.
 The barn was well swept out, and all the fowl kept out,
 So that it looked like a dining-room floor;
 With benches on barrels of Shemmy O'Carroll's,
 And all the gorsoons peeping in at the door.

The fiddlers and pipers, like so many vipers
 Turned, twined, and twisted themselves and their tunes,
 So that between dancing, and talking, and glancing,
 My head grew as big as the man in the moon's.
 Next, old Owen Cusack gave out some cheek-music,
 And played us a lilt on the stirabout spoon;
 Then one of the Bradys, and one of the ladies,
 Warbled the *Coolin* and *Eileen Aroon*.

This song is taken from the *Dublin Penny Journal*, 1833. It appeared there anonymously. It runs to 22 stanzas of four lines each. I have shortened it and made the stanzas eight-line ones to suit the music.

GATHER TOGETHER, TRUE MEN ALL.

(1797.)

KEY C. *Slow and with feeling.*

Air: "An bunán buíoe."

{ : m.f | s : s .m | f : m .f | s : l | ta : l .s }
 { The | sha - dow has dark-ened up- | on the land — The }

{ | l .s : m .r | d : r,d.r | d : d | d : m .f }
 { sha - dow of death and | fear - ful gloom — Our }

{ | s : s .m | f : m .f | s : l | ta : l .s }
 { bra - vest die by the | foe - man's hand, Our }

{ | l .s : m .r | d : r,d.r | d : d | d : m }
 { tru - est pine in the | pris - on tomb; || But }

{ | s : s .l | d^l : r^l | m^l : f^l .m^l | r^l : - .f^l }
 { ga - ther to - geth - er, | true men all; Let }

{ | m^l : r^l .d^l | d^l : s .l | ta : l | s : d^l .l }
 { hand grasp hand with a | bro - ther's love, The }

{ | s : s .m | f : m .f | s : l | ta : l .s }
 { dark - er to - day is the | cloud - y pall, The }

{ | l .s : m .r | d : r,d.r | d : d | d : }
 { su - rer the light from the | sun a - bove. || }

For years ago, when the white sails shone
 Of a foreign foe on our Irish coast,
 We fought like true men, but not as one,
 And the land of our love was darkly lost.
 But now in union, as true men all,
 Hand grasping hand with a brother's love,
 We'll scatter the cloud and lift the pall,
 And bask in the smile of the sun above.

Young hearts tender, and old hearts tried,
 Step not back from the forward way :
 Remember how such as ye have died
 For Ireland's cause on a former day.
 Then gather together, true men all,
 Hand grasping hand with a brother's love
 The darker to-day is the cloudy pall
 The surer the light from the sun above.

Ring out the chime of the brave old time,
 The foremost blade has the bravest stroke ;
 And pour along like a flood of rhyme,
 To break for ever the foeman's yoke.
 Then gather together, true men all,
 Stand by the flag in faith and love ;
 The darker to-day is the cloudy pall,
 The surer the light from the sun above.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

The air is found in the Forde Collection. It was taken down from Hugh O'Beirne, the famous Ballinamore fiddler, whose musical knowledge was vast and whose musical taste was exceptionally fine, according to Joyce. In it "Leo's" patriotic song finds, for the first time, a fitting mate.

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

KEY E^b.

Air : "The Rapparees."

{ d | d : - : m | m : - : s | s : - : f | r : - }
{ 'Ho! | Con, light up your fires to - night }

{ t₁ | d :- :m | s :- :s | s :- :- | :
On Hun - gry's tow' - ring | crest ; }

{ m | f :- :f | r :- :r | m :- :m | d :- }
 { For ships will come, ere morn - ing's light, }

{ m | f :- : r | d :- : t | d :- :- | : }
 { With brave news from the West. }

{ s | s :- :m | d' :- :t | l :- :l | s :- }
{ And | pass the word through | all the glens, }

{ s : - : m | d | : - : t | l : - : - | : }
 { To - mor - row's sig - nal | drum }

{ s | s :- :m | d' :- :t.t | l :- :l | s :- }
 {Will | wel - come wide o'er | Ban - try's tide }

{ m m | r : - : d | r : - : m | ṡ : - : - | ṁ : - }

The Boys who're com - ing home.

CHORUS—

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \mathbf{r} \quad \mid \quad \mathbf{d} \quad : \mathbf{s}_1 \quad :- \quad \mid \mathbf{l}_1 \quad :- \quad : \mathbf{t}_1 \quad \mid \mathbf{d} \quad :- \quad :- \quad \mid \quad : \\ \text{They're} \mid \text{com - ing,} \quad \text{com} \quad - \quad \text{ing} \mid \text{home—} \end{array} \right\}$$

{ :d | m :r :d | r :- :r | r :- :- | : }

{ The | Boys who've sworn to | come— }

{: s	l : s	: m	d ^l : t	: d ^l	r ^l : d ^l : l	s : m	}
{God	light	their	way	to	Ban - try	Bay,	}

{: r	d : s _l	: s _l	d :-	: d	d :- :-	:	
{The	Boys	who're com	- ing	home!			

2

' Their cheeks are brown'd by many a sun
 And ploughed by many a scar ;
 ' Their flags are dim with the blood-prints grim,
 Of many a foreign war.
 But their hearts are Irish as the streams
 Glengariff's dells that roam ;
 Their stoutest blow they swore should go
 To the fight for the land at home—
 The small green isle at home—
 The brave old land at home—
 My soul ! a slashing, smashing blow
 Have the Boys who're coming home !

3

' Now, Con, away to Hungry's heights !
 Haste, Moehul, wake the Glen ;
 Their ships bring gear worth soldiers' wear
 For thrice ten thousand men.
 Then, boys, farewell the dance, the fair,
 Your Mary's cheeks of bloom,
 Till freedom shines o'er the conquering lines
 Of the Boys who're coming home.
 They're sailing, thronging home—
 In bold brigades they come—
 Old Erin's veins run fire to-night—
 Her Boys are coming home ! '

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Published here by permission of the author. The song has been sung to three airs : " The Low-backed Car," " The Rapparees," and a modern composition by the late Daniel Nunan of Cork. I consider the second air the best of the three. It has more fire and martial swing in it, and therefore best suits the spirit of the song.

THE LAST BARD OF KINCORA.

KEY F. *Moderato*.

Air : " The Princess Royal."

mf.
 { : .m ,r | d .t₁ : l₁ .m ,r | d .t₁ : l₁ .m }
 { The | day went down, and the | sun's last ray . Had }

{ | f .m : r .s ,f | m ,f .m ,r : d .m }
 { | passed where the dy-ing | harp - er lay, His }

{ | r ,m .r ,d : t₁ ,d .t₁ ,l₁ | s₁ .f₁ : m₁ .m ,r }
 { | snow - white locks in the | breeze did play As it }

{ | d .t₁ ,l₁ : d ,t₁ .l₁ ,se₁ | l₁ : l₁ || m }
 { | swept thro' the aisles of Kin- | co . ra. || " A - }

{ | l .se : l .t | d^l .d : d .d^l ,d^l }
 { | wake my harp ! " he | faint - ly cried, From his }

{ | d^l .t .l ,s : f ,m .r ,d | t₁ ,d .r ,t₁ : s₁ .l₁ ,t₁ }
 { | eyes then flashed a | gleam of pride, As he }

cres.
 { | d .t₁ ,d : r .d ,r | m .m : l .l ,l }
 { | looked back on days of the | re - gal might When the }

{ | s .s : f .s ,f | m .m : r .m ,r }
 { | chief - tain bold And the | war - rior knight And }

{ | d .t₁ ,l₁ : l₁ ,d .t₁ ,l₁ | s₁ ,l₁ .s₁ ,f₁ : m₁ .m₁ ,r }
 { | beau - ty in jew - els and | rings shone bright, As they }

rit.

{ | d .t₁ ,l₁ : d ,t₁ .l₁ ,se₁ | l₁ : l₁ .||
 { | glanced thro' the halls of Kin - co . -ra. }

2

He strikes the chords from the silver strings,
 A low and tuneless prelude rings ;
 Ah ! vain the time-worn minstrel sings
 A lament for the days of Kincora.
 His broken murmurs melt in the air,
 Tho' his voice was gone, yet his soul was there,
 And he wept for the tow'rs and the walls laid low,
 For the halls where no more
 The goblets flow,
 Where joy ran high, and soft cheeks did glow
 To his strains in the days of Kincora.

3

"Where are ye now, ye princes all !
 Who led the dance in the festive hall ?
 Ierne's burning tears will fall
 As she dreams o'er the days of Kincora.
 On Shannon's banks the wild winds mourn
 For glories, alas ! that no more return ;
 Through the mouldering aisles dark shades appear,
 The spirits of former
 Guests are here ;
 Grim heroes have stol'n from their tombless bier
 To sigh o'er the day of Kincora."

The minstrel rose and brushed away
 The dews of woe on his lids that lay,
 He stood on the height o'er the waves whose spray
 Once lash'd the proud walls of Kincora.
 One strain of joy he wildly sung,
 In the ocean stream his harp he flung,
 Then sinking down by the rushing tide,
 His lips grew pale
 And his eyes' dark pride
 Waxed glassy and dim thro' the gloom, and died
 With a smile the last bard of Kincora.

DESMOND RYAN.

Bunting says that this air was composed by Carolan for the daughter of MacDermodt Roe, the representative of the old Princes of Coolavin. This would explain its title. Ryan's song appeared in 1841. It is a very fine one.

GRANIA WAILE.

KEY C. *Allegretto*.

Air: "Planxty Reynolds."

{ : s . f	m : r : d	m : r : d	m : s : s	s : -	}
{ One	night as	op - pressed with soft	slum - bers I	lay,	}

{ : s	l : t : d ^l	s : f : m	r : - r : r	r : -	}
{ And	dreamed of Old	E - rin, oft	thought of by	day,	}

{ : s . f	m : r : d	m : r : d	m : s : s	s : -	}
{ With the	long, wast - ing	wars be - tween	Sax - on and	Gael,	}

{ : s	l : t : d ^l	t : r ^l : t	d ^l : - : -	d ^l : -	
{ Up	rose the bright	vis - ion of	Grania	Waile.	

{ s | d^l : - . r^l : d^l | d^l : m^l : d^l | t : - . s : s | s : - }
 { Old | E - rin's green man - tle a - | round her was flung, }

{ s | d^l : t : l | s : f : m | r : r : r | r : - }
 { A - | down her fair shoul - ders the | rich tress - es hung, }

{ s . f | m : r : d | m : r : d | m : s : s | s : - }
 { Her | eyes like the sun of the | young morn - ing shone, }

{ s s | l : t : d^l | t : r^l : t | d^l : - : d^l. d^l | d^l : - }
 { ^{Whilst}_{her} | harp sent forth strains of the | days that are gone. ||

2

Of Erin's fair daughters a circle was seen,
 Each one with her distaff surrounding the Queen,
 Whose sweet vocal chorus was heard to prolong
 The soul-stirring anthems of harp and of song.
 To Erin what shame and lasting disgrace
 That her sons should be crushed by a vile, foreign race,
 Who have banished her priests and polluted her fanes,
 And turned to a desert her beautiful plains!

THE MOST REV. JOHN MCHALE,

Archbishop of Tuam.

This air is found in the Pigott Collection. It was got from Nancy Ward, at Letterfine, Co. Leitrim. It is a beautiful and lively tune. My selection of a song for it is one from the pen of "The Lion of the Fold of Juda"—Dr. John McHale, the great Archbishop of Tuam. My readers will remember Letterfine, as the abode of Reynolds, the writer of "The Exile of Erin."

HERE GOES FOR MY NATIVE LAND.

KEY E \flat . *Lively.*

Air: "Ceapic agur coileac."

mf.

{ : s . f	m : r : m	d : r : m	f : m : f	s :-	}
{ God's	ben - i - son	be on this	glo - ri - ous	hour	}

{ : d ^{p.}	f : r : r	m : d : d	f : r :-	- :	}
{ That	bring-eth more	joy to	me		}

mf.

{ : s . f	m : r : m	d : r : m	f : m : f	s :-	}
{ Than the	long de - layed	dawn to the	da - ring	men	}

{ : d ^l	t : s : s	f :- : r	m : d :-	- :	}
{ Who	sail in the	Nor - thern	sea.		}

cres.

{ : m . r	d : m : s	d ^l : t : d ^l	r ^{f.} : d ^l : t	d ^l :-	}
{ I	hear the	bells of the	steam - er	ring	}

{ : l	s : s : f	m : r : m	f : r :-	- :	}
{ With a	clan-gor - ous	peal that's	grand;		}

mf.

{ : s . f	m : r : m	d : r : m	f : m : f	s :-	}
{ Ho!	mar - i - ner,	way for a	pil - grim	there	}

{ : d ^l	t : s : s	f :- : r	m : d :-	- :	}
{ Here	goes for my	na - tive	land!		}

2

Thro' memory's mournful, lonely halls,
 The exile's pathway runs ;
 Lit by the lustre of far-off stars
 And the beams of long-set suns.
 Many the visions that meet his gaze,
 All tearful, tender, and bland ;
 But the dolorous road shall be mine no more
 For I go to my native land—

3

To the hills whose soft-lined cincture zoned
 My home in the days gone by ;
 To the streams that ever gave faithfully back
 The blue of the Irish sky ;
 To the valleys that teem with unnumbered sweets
 From Nature's generous hand,
 To the hoary fanes and the sacred shrines
 That hallow my native land.

4

Now loose our ship from her mooring chains—
 Set her free for her ocean course ;
 Blow swift ye winds of the west and fill
 Her sails with your unseen force.
 She moves, she moves o'er the yielding wave !
 Farewell to the stranger's strand !
 The hopes I've cherished have bloomed at last—
 Here goes for my native land !

JOHN LOCKE.

This fine song of Locke's was sent to me by William Murphy, Black-rock, with three other songs, for which I am obliged. I am glad to hear that Mr. Murphy hopes soon to publish a collection of Locke's best pieces.

BILLY BYRNE OF BALLYMANUS.

KEY C.

{ | m^l : - .r^l | d^l : d^l | m : f | s : - .f | m }
 { Come | all ye brave U - | ni - ted Men, }

{ : r .m | f .m : r .m | d : d | d : - | }
 { I | pray you lend an ear, }

{ : m .f | s : s | d^l : - .r^l | m^l : f^l .m^l | r^l }
 { And | lis - ten to these | ver - ses }

{ : m^l .r^l | d^l .,t : s .f | s .l : t .r^l | d^l : - | }
 { I | now will let you hear, }

{ : m .f | s : s | d^l : - .r^l | m^l : f^l .m^l | r^l }
 { Con - | cern - ing no - ble Bil - ly Byrne, }

{ : m^l .r^l | d^l .,t : s .f | s .l : t .r^l | d^l : - | }
 { A | man of great re - nown, }

{ : m^l .r^l | d^l : d^l | m : f | s : - .f | m }
 { Who was | tried and hanged at Wick - low town, }

{ : r .m | f .m : r .m | d : d | d : - || }
 { As a | trai - tor to the crown. }

41

2

It was in the year of ninety-nine, we got reason to complain,
We lost our brave commander, Billy Byrne was his name ;
He was taken to Dublin city, and brought to Wicklow jail,
And though we wished to free him, for him they'd take no bail.

3

When a prisoner he was taken the traitors forward came
To swear our hero's life away, and well they're known by name ;
They had but little scruple his precious blood to spill,
And Wicklow lost through their perjury the pride of Pleasant Hill.

4

Now some of these informers who in false evidence agreed,
Were men that in his father's house so frequently did feed ;
And at his brother's table where many did them see,
And so those perjurers paid the Byrnes for their generosity.

5

When they came forward for the Crown they home against him
swore
That he among the rebels a captain's title bore ;
They swore he worked the cannon and the rebels did review,
And that with that piece of cannon he marched to Carrigue.

6

Then here's to Billy Byrne, may his fame for ever shine:
We'll not forget his noble death in that year of ninety-nine ;
May the Lord have mercy on him, and all such men as he,
Who stood upright for Ireland's right and died for liberty.

MY buacáił bân.

KEY C.

{	:	.d ^l : t .s		m	:	f .r : t _l .d		r .,m : f .	}
		The gold-en				gleam - ing of dawn shone		stream - ing	

{	.s : l .t		s .t	:	r .,r : t _l .d		r	:	- .	}
	O'er leaf-y		oaks		by the lone-ly		shore,			

{	.d ^l : t .s		m	:	f .r : t _l .d		r .,m : f .	}
	Where to me		came,		in my visioned		dream - ing,	

{	.s : l .t		s .t	:	r .,r : d .,d		d	:	- .	}
	A Maid ce -		les -		tial the south sea		o'er.			

{	.s : s .s		d ^l	:	r ^l .d ^l : t .s		d ^l	:	t .	}
	Her brow was		bright -		er than stars that		light		o'er	

{	.l : s .f		m .m	:	r .d : t _l .d		r	:	- .	}
	Dim dew - y		earth		ere the sum-mer		dawn ;			

{	.d ^l : t .s		m	:	f .r : t _l .d		r .,m : f .	}
	But she sighed de-		plor (ing, "My heart of		sor - row !	

{	.s : l .t		s .t	:	r .,r : d .d		d	:	- .	
	Ne'er bring a		mor -		row, mo buacáił		bân."			

Her teeth were pearlets, her curling tresses
 All golden flowed to the shining sea,
 Soft hands and spray-white, such brow as traces
 The artist's pen with most grace, had she.
 Like crimson rays of the sunset streaming
 O'er snowy lilies, her bright cheeks shone,
 But tears down fell from her eyes, once beaming,
 Once queenly seeming, for *ḅuacáil ḅán* !

Her sorrow fled—she struck the golden
 Sweet-ringing harp with her snowy hand,
 And poured in music the regal, olden,
 The glorious lays of a free-made Land.
 The pebbly brooks in the vale seemed springing
 With brighter sheen on that sunny dawn,
 And birdful woods with delight were ringing,
 So sweet her singing for her *ḅuacáil ḅán* !

John Collins, the author of this poem was born about the year 1754, and descended from the O'Cullanes, an ancient Irish sept, who were formerly lords of Castlelyons, Co. Cork. Collins died in 1816. The above is Dr. Sigerson's translation. I have given three verses only. There are seven verses in the poem. The music was sent to me by *Áine ní Ráḡallaiḡ* of Macroom.

THE COLLEEN RUE.

KEY E \flat . *Andante.*

{	:	.s, f : m .s		<u>l</u> .f : r .d : t ₁ .r		d : r, m.	}
{		When first I		<u>sought</u> her by Cash - ins		wa - ter,	}

{		.f : m .s		<u>l</u> .f : r .t ₁ : d .d		d : - .	}
{		Fond love I		<u>brought</u> her, fond love I		told ;	}

{		.s, f : m .s		<u>l</u> .f : r .d : t ₁ .r		d : r .	}
{		At day's de -		<u>cli</u> - ning I found her		twi - ning	}

{		.m, f : m .s		<u>l</u> .f : r .t ₁ : d .d		d : - .	}
{		Her <u>bright</u> locks		<u>shi</u> - ning like red, red		gold.	}

{		.s, f : m .s		d ¹ : t .d ¹ , r ¹ : d ¹ .l		f .r : m .,	}
{		She raised her		eyes then <u>in</u> sweet sur -		<u>prise</u> then,	}

{		.f : m .s		d ¹ : t .d ¹ , r ¹ : m ¹ .d ¹		d ¹ ^{r¹d¹} .t, l : s .,	}
{		Ah, how un -		wise then <u>such</u> eyes to		<u>view,</u>	}

{		.l : m .s		d ¹ : t, d ¹ , r ¹ , m ¹ : d ¹ .l		f ., r : m .	}
{		For free they		<u>found</u> me but fast they		<u>bound</u> me,	}

{		.f : s, l .ta		<u>l</u> .f : r .t ₁ : d .d		d : - .	}
{		Love's chains a -		<u>round</u> me for my Col - leen		Rue.	}

2

Fair flowers were blooming, the meads illuming,
 All fast assuming rich summer's pride,
 And we were roving, truth's rapture proving,
 Ah ! fondly loving by Cashin's side ;
 Oh ! love may wander, but ne'er could sunder
 Our hearts that fonder each moment grew,
 Till friends delighted such love requited,
 And my hand was plighted to my Colleen Rue.

3

Ere May's, bright weather o'er hill and heather,
 Sweet tuned together rang our bridal bell ;
 But at May's dying, on fate relying,
 Fate left us sighing by Cashin's dell ;
 Oh ! sadly perished the bliss we cherished !
 But fair lands flourished o'er the ocean blue,
 So as June came burning I left Erin, mourning,
 No more returning with my Colleen Rue.

4

Our ship went sailing with course unfailing,
 But black clouds trailing lowered o'er the main,
 And it's wild dirge singing, came the storm out springing,
 That good ship flinging back, back again !
 A sharp rock under tore her planks asunder,
 While the sea in thunder swallowed wreck and crew ;
 One dark wave bore me where the coast towered o'er me,
 But dead before me lay my Colleen Rue !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.A.

I have already printed this song to another air in my first series. Since then I have seen Petrie's beautiful air "The Colleen Rue." It must have been to this air that Robert Joyce wrote his fine song. I therefore give them both here. Petrie calls this a beautiful air. He heard it sung in the Summer of 1815 in Dalkey by parties who were in a neighbouring tavern. He ascertained that the singers were two respectable country girls from the south and their intended husbands. The girls sang the melody and the men the tenor and bass. Petrie was introduced to the party and took down the air.

SILKEN THOMAS.

KEY F. *Allegretto*.

Air: "Fanny Power."

{ :d	d :-	: s ₁	d :r	: m	f :-	: m	r :-	}
{ Ho !	speed	a -	long,	my	trust -	y	men,	}

{ :d	t ₁ :-	: l ₁	s ₁ :l ₁	: s ₁	t ₁ :-	: d	r :-	}
{ And	proud	your	gath - e - ring		be,			}

{ :f	m :r	: d	m :f	: s	l :-	: r	r :-	}
{ For	one	who	loves	the	dear	old	land.	}

{ :d	t ₁ :l ₁	: s ₁	s ₁ :l ₁	: t ₁	d :-	-	:	}
{ Stands	firm	in	front	of	ye.			}

{ :d	s :m	: s	s :m	: s	d :-	: d	d :-	}
{ In	glow -	ing	youth	in	stain -	less	truth,	}

{ :d	l :f	: l	l :f	: l	r :-	-	:	}
{ He	stands	the	fore -	most	there,			}

{ :r	m :f	: s	l :t	: d ^l	t :d ^l	: r ^l	s :l	}
{ With	war - ri -	or's	sword	and	war - ri -	or's	heart,	}

{ :s	m :r	: d	r :m	: r	d :-	-	:	
{ Pre -	pared	to	do	and	dare.			

2

His white plume tosses to the wind
 Like foam upon the sea,
 And his gallant palfry bears him on
 With steps so proud and free.
 He shines before our dazzled eyes
 A glory and a joy,
 Our young brave Silken Thomas
 That proud and princely boy !

3

A leader in the land he looks ;
 Decked in a robe of green,
 The flashing gems and yellow gold
 Beseem the royal mien.
 But gems and gold and silken sheen
 Before his glance are dim ;
 From these he borrows naught of grace,
 'Tis they have all from him.

4

Though proud the noble name he bears,
 Yet more for his renown
 He comes, the champion of the Right,
 'Gainst coronet and crown—
 I ween no man e'er looks more grand
 Than 'mid the clashing spears,
 And the loud exulting welcome of
 Those fearless mountaineers.

5

From hill, and glen, and spreading plain,
 Such triumphs never rung
 As greets the wild war-music poured
 From our young Chieftain's tongue.
 "We'll follow you through life or death—
 We'll follow to the last"—
 "The word ! the word !—we want no more ;
 'Twill be the trumpet's blast !"

6

The banners wave, the clarions peal,
 Now comes the rush and reel,
 The burning of the deadly gun,
 The glancing of the steel ;
 And there, within the foremost ranks,
 Like to a shooting star,
 Our Silken Thomas may be seen
 All glorious from afar.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY ("Eva").

This song was written in 1848 for Thomas Francis Meagher. The air is a very pretty one. The song is a woman's song. I have already put a man's song to the same air. It is found on p. 116 of my Third Series of "Songs of the Gael."

Thomas Francis Meagher was, perhaps, the most brilliant of the noble band of young Irishmen who appeared in the movement of '48. He was born in Waterford. He was drowned in the Mississippi river.

THE GRAVE OF MAC CAURA.

KEY A. *Slow and plaintive.*

{ : d .r | m : r .d : d,r .m | r : m,r .d, l₁ : s₁ }

{ And | this is thy grave, Mac | Cau - ra, }

{ | l₁ : d .d : d .,r | d : - : r .,m }

{ Here | by the path-way | lone, Where the }

{ | f : f : f,m .r | m : - : m,r .d }

{ thorn | blos - sons are | bend - ing }

{ | r .r : l : s .,m | r : - : d,r,m }

{ O - ver | thy mould-ered | stone. A - }

{ | f : f .f : f,m .r | m : - : m,r .d }

{ las ! | for the sons of | glo - ry ; Oh ! }

{ | r .,m : f .m : r .d | l₁ : - : d .,r }

{ thou | of the dark-ened | brow, And the }

{ | m : r .d : d,r .m | r : m,r .d, l₁ : s₁ .s₁ }

{ eagle | plume and the | belt - ed clans, Is it }

{ | l₁ .,t₁ : d .,r : m .,r | d : - ||

{ here | thou art sleep-ing | now ? }

2

Oh ! wild is the spot Mac Caura,
In which they have laid thee low—
The field where thy people triumphed
Over a slaughtered foe ;
And loud was the banshee's wailing,
And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
When with bloody hands and burning tears
They buried thee here, Mac Caura.

3

And now thy dwelling is lonely—
King of the rushing horde ;
And now thy battles are over—
Chief of the shining sword.
And the rolling thunder echoes
O'er torrent and mountain free,
But alas ! and alas ! Mac Caura,
It will not awaken thee.

4

Farewell to thy grave, Mac Caura,
Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
And the briar and the waving fern
Over thy slumbers twine ;
Thou whose gathering summons
Could waken the sleeping glen ;
Mac Caura ! alas for thee and thine,
'Twill never be heard again.

MRS. DOWNING.

CUSHLA - MACHREE.

KEY E♭. *Slow and with great expression.*

{ | l₁ . t₁ | d : s₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d : r : m | m : d^l : t }
 { By the | green banks of | Shan-non I | wooed thee, dear }

{ | l . t : d^l . t : l . s | l : m : r | d : r : f . , r }
 { | Ma - ry, When the | sweet birds were | sing - ing in }

{ | m : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : s₁ . l₁ . t₁ | d : s₁ : l₁ . t₁ }
 { | Sum - mer's gay | pride, From those | green banks I }

{ | d : r : m | m : d^l : t | l . t : d^l . t : l . s }
 { | turn now, heart - | bro - ken and | drear - y, As the }

{ | l : m : - . r | d : r : f . , r | m : d : d }
 { | sun sets to | weep o'er the | grave of my }

{ | d : - || m . f | s : m : s | d^l : t : d^l . t }
 { | bride. || O | i - dly the | sweet birds a - }

{ | l : - . t : d^l . l | s . , f : m : d . r | m : f : r }
 { | round me are | sing - ing, And | sum - mer, like }

{ | m : d : r | m : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : s₁ . l₁ . t₁ }
 { | win - ter, is | cheer - less to | me ; I }

{ | d : s₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d : r : m | m : d^l : t . t }
 { | heed not if | flow' - rets are | spring-ing, For my }

{ | l .t : d^l.t : l .s | l : m : - .r | d : r : f .,r }

{ | heart's light is | dark - ened — my | own dear }

{ | m : d : d | d : - ||

{ | Cush - la ma - | chree ! ||

2

Oh ! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
 Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold cross'd o'er,
 And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
 When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *asthore* !
 Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
 Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee ;
 And darker than night, breaks the light of the morning,
 For my aching eyes find thee not, my Cushla machree !

3

Oh, my loved one ! my lost one ! say, why didst thou leave me
 To linger on earth with my heart in the grave !
 Oh ! would thy cold arms, love ! might ope to receive me
 To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
 Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,
 Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee ;
 Ah, Mary ! wherever thou art is my home, love.
 And I'll soon lie beside thee, my own dear Cushla machree !

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

I don't think this pretty song has been linked to an air until now.

THE FAIRIES ARE DANCING.

KEY E. *Lively.*

Air: "Ὁ ἄγγελος τοῦ χοροῦ."

{ : d	d : r : m	m : r : m	d : m : s l :	}
{ The	fai - ries	are dan - cing	by brake and by bow'r,	}

{ : s	d ^l : t : l	<u>s : f</u> : m	m : r : r r :-	}
{ By	brake and by	bow'r, By	brake and by bow'r,	}

{ : <u>m.r</u>	d : m : m	m : r : m	d : m : s l :-	}
{ The	fai - ries	are dan - cing	by brake and by bow'r,	}

{ : d ^l	r ^l : t : s	f : m : r	m : d : d d :-	}
{ For	this in their	land is the	mer - ri - est hour.	}

{ : s	s : l : t	d ^l : t : d ^l	r ^l : d ^l : t l : s	}
{ Their	steps are so	soft and their	robes are so bright,	}

{ : m	d ^l : t : l	<u>s : f</u> : m	m : r : r r :-	}
{ Their	robes are so	bright, Their	robes are so bright,	}

{ : <u>m.r</u>	d : r : m	m : r : m	d : m : s l :-	}
{ Their	steps are so	soft and their	robes are so bright,	}

{ : d ^l .d ^l	r ^l : t : s	f : m : r	<u>m : d</u> : d d :-	
{ As they	trip it at	ease in the	clear moon-light.	

2

Their Queen is in youth and in beauty there,
 In beauty there, In beauty there,
 Their Queen is in youth and in beauty there,
 The daughters of earth are not half so fair.
 Her glance is so quick and her eyes are so bright,
 Her eyes are so bright, Her eyes are so bright,
 Her glance is so quick and her eyes are so bright,
 But they glitter with wild and unearthly light.

3

She'll meet thee at dark like a lady fair,
 A lady fair, A lady fair,
 She'll meet thee at dark like a lady fair,
 But go not, for danger awaits thee there !
 She'll take thee to ramble by grove and by glen.
 By grove and by glen, By grove and by glen,
 She'll take thee to ramble by grove and by glen,
 And the friends of thy youth will ne'er know thee again !

FROM "IRISH NATIONAL POETRY,"
Dublin, 1846.

MY PAGAN PAT O'LEARY.

KEY F. *Moderato*.

Air: "Δὲ ἀν' ἑμπορεύμιν βουῖοις."

{	s ₁	d	: -	: d	r	: r	: t ₁	d	: -	: d	m	: -	}
{	What	care		I	now	for	the	prai	-	rie	land,		}

{	f	s	: f	: m	f	: r	: d	t ₁	: -	: -	s ₁	: -	}
{	Its	woods	and	its	<u>si</u>	-	lent	pla	-		ces,		}

{	l ₁ , t ₁	d	: -	: d	r	: -	: t ₁	d	: -	: d	m	: -	}
{	Its	ear	-	ly	flowers		and	ma	-	ple	bowers,		}

{	f	s	: f	: m	f	: m	: r	d	: -	: -	d	: -	}
{	And	Fall	-	time	buf -	fa	-	lo	cha	-	ses.		}

{	s	s	: -	: s	s	: -	: m	f	: -	: f	f	: -	}
{	My	heart		is	full		of	wild,		wild	joy,		}

{	f, r	m	: m	: m	m	: r	: d	t ₁	: -	: -	s ₁	: -	}
{	And	as	light	as	a	<u>Mun</u>	-	ster	fai	-	ry,		}

{	l ₁ , t ₁	d	: -	: d	r	: r	: t ₁	d	: -	: d	m	: -	}
{	Since	I've	looked	a	gain	in	the	hon	-	est	face		}

{	f, f	s	: f	: m	f	: m	: r	d	: -	: -	d	: -	
{	Of	my	<u>Pa</u>	-	gan	<u>Pat</u>	O'	Lea	-		ry.		

2

Just like myself, he's old and gray,
 And his forehead has felt the sabre ;
 But I was away in the Western land,
 While he was at convict labour—
 I was swinging my hunter's gun
 Out on the open prairie,
 While cord and fetter hung round the limbs
 Of my Pagan Pat O'Leary !

3

'Tis long, and long, and long ago,
 Since down by the Mexique waters,
 The Pagan learned the ways of war,
 And made love to the planters' daughters,
 I was his truest comrade then,
 And he thought the world about me,
 And he'd never sit down at morn or e'en
 To his scanty fare without me.

4

The Pagan or I was never a saint,
 Nor yet were we dreadful sinners :
 Though often we plucked a prairie bird
 To cook for our Friday dinners.
 Ah ! little we thought of kirk or cure,
 Out on the pine crowned highland,
 Though often we prayed for a soldier's grave
 'Neath the soil of our sainted island.

5

But the years rolled on, and my Pagan's heart
 Grew weary with the longing
 To see the waves lash Cleena's cliffs,
 The mists round Lough Lein thronging :
 And one May dawn, when the wind was high,
 He turned his face to the morning,
 And left for Ireland's hills, to list
 For Liberty's note of warning.

6

They wound their convict cordage o'er
 My Pagan's limbs, and cast him
 Within their Saxon dungeon doors,
 And mocked him as they passed him.
 But all their hellish arts were vain,
 No matter where they fenced him ;
 Within their keeps my Pagan swore
 He'd still conspire against them.

7

Ah ! many a weary night I dreamt
 We were over the surges sailing,
 And our galleys packed with armed men
 To shatter the prison paling :
 And often I prayed for strength of thews,
 To God and the Virgin Mary
 To tear the lepers' hearts who held
 My Pagan Pat O'Leary.

8

But now he's here amongst us all,
 The brave old Irish felon,
 Swearing fiercer against his foes
 Than one cares to be tellin'.
 And if soon again our flags run up,
 In Kerry or green Tipperary,
 The Saxon churls will hear once more
 From my Pagan Pat O'Leary.

JOHN LOCKE.

I am indebted to William Murphy, Blackrock, for this song. I have selected for it a fine old Irish air, noted down by Petrie from Teige Mac Mahon, a Co. Clare peasant.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

KEY D. *Slow and tenderly.*

Air: "Stán le baile nínime."

{ :d .r | m :f :s.l.t | d^l :s :s.f | m :d :m }
 { Speak | low! | Speak | low! | the | Ban-shee is }

{ | r :d :d^l.r^l | m^l :r^l :d^l | t :s :f }
 { cry - ing; | Hark! | hark to the | e - cho! she's }

{ | s :d^l :r^l | d^l :d^l :d^l.r^l | m^l :r^l :d^l }
 { dy - ing! "she's | dy - ing." | What | shad - ow flits }

{ | t :d^l :t.s | f :t :r | d :t_l :d.r }
 { | dark' - ning | the | face of the | wa - ter? 'Tis the }

{ | m :f :s.l.t | d^l :s :s.f | m :d :r }
 { | swan of | the | lake— | 'Tis the | Ger - al - dine's }

{ | d :d ||
 { | Daugh - ter. ||

2

Hush, hush! have you heard what the Banshee said?
 Oh! list to the echo! she's dead! "she's dead!"
 No shadow now dims the face of the water,
 Gone, gone is the wraith of *the Geraldine's Daughter.*

3

The step of yon train is heavy and slow,
 There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of woe;
 What melody rolls over mountain and water?
 'Tis the funeral chant for *the Geraldine's Daughter.*

4

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre's stone ;
" Oh, why did she die ? our hearts' blood had bought her,
Oh, why did she die ? *the Geraldine's Daughter.*"

5

The thistle-beard floats—the wild roses wave
With the blast that sweeps over the newly-made grave ;
The stars dimly twinkle, and hoarse falls the water,
While night birds are wailing *the Geraldine's Daughter.*

LOVE AND WAR.

KEY A \flat . *Tenderly.*

Air : From Petrie (Sligo Air).

{ : s .r | m .,r : d .r : m .d | l₁ : s₁ : s₁ l₁ d }
How soft is the moon in Glen - gar - iffe ! The

{ r : m .f : m .d ,d | m : r : s .r }
rocks seem to melt with the light : Oh !

{ m .,r : d .r : m .d | l₁ : s₁ : s₁ l₁ d }
would I were there with dear Fan - ny, To

{ r : r .f : m .f ,f | r : d : d .l₁ }
tell her that love is as bright , And ^{cres.}

{	s ₁	:	l ₁	:	d, m, f		s	:	-	.l	:	s	.f	}
{	no	-	bly		the sun of		Ju	-		ly		O'er	the	}

{	m	:	r	.r	:	d, r, m		r	:	-	:	s	.r	}
{	wa	-	ters	of	Ad-ri-goole		shines—					Oh!		}

{	m	.r	:	d	.r	:	m	.d		l ₁	:	s ₁	:	s ₁ , l ₁ , d	}
{	would	that	I	saw	the green		ban	-	ner					Blaze	}

{	r	:	f	.f	:	m	.f		r	_____	:	d		
{	there		o - ver		con-q'ring					lines.				

2

Oh! love is more fair than the moonlight,
 And glory more grand than the sun :
 And there is no rest for a brave heart,
 Till its bride and its laurels are won ;
 But next to the burst of our banner,
 And the smile of dear Fanny, I crave
 The moon on the rocks of Glengariffe—
 The sun upon Adrigoole's wave .

THOMAS DAVIS.

This is a very sweet air from Petrie's collection. I am not aware that this nice song of Davis's was ever set to music. I hope it will be often heard at concerts, and become the favourite it deserves to be for its sweetness.

THE MALLOW SPA GLEN.

KEY E.

Air : " The Green Bushes."

{ : s₁.s₁ | d : m : d | t₁.d : r .m : f | s : l .f : r .,d }
 { All | hail ! gal - lant | chief - tain, and | kins - man and }

{ | t₁ : s₁ : s₁.l,t₁ | d : m : d | t₁.d : r .m : f }
 { | bro - ther, | You | stand on the | sod that your }

{ | s : t .s : l .f | s :- : m .f | s : m : d' }
 { | sires called their | own ; | Yet | sad re - col - }

{ | l : s : l,s,m,r | d : d .r : m .,d | l₁ : s₁ : s₁.l,t₁ }
 { | lec - tions | will | chase one a - | no - ther, And }

{ | d : m : r .d | t₁.d : r : m .f | s : l .f : r .,t₁ }
 { | dark - en | thy | wel - come, the | old stock are }

{ | d :- ||
 { | flown. ||

2

As a stranger you walk in the glen by the wild rill,
 Its source shadowed o'er by the hawthorn tree ;
 Does your heart, as you quaff, feel no throb as a child's will,
 When fed from a mother's breast, flutter with glee ?

3

Not the first of your clan who has drunk of that fountain,
 Yet the first who drew breath far away from the Glen ;
 And mark how the sun on Knockaroura's dark mountain
 Smiles bright, as if saying you'll see me again.

4

As a bright dream comes true, how your eyes seem to glisten,
 As you look from the Rock on the wide-spreading plain ;
 And the true Lover's Leap you survey, as you listen,
 And stroll through the groves of the Castle demesne.

5

Think, too, on the old castle down o'er the river,
 Its hoary walls mantled with ivy and grey,
 There often its true lords made Sassenachs shiver :
 Where—where are its lords or their children to-day ?

6

Gone—gone like the leaves that in autumn time perish,
 Gone—gone like the glory of Erin of old,
 Yet, left they a legacy worthy to cherish,
 Our hearts can't be purchased by Sassenach gold.

7

Remember the well of Kilcanway, and never
 Forget, if our wishes and longings were law,
 That here you should stay, if you wished it for ever,
 And drink, like your sires, of the old Mallow Spa.

8

Remember, then, Mallow, remember its men there,
 The few that are left as pure as good steel,
 And long for the day they will see you again there,—
 I'll cease, it were better not say what I feel.

9

Then farewell, gallant soldier, though cold was the greeting,
 That welcomed your coming to Ireland then,
 Remember, we'll better arrange the next meeting,
 And visit together the Mallow Spa Glen.

JAMES NAGLE O'BRIEN.

(Mallow, 1868).

These lines were addressed by the writer to his cousin, Col. Nagle, Commander of the "Jackanel." The writer was brother to William O'Brien, one of the great outstanding figures of the Land League days in Ireland. James N. O'Brien took part in the Fenian Rising in 1867. On his release from Mountjoy Prison in 1868 he visited Mallow and wrote the above song.

THE GREEN WOODS OF TRUAGH.

KEY F.

Air: "Lough Sheeling."

{ :m .m | l :l .t :dⁱ.l | s :m :d.r.m | f :f :m .r }
 { In the | green woods | of | Truagh | we | met with - out } }

{ |m :- :m | l :l .t :dⁱ.l | s :m :d }
 { |fear, Your | kiss | on | my | lips, and your } }

{ |r :d :l₁ | l₁ :- :m .r | d :d .r :m .d }
 { |voice in my | ear, Your | ten - der arms a - }

{ |r :d :d .r .m | f :f :m .r | m :- :m }
 { |bout me and your | eyes glad and | clear— Och - }

{ |l :l t :dⁱ.l | s :m :d | r :d :l₁ }
 { |ón, the Green | Woods of | Truagh }

{ |l₁ :- ||
 { |agh! }

2

In the green woods of Truagh the days go on wings,
 On every brown branch a gladsome bird sings,
 And the fragrant amber blossom of the honey-suckle swings—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

3

In the green woods of Truagh the bracken stands high,
 And wells of spring-water in deep hollows lie,
 And the red deer is browsing in the cool shadows nigh—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

4

In the green woods of Truagh no sorrow dared stay,
 The lark called me early at dawn o' the day,
 And o'er my sleep at night pleasant dreams used to play—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

5

In the green woods of Truagh you wait till I come—
 I left home and you for the stranger's far home,
 To bring a hoard of yellow gold across the grey foam—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

6

In the green woods of Truagh—if God hears my prayer—
 I shall reach you, O true love, my empty hands there,
 For little of the yellow gold has fallen to my share—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

7

In the green woods of Truagh—your heart on my own,
 And your bright hair in ringlets across my cheek blown,
 Now where in all the wide, wide world, could greater bliss be
 known?
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh.

ETHNA CARBERY.

Taken by permission from *The Four Winds of Erin*.

THE DARK MAID OF THE VALLEY.

KEY B \flat .

Air : " Kitty Magee " (Petrie).

{ :d | d :- :s₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | d :- :- | r :m }
 { Oh, | have you seen my fair one, }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :d | t₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ }
 { The | bright - est maid of beau - ty's train, }

{ :t₁ | d :- :s₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | d :- :- | r :m }
 { Who | left me thus de - plor - ing }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :t₁ | d :- :d | d :- }
 { In | deep, dark vales, my love - sick pain— }

{ :s₁ | d :- :m | s :- :m | r :- :m | f :- }
 { That | mild - eyed, sweet - tongued | maid - en, }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :d | t₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- }
 { Who | left a wound - ed heart to me, }

{ :s₁ | s :- :s | f :- :m | r :- :m | f :- }
 { My | bless - ing I be - queath her, }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :t₁ | d :- :d | d :- ||
 { Wher- | e'er the gen - tle maid - en be ! }

2

Rare artists have engraven
 Her slender waist, her beauteous brow,
 Her lip with sweetness laden,
 That once I thought would truth avow ;
 Her hand than down far fairer,
 More sleek than silk from India's shore ;
 And oh ! in grief I'm pining,
 To think I've lost her evermore !

Δ

3

With love my heart was glowing,
 When first I spied the lovely fair,
 With breast of snowy fairness,
 And white teeth, and golden hair—
 She shone more bright than Deirdre,
 The curse of Meathean chiefs of pride,
 Or mild-eyed beauteous Blanit,
 By whom a thousand heroes died !

4

Fair flower of maids, resign not
 My faithful heart for senseless boor,
 Who, rich in worldly treasure,
 In all my glorious gifts is poor—
 I who, in Autumn evening,
 Can bid the Gaelic song resound,
 Or sing the olden glory
 Of Fenian chiefs and kings renowned !

EDWARD WALSH.

The above is a very pretty, graceful melody. I wed it to Walsh's fine translation of a famous old Irish song.

O'SIONNACH'S DAUGHTER.

KEY C.

{ : d ^l .t	l	: l .s	m	: r .m	s	: s	s	}
{ My	no	- ble	hound !	we	chase	no	more	}

{ : d ^l .r ^l	m ^l	: m ^l	r ^l	: m ^l	d ^l	: d ^l	m .m	}
{ The	deer	up	- on	Slieve	Gal -	reigh's	heather ;	}

{ : d ^l .r ^l	m ^l	: m ^l	r ^l	: m ^l	l	: l .s	m	}
{ Our	gal -	lant	sport	and	joy	are	o'er,	}

{ : r .m	s	: s	s .,l	: t .r ^l	d ^l	: - .d ^l	t .t	}
{ And	here	we	sit	and	pine	to -	gether,	}

{ : d ^l .t	l	: - .s	m .r	: m .s	l	: - .l	l .l	
{ And	here	we	sit	and	pine	to -	gether.	

2

Alas ! the day we first did stray
 Down by the Inny's bounding water,
 When I beheld that gleaming ray
 Of light and love, O'Sionnach's daughter,
 Of light and love, O'Sionnach's daughter.

3

The summer radiance, like a bride,
 Now fondly clasps the purple mountain,
 And summer breezes ranging wide
 The music bear of bird and fountain,
 The music bear of bird and fountain.

4

But nought can soothe my weary heart,
 Since by the Inny's bounding water
 Wild love within my breast did start
 For that fair sprite, O'Sionnach's daughter,
 For that fair sprite, O'Sionnach's daughter.

5

When others quaff the purple wine,
 Or list the wild harp sounding mellow,
 I'm dreaming of her face divine,
 Her soft blue eyes and ringlets yellow,
 Her soft blue eyes and ringlets yellow.

6

I'm dreaming of her cabin fair,
 Down by the Inny's bounding water—
 Oh! would that I were dwelling there,
 To love and guard O'Sionnach's daughter,
 To love and guard O'Sionnach's daughter.

7

My noble hound! my faithful hound!
 You share your master's dreary sadness—
 No longer Mornan's woods resound
 The echo of thy bay of gladness,
 The echo of thy bay of gladness.

8

But at my feet in grief you lie,
 While here I pine for Inny's water,
 The silvery tones and laughing eye
 Of that fair sprite, O'Sionnach's daughter,
 Of that fair sprite, O'Sionnach's daughter.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

I have repeated the last line of each verse to suit the music.

OH! SING ME NOT THAT SONG AGAIN.

KEY D. *Allegretto.*

Air : Attributed to Carolan.

{ : s .f	m : r .d	m .f : s	s ₁ : d .,r	d	}
'Tis	true 'twas	rap - ture	once, sweet	maid,	

{ : f	m .f : s .m	l .s : f .m	r : -	-	}
That	song to	hear thee	sing,		

{ : s .f	m : s	f : l	s : d ^l	d ^l .t	}
And	watch thee	while my	flash - ing	blade	

{ : l .s	l .t : d ^l .l	t,d ^l .r ^l : d ^l .t	d ^l : -	-	
Thy	bright eye	ri - val -	ling.		

{ : s	d ^l .r ^l : m ^l	m ^l : r ^l .m ^l	d ^l .r ^l : d ^l .t	l	}
And	think how	myr - iad	blades as	true	

{ : t .d ^l	r ^l .m ^l : r ^l .d ^l	t .d ^l : t .l	s : -	-	}
On	E - rin's	hills would	gleam,		

{ : l .t	d ^l : d	d : l .s	l : l ₁	l ₁	}
That	vis - ion	fled— I	lit - tle	knew	

{ : l	l .s : f .m	f .m : r .d	d : -	-	
'Twould	prove a	fleet - ing	dream.		

CHORUS—

{ : s	d ^l .r ^l : m ^l	m ^l : r ^l .m ^l	d ^l .r ^l : d ^l .t	l	}
So	sing me	not that	song a -	gain,	

{	: t .d ^l		r ^l .m ^l	:	r ^l .d ^l		t .d ^l	:	t .l		s	:	-		-	}
	My		love	-	ly		No	-	rah		dear—					

{	: l .t		d ^l	:	d		d	:	l .s		l	:	l ₁		l ₁	}
	The		bold,		the		proud,		de	-	fi	-	ant		strain	

{	: l		l .s	:	f .m		f .m	:	r .d		d	:	-		-	
	It		breaks		my		heart		to		hear.					

2

'Tis true that once those words of flame
 Could bear my soul away,
 Until my spirit proud became
 Impatient for the fray;
 Ah! then I hoped old Erin's green
 Would soon o'er free men stream,
 But that, my fondest wish, has been
 A false, a fleeting dream.

CHORUS—So sing me not, etc.

3

Oh! tune me now some lay of old,
 Some sorrowing lament
 For gallant hearts for ever cold
 And freedom's banner rent;
 Or, if you will, some tender tale
 Of maiden fair and true,
 As true when shame and grief assail,
 And beautiful as you.

CHORUS—But sing me not, etc.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

DEAREST MARY.

KEY F. *Allegretto.*

Air: “Δ Σίμεας εὐς τὴν ἀν’ ἐλὺ λεατ.”

{	: d	., t ₁		s ₁	. d	: d	. r		m	:	r	. m	}
				Love	me,	dear	- est		Ma	-	ry!	No	}

{	f	. f	: s	. f, m		f	:	m	. r		d	. d	: d	. r	}
	hon-ey	speech	I			own,		Nor			tal - is	- man	to		}

{	m	. r, m	: s, f, r, t ₁		r	., m	: d	. d		d	:	-	. s l t	}
	win	you,	save This		true fond heart	a -				lone;			I	}

{	d ¹	. d ¹	: r ¹	. d ¹		ta	., l	: l, s, f, m		f	. m	: f	. s, l	}
	can - not	of -	fer			rank or	gold—	Such		things I	nev -	er		}

{	s	:	d ¹	., l		s	. s	: f, m, r, d		t ₁	., d	: r	. d	}
	knew—		But			all	one	hu - man		heart can hold	Of			}

{	r	., m	: d	. d		d								
	love,	I'll	give	to		you.								

2

For you were aye unto me,
 From boyhood to this hour,
 That sweet to which all bright thoughts cling,
 Like bees around a flower;
 The whispering tree, the silent moon,
 The bud beneath the dew,
 All, by the fairy hand of love,
 Were linked with thoughts of you.

3

Were ever linked with you, love,
 And when I rose to part
 From scenes that long had nursed my soul,
 From many a kind, old heart—
 Though sad to hearth, and vale, and stream,
 And friends to bid adieu !
 Yet still my soul in silence wept
 Until I thought of you.

4

Oh ! since 'mid life's unquiet,
 Through many a wintry storm,
 What lay, like hope, within my breast,
 And kept its currents warm ?
 What, when the night shone, gemmed with stars,
 Was brighter than the blue,
 And sweeter than my toil earn'd sleep ?
 The memory of you.

5

And now I've won a home, dear,
 Not very grand or high,
 But still with quite enough to meet
 The day that's passing by ;
 With one bright room where we might sit,
 And have a friend or two—
 Ay, bright, I say—for, oh, 'tis lit
 With hope 'twill yet see you.

M. MACDERMOTT.

mo éraoibín cno.

KEY E. *Poco allegretto.*

Air: "Pease upon a trencher."

mf.
 { : .s₁ | d .,t₁ : d .r | m .,m : m .m | r .,d : r .m }
 { A | sword of light hath | pierced the dark, our | eyes have seen the }

{ | s .f : m .r | d .,t₁ : d .r | m .,f : s .d^l }
 { | star. O | Mo - ther, leave the | ways of sleep, now }

{ | s .m : f .,r | d : - .d^f | d^l .,d : d .r }
 { | days of pro - mise | are : The | rust - y spears up - }

{ | m .m : m .m | f .,r : r .m | s .f : m .r }
 { | on your walls are | stir - ring to and | fro, In }

{ | d .,t₁ : d .r | m .f : s .d^l | s .,m : f .,r }
 { | dreams they front up - | lift - ed shields—Then | wake, mo éraoibín }

{ | d : - . |
 { | Cnó ! }

2

The little waves keep whispering where sedges fold you in,
 And round you are the barrows of your buried kith and kin;
 Oh! famine-wasted, fever-burnt, they faded like the snow,
 Or set their hearts to meet the steel—for you, mo éraoibín Cnó!

3

Their names are blest, their *caoine* sung, our bitter tears are dried;
 We bury Sorrow in their graves, Patience we cast aside;
 Within the gloom we heard a voice that once was ours to know—
 'Twas Freedom—Freedom calling loud, Arise! mo éraoibín Cnó!

4

Afar beyond that empty sea, on many a battle-place
Your sons have stretched brave hands to death before our foeman's
face—

Down the sad silence of your rest their war-notes faintly blow,
And they bear an echo of your name—of yours, mo ċrdaoibín Cnó !

5

Then awake, *a gradh* ! We yet shall win a gold crown for your head,
Strong wine to make a royal feast—the white wine and the red—
And in your oaken mether the yellow mead shall flow,
What day you rise, in all men's eyes—a Queen, mo ċrdaoibín Cnó !

6

The silver speech our fathers knew shall once again be heard ;
The fire-lit story, crooning song, sweeter than lilt of bird ;
Your quicken-tree shall break in flower, its ruddy fruit shall glow,
And the Gentle People dance beneath its shade—mo ċrdaoibín Cnó !

7

There shall be peace and plenty—the kindly open door ;
Blessings on all who come and go—the prosperous or the poor——
The misty glens and purple hills a fairer tint shall show,
When your splendid Sun shall ride the skies again—mo ċrdaoibín Cnó !

ETHNA CARBERY.

Taken by permission from *The Four Winds of Erinn*. The words and air make a very sweet and pretty song. They are now wedded for the first time.

"mo ċrdaoibín Cnó" ("My Cluster of Nuts") = "My Brown-haired Girl," i.e., Ireland.

A NIGHT OUT.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "The Star-Spangled Banner."

{	d ₁		d ₁	:	m ₁	:	s ₁		d	:	-	:	m.r		d	:	m ₁	:	fe ₁		s ₁	:	-	}
	We		drew		round		the		turf				fire,		for		cold		was		the		blast	

{	s ₁		m	:	r	:	d		t ₁	:	-	.l ₁ :	t ₁		d	:	d	:	s ₁		m ₁	:	d ₁	}
	That		blew		from		the		moun		-	tain		down		snow-clad		and		drear		-	y;	

{	d ₁		d ₁	:	r ₁	:	fe ₁		d	:	-	:	m.r		d	:	m ₁	:	fe ₁		s ₁	:	-	}
	As		cold		as		our		hopes,				look-ing		back		to		the		past,			

{	s ₁		m	:	r	:	d		t ₁	:	-	.l ₁ .	t ₁		d	:	d	:	s ₁		m ₁	:	d ₁	}	
	We		en		-	tered		a		peas		-	ant's		cot		foot-sore		and		wea		-	ry.	

{	m.m		m	:	f	:	s		s	:	-	:	f.m		r	:	m	:	f		f	:	-	}
	But		a		wel-come		was		there,				for		he		saw		by		the		glare	

{	f.f		m	:	-	r:	d		t ₁	:	-	.l ₁ :	t ₁		d	:	m ₁	:	fe ₁		s ₁	:	-	}
	Of		the		fire		that		we		marched		far,		and		knew		who		we		were	

{	s ₁ .s ₁		d	:	d	:	d		l ₁	:	l ₁	:	l ₁		r	:	f.m:	r.d		d.t ₁ :	s ₁	}		
	By		the		gold		and		green		ban		-	ner		we		still		tried		to	wave	o'er

{	s ₁		d	:	-	r:	m.f		s	:	-	:	m.,	d		m	:	-	f:	r.,	m		d	:	-	
	The		land		that		our		fore		-	fa		-	thers		left		us		to		save.			

2

Then gathered we closer and thanked our poor host,
 And listened to Kathleen the sweet colleen singing,
 When "Bill of the Meadows" sang out, "Boys, a toast,"
 And far on the night breeze his strong voice went ringing :
 "Here's a health to the men we have lost, boys," and then
 "Here's strength to the hearts that will try it again,"
 "And our Gold and Green Banner ere long may it wave
 O'er the land that our forefathers left us to save."

3

How proudly we told of the struggle we made,
 Of Crowley who died, and our chiefs who were taken,
 And far in the night o'er the turf fire we stayed,
 When hark ! comes some news that our hearts' blood awaken ;
 And in rushes Bill shouting, "Fill, brothers, fill ;
 There's a thousand bold pikemen a-crossing the hill,
 Who swear that our Gold and Green Banner must wave
 O'er the land that our forefathers left us to save."

4

We sprang to our feet—every man of our band,
 And clutched our revolvers—"Quick, men, are you ready ?"
 And each grasped poor Tim and Kathleen by the hand,
 "God prosper your cause, boys ! quick, men, fall in—steady,"
 Hurrah ! there's a shout, the whole country is out,
 And by heaven they'll know what the boys are about,
 When our Gold and Green Banner to-morrow will wave
 O'er the land that our forefathers left us to save.

JAMES NAGLE O'BRIEN.
 ("Shamus.")

James Nagle O'Brien, brother of William O'Brien, ex-M.P., was born in Mallow in 1848. He was the eldest son, and on the day of his birth there was to have been a search of his father's house for arms, but this was not carried out. He grew up with a fine physique, and very pronounced national feelings and was a most active Fenian. He was a great favourite and had literary gifts of no mean order. Under the pseudonym of "Shamus" he contributed songs and ballads to "The Irishman" and "Shamrock," and those became popular in Cork and elsewhere. He was constitutionally weak, if physically strong, and died of consumption in 1879.

The foregoing was sent to me by William Murphy, Blackrock, who refers to William O'Brien's "Recollections."

BRIGID CRUISE TO CAROLAN.

KEY G. *Moderato*.

Air: "Διέτη δ' ἴ μέ σο हुआऽनेद."

{	:	[^] .s ₁	m	.,r	:	m	.f	m	.,r	:	[^] m	.d	}
		By		fai	-	ry	rath	and	haunt	-	ed	dell	I

{		t ₁	.,l ₁	:	s ₁	.,l ₁		t ₁	_____	:	d	.,r	}
		seek,	a	-	sthore,	for			thee,			In	

piu lento

{		d	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.,f ₁ , m ₁		f ₁	.,f ₁	:	s ₁	.,t ₁	}
		fear	some	sweet,		un	-	pity	-	ing	spell	May	

{		d	.,d	:	d	.,d		d	:		.,s ₁	}
		steal	thee	far	from	me,					With	

{		[^] m	.,r	:	m	.,f		m	.,r	:	[^] r ^{mr} t ₁	.,t ₁	}
		sun	-	ny	smiles	to	win	thy	love,		With		

{		d	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.,l ₁		t ₁	_____	.d	:	-	.,r	}
		gen	-	tle	words	to			bind,				More	

piu lento.

{		d	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.,f ₁ , m ₁		f ₁	.,s ₁	:	s ₁	.,t ₁	}
		bright	than	aught		thy	dreams	are	of			Is	

{ | d .t₁ : d .,d | d || .s₁ }
 { | that thou leav'st be - hind. There's }

{ | d .d : m̂ .,f | s .,s : s^{1sm} .m̂ }
 { | glad - ness in the morn - ing sky, And }

{ | f .,m̂ : f .s | f .m̂ : - .,d }
 { | mu - sic in the stream, Soft }

{ | m̂ .,r : m̂ .f | m̂ .r : r^{mrt} .t₁ }
 { | fra - grance in the breez - e's sigh, And }

piu lento.

{ | d .t₁ : s₁ .,s₁ | s₁ : .s₁ }
 { | glo - ry in the beam, And }

{ | m̂ .,r : m̂ .f | m̂ .,r : r^{mrt} .t₁ }
 { | rest be - neath the green - wood tree, And }

{ | d .t₁ : s₁ .l₁ | t₁ : d .,r }
 { | bet - ter far than all, The }

{ | d .,t₁ : s₁ .f₁ ,m̂₁ | f₁ .,f₁ : s₁ .t₁ }
 { | wild deep love that holds for thee My }

{ | d .t₁ : d .,d | d : .|| }
 { | heart in end - less thrall. }

I listen to the floods that pour
From that sweet fount of song,
And bathe my spirit o'er and o'er,
As thus they roll along.
I look upon the drooping lid
That veils those darkened eyes,
And think how Heaven is from us hid
By yon enshrouding skies.
Still to that loved face gazing up,
I sit in homage far,
A humble flower that opes its cup
With incense to a star.
Oh, flies the wild bird to the bough,
The river to the sea,
The red deer up the mountain brow,
And this fond heart to thee !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY
("EVA").

Air taken down from Diarmuid O'Lehane, Ballingeary. It is one of the sweetest airs in my collection.

THE SONG OF THE CONVICT.

KEY G.

Air: "Ordaíl an doimhne."

{ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁ : l ₁	t ₁ : r : m	f : s : f	m : - }
{ Fare thee	well ! thou loved land of	my	home o'er the deep,	}

{ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ : t ₁ : r	r : m : f	s : - : -	t ₁ : - }
{ While this	cold-heart-ed	world	lies	sleep - ing ;

{ : s	s : m : s	f : m : r	d : t ₁ : d	r : - }
{ Once	more let me	gaze on thy	beau-ties and	weep,

{ : m . m	r : t ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁	l ₁ : - : -	l ₁
{ Tho' that	cold	world	blame me for	weep - ing.

2

I will weep not for home, nor for friends—they are gone ;
 In the place of the fallen they're lying :
 With thy freedom they sped—running gloriously on—
 It was stabbed ! and they died, with it dying.

3

But I'll mourn o'er thee when I'm far away,
 And the chain of disgrace clinging around me
 Will brighten like gems 'neath the summer's sun's ray,
 When I think—" 'twas for Erin they bound me ! "

4

Fare thee well ! and though dark and unhonoured the shrine
 Of thy convict, that sails o'er the billow,
 If the star of thy freedom e'er rise, it will shine
 As a beam of delight, o'er his pillow !

The air is taken from Bunting. The song is found in the *Catholic Magazine*," No. 31, published in Dublin in 1834.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

KEY F. *Tenderly and moderato.*

Air : "The Lame Yellow Beggar."

{	:	. d r m		f .m	:	r .d		l ₁ .,l ₁	:	d .	}
		The		night was		still,		the air		was balm,	

{	.l ₁ ,s ₁		s ₁ .,l ₁	:	d .d		d	:	d .	}
	Soft		dews a - round		were		weep -		ing ;	

{	. d r m		f .m	:	r .d		l ₁ .,l ₁	:	d .	}
	No		whis - per		rose o'er		o - cean's		calm,	

{	.l ₁ ,s ₁		s ₁ .,l ₁	:	d .d		d	:	d .	}
	Its		waves in		light were		sleep -		ing,	

{	.d		f .,m	:	f .s		l .,l	:	d ^l .	}
	With		Ma - ry		on the		beach I		strayed,	

{	.d ^l ,l		s .m	:	r .m		s	:	d ^l .	}
	The		stars beam'd joys		a -		bove		me,	

{	^{p.} .d ^l ,l		s .m	:	r .d		l ₁ .,l ₁	:	d .	}
	I		pressed her hand,		and		said, "Sweet maid,			

{	.l ₁ ,s ₁		s ₁ .,l ₁	:	d .d		d	:	d .	}
	Oh !		tell me,		do you		love		me."	

With modest air she drooped her head,
Her cheek of beauty veiling ;
Her bosom heaved—no word she said ;
I marked her strife of feeling ;
“ Oh, speak my doom, dear maid,”
I cried, “ By yon bright heav’n above thee ! ”
She gently raised her eyes and sigh’d,
“ Too well you know I love thee ! ”

J. J. CALLANAN.

This is a man’s song. On next page I give a woman’s song to the same air

THE IRISH MOTHER IN THE PENAL DAYS.

KEY F. *With feeling and moderato.* Air : "The Lame Yellow Beggar."

{	:	.d r m f .m	: r .d	l ₁ ., l ₁ : d .	}
		Now wel-come,	wel - come,	ba - by boy,	

{	.l ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ ., l ₁	: d .d	d :	.	}
	Un - to a	mo - ther's	fears,		

{	.d r m f .m	: r .d	l ₁ ., l ₁ : d .	}
	The plea-sure	of her	suf - fer - ings,	

{	.l ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ ., l ₁	: d .d	d :- .	}
	The rain - bow	of her	tears,	

{	.d f ., m	: f .s	l ., l : d ^l .	}
	The ob - ject	of your	fa - ther's hope,	

{	.d ^l , l s .m	: r .m	s : d ^l .	}
	In all he	hopes to	do,	

{	.d ^l , l s .m	: r .d	l ₁ ., l ₁ : d .	}
	A fu - ture	man of	his own land,	

{	.l ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ .l ₁	: d .d	d :- .	}
	To live him	o'er a -	new !	

2

How fondly on thy little brow
 A mother's eye would trace,
 And in thy little limbs, and in
 Each feature of thy face,
 His beauty, worth, and manliness,
 And everything that's his,
 Except, my boy, the answering mark
 Of where the fetter is !

3

Oh ! many a weary hundred years
 His sires that fetter wore,
 And he has worn since the day
 That him his mother bore ;
 And now, my son, it waits on you,
 The moment you are born,
 The old hereditary badge
 Of suffering and scorn !

4

Alas, my boy so beautiful !—
 Alas, my love so brave !
 And must your gallant Irish limbs
 Still drag it to the grave !
 And you, my son, yet have a son,
 Foredoomed a slave to be,
 Whose mother still must weep o'er him
 The tears I weep o'er thee !

JOHN BANIM.

The air is from Bunting's Collection, 1840. He obtained it from Black, the Harper. It is centuries old. I have seen it stated that it is a version of the ancient Irish melody known as "The Old Head of Denis."

THE RETURNING EXILE'S SONG.

KEY C.

Air: "Rôr Seal Dub" (Petrie).

{ : d, m. s, l | ta : s : m^l . d^l | r^l ., d^l : t . s : m . d }
 { Once | more, dear land, I | see thee In }

{ | r : r : d ., d | d : - : d^l . r^l }
 { | ev - 'ning's si - lent | hour, And a }

{ | m^l : m^l : f^l ., f^l | m^l : r^l : f^l , m^l , r^l }
 { | feel - ing com - eth o'er me, As }

{ | d^l . t : s . l : t , s , fe | s : - : s l t . d^l , r^l }
 { | with a mag - ic power ; For I }

{ | m^l : m^l . s^l : f^l | m^l : r^l : f^l , m^l , r^l }
 { | think since last I saw thee, When I }

{ | d^l ., t : s . f : r . d | r : - : d, m. s, l }
 { | left thee for the wave, How }

{ | ta : s : m^l . d^l | r^l ., d^l : t . s : m . d }
 { | man - y who have loved me Are }

{ | r : r : d ., d | d : - : }
 { | cold with - in the grave. || }

2

Thy sons are still as mighty,
 Thy children still as brave,
 And the thunder of thy high ones
 Still peals along the wave ;
 But the black'ning pall of sorrow
 Hath o'er our hearts been spread,
 And from every tone we borrow
 Some relic of the dead.

3

Thy fields are still the same,
 Thy shore is still as bright,
 And the terror of thy name
 Hath still its wonted might ;
 But, ah ! how lorn and cheerless
 Our sad and gloomy lot—
 The loved—the young—the fearless,
 Are not !—alas !—are not.

4

Yet though the valued faces,
 The eyes of beaming light,
 Have left their vacant places,
 And are gone from mortal sight ;
 Yet every fairy woodland,
 And every old oak tree,
 And every smiling hedge-row
 Hath charms for memory.

5

Still graceful are thy daughters
 In innocence and youth,
 And still is all untarnished
 The glory of thy truth ;
 And though remembrance weepeth,
 Yet still I can but smile,
 When I think on all thy virtues,
 My own—my own green isle.

ANONYMOUS.

I have taken this song from the *Dublin Penny Journal*, 1834. The air which I have selected for it is one of Petrie's charming bits of music.

FAREWELL!

KEY A \flat . *Andantino*.

Air: "Kitty O'Hara" (Bunting).

{ : d . l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : d, r . m | f : m : r | d : d ., r : m ., d }

Tho' | dark fate hath | 'reft me Of | all that was }

{ l₁ : s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : d : d, r . m | f : f : s ., m }

sweet, And | wide - ly we | sev - er, Too }

{ d : d ., r : m ., f | r : d : s₁ ., l₁ | ta₁ : ta₁ ., r : d ., ta₁ }

wide - ly to | meet, Oh! | yet, while one }

{ l₁ : l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d : d ., r : m ., d | l₁ : s₁ : m ., f }

life - pulse Re - | mains in this | heart, 'Twill re - }

{ s : s : l ., s | f : f : s ., f | m : d ., r : m ., d }

mem - ber thee, Ma - ry, Wher - | ev - er thou }

{ r : d ||

art.

2

How sad were the glances
At parting we threw,
No word was there spoken,
But the stifled adieu ;
My lips o'er thy cold cheek
All raptureless passed,
'Twas the first time I press'd it,
It must be the last.

3

But why should I dwell thus
On scenes that but pain,
Or think on thee, Mary,
When thinking is vain ?
Thy name to this bosom
Now sounds like a knell ;
My fond one, my dear one,
For ever, farewell !

J. J. CALLANAN.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

KEY D. *Somewhat slowly.*

Air: “ Δ ἡγάμε Δ’ ἦ Δ ἡύμῳν.”

{ : s .l ,t | d^l .,r^l : m^l .,d^l : t .s ,f | s : s : s .d^l }
 { Though | lof - ty Sco - tia's | moun - tains Where }

{ m^l : f^l .m^l : r^l .t | d^l : - : m^l .r^l }
 { sav - age gran - deur | reigns ; Though }

{ d^l .,t : s .,f : m ,f .s ,l | t .,s : d^l .,t : s .f }
 { bright be Eng-land's | foun - tains And }
rall. dim.

{ m : f : m .d | d : - : d^l .t }
 { fer - tile be her | plains : When }

{ l : l .d^l : t .l ,f | s : s : s .d^l }
 { 'mid their charms I | wan - der Of }

{ m^l : f^l .m^l : r^l .t | d^l : - .r^l : m^l .r^l }
 { thee I think the | while, And }

{ d^l .,t : s^l s .,f : m ,f .s ,l | t .,s : d^l .,t : s .f }
 { seem of thee the | fond - er, My }

{ m : f : m .d | d : d : }
 { own, my dear | green isle ! }

2

While many who have left thee
 Seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me
 Of its endearing claim :
 Afar from thee sojourning,
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still, "mo múirín,"
 My own, my dear green isle !

3

Fair as the glittering waters
 Thy emerald banks that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters,
 Thy generous sons as brave,
 Oh ! there are hearts within thee
 Which know not shame or guile,
 And such proud homage win thee—
 My own, my dear green isle !

4

For their dear sakes I love thee,
 mo múirín, though unseen ;
 Bright be the sky above thee,
 Thy shamrock ever green ;
 May evil ne'er distress thee,
 Nor darken, nor defile,
 But heaven for ever bless thee—
 My own, my dear green isle !

I take this song from the *Dublin Penny Journal*, 1832. I link it with an air found in the *Gaelic Journal*. Some passages in this air, according to the testimony of Rev. E. Gaynor, C.M., a very competent judge, are as sweet as anything in Irish music. "Take it slowly, lingering on the beats marked with 'rall.' The short note in these beats is a mere touch in leaving the beat."

SLEEP ON!

KEY D. *Softly and smoothly.*

{ d . r | m : m : m | f : f : s . f | m : m : d | r : d }
 { Sleep | on, for I know 'tis of | me you are dream-ing, }

{ d . r | m : m : m | s . f : m : r | r : d : d | d : - }
 { Sleep | on, till the sun comes to | give you a call, }

{ d . r | m : m : m | f : f : s . f | m : m : d | r : d }
 { Tho'the | pride of my heart is to | see your eye beam-ing, }

{ d . r | m : m : m | s . f : m : r | r : d : d | d : - }
 { Yet | still to be dreamt of is | bet - ter than all. }

{ s . l | ta : - . d^l : ta | l : t : d^l | s : s . l : s . f | m : d }
 { For | then 'tis to yours that my heart's al - ways speak-ing, }

{ d | ta : - . d^l : ta | l : s : m | s : l : t | d^l : - }
 { And | then 'tis the spell that en - chains it gives way, }

{ d^l . d^l | d^l : r^l : m^l | d^l : - . r^l : m^l | s : s . l : s . f | m : d }
 { And re - veals all the love that I nev - er, when wa - king, }

{ d | d . r : m^l : f . s . l | s . f : m : r | r : d : d | d : - ||
 { Could | get round my tongue in the day-light to say. }

Yes, sleep on, mavourneen, my joy, and my treasure,
Not often does sleep get a comrade so fair,
And no wonder it is that his eye takes a pleasure
To watch by your pillow while *you* slumber there.
Then sleep—softly sleep, till the day-dawn is breaking,
And peeps in to give you a smile and a call,
For though great as my joy is to see you when waking,
Yet still to be dreamt of is better than all !

FLORENCE BEAMISH.

The song is found in Hayes's *Ballads*. The air is a lullaby, and as such it should be sung.

IN THIS CALM SHELTERED VILLA.

KEY C. *Slowly and tenderly.*

{ : m . s | l : t . d^l : r^l . m^l | d^l : s : l . f }
 { In this | calm shel - tered | vil - la my }

{ | m : f . m : r . d | d : - . : s , l , t }
 { fair | one re - mains— The }

{ | d^l : d^l . r^l : m^l . f^l | r^l . t : s : d^l . t }
 { flow'r | of all | flow - 'rets, the }

{ | l . d^l : t . l : t . l | s : - : f . f }
 { pride | of the | plains ; This my }

{ | m : r . d : m , f , s | d : t₁ : d . r }
 { heart's | hoard - ed | trea - sure, my }

{ | m : f . s : l . f | m : r : m , f , s }
 { soul's | sole de - | light, In }

{ | l : t . d^l : r^l . m^l | d^l : s : l . f }
 { win - ter she's my | sum - mer, my }

{ | m : f . r : d . d | d : - ||
 { sun - shine at | night.

2

Oh ! thou my soul's darling ! most lovely, most dear,
There's naught can bring pleasure if thou art not near ;
Our trust through the future in kind heaven shall be,
I'll long not for wealth, love ! if bless'd but with thee.

3

Then smile, my beloved—let this coldness depart,
Oh ! come till I press thee in bliss to this heart ;
Nay ! nay—then I'm doomed for thy loss to repine,
I die, dearest maiden, and the blame shall be thine.

4

Nay, call me not senseless—nay, deem me not vain,
Nor think that of pangs all unfelt I complain ;
Tho' lowly my kindred, and scanty my store,
Oh ! why wilt thou tell me to love thee no more.

THOMAS FURLONG.

KITTIE'S TOYS.

(A CHILD'S SONG.)

KEY G. *Pleasantly.* Air: "ἰρ τιμῆς ἔαν πεῖρα 'ν ἡδονῇ ἄσῃ."

{ : s	m .d : d .r	m .f : s .,m	l .f : s .,m }
{ I	wish I had a	sol - dier, a	sol - dier, a }

{ f .l : s .,f	m .d : d .r	m .f : s .,m }
{ sol - dier, I	wish I had a	sol - dier to }

{ l .f : s .,m	f : s .,m	d : t _l .s _l }
{ fight for love of	me. Ma -	rie has a }

{ l _l .f _l : f _l .,l _l	s _l .d : d .r	m .f : s .,m }
{ sol - dier, a	sol - dier, a	sol - dier, Ma - }

{ d : t _l .s _l	l _l .f _l : f _l .,l _l	s _l .l _l : t _l .s _l }
{ rie has a	sol - dier, a	gal - lant man is }

{ d	
{ he.	

I wish I had a bright flag, a gay flag, a dear flag,
 I would love a fair flag to fly in liberty.
 Gretchen has a big flag, a brave flag, a strong flag,
 Gretchen has a fine flag that floats all high and free.

3

I wish I had a small ship, a strong ship, a good ship,
 I would love a trim ship to sail upon the sea.
 Johnny has a big ship, a grey ship, a grand ship,
 Johnny took my small ship with all his big navie.

4

I wish I had a penny, a penny, a penny,
 I wish I had a penny that all belonged to me.
 I would build a fair house, a great house, a strong house,
 I would make ONE grand house for all the world to see.

5

But Johnny stole my penny, my penny, my penny,
 And Johnny took my bright flag that floated fair and free.
 Then Johnny had my small ship, my trim ship, my good ship,
 And Johnny broke my soldier that fought for liberty.

6

Now John would be my soldier, my soldier, my soldier,
 But John he is a greedy boy, a selfish boy is he ;
 And Johnny beats the wee ones, the small ones, the weak ones,
 He takes their playthings from them in the name of liberty.

7

When Johnny gets a whacking, a whacking, a whacking,
 When Johnny gets a whacking, I think he'll let me be.
 And I shall have my penny, my penny, my penny,
 And I shall buy a bright flag to wave in victory.

Written for " Kathleen " by DORA SIGERSON.

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THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

KEY G. *Andante.*

Air: "The young man's dream."

{ : d r | m : s., l : s. m | r : d., l : d. r | m : - . d : m. r. d }
 { In a | dream of de - | lu - sion me - | thought I was }

{ d : - : d. r | m : s., l : s. m | r : d., l : d. r }
 { laid By a | brook o - ver - | arched with a }

{ m : - . d : m. r. d | d : - : s. l. t | d^l : d^l. t : t. l. s. t }
 { flut - ter-ing shade ; A de- li - cious re - }

{ l : s. m : s. l. t | d^l : d^l. t : l. s | l : - . l. t : d^l. t }
 { cess, where | sil - ver - tongued | rills And far }

{ l : s. m : l. s. m. r | ḋ : r. d. l. s. : d. r | m : r. d : m. r. d }
 { cat - a-racts' deep | roar e - choed | round from the }

{ d :
 { hills. ||

A beautiful bird on a blossomy spray
 Was warbling a varied and rapturous lay ;
 As I listened entranced in delightful surprise,
 A lovely enchantress astonished my eyes.

3

Her cheeks like the quicken's rich clusters were glowing,
 Her amber silk locks to her white ankles flowing ;
 Like a keen freezing star gleamed each sparkling blue eye,
 Alas ! in one month, for her loss, I must die.

4

" The green grass shall not grow, nor the sun shed his light,
 Nor the fair moon and stars gem the forehead of night ;
 The streams shall flow upward, the fish quit the sea
 Ere I shall prove faithless, dear angel, to thee."

5

Her ripe lip and soft bosom then gently I prest—
 And clasped her half-blushing consent to my breast ;
 My heart fluttered light as a bird on the spray—
 But I woke, and alas ! the vain dream fled away.

EDWARD LAWSON.

(From *Irish Minstrelsy*.)

MOLLY ASTHORE.

KEY E \flat . *Andantino.*

Air : " Molly Asthore."

mf.

{ : d	s	: - . l	s	: m	l	: - . t	d ^l	: l	}
{ Oh !	Ma	- ry,	dear !	bright	peer	- less	flower,	Pride	}

cres.

{	s	:- .m	r	:- .m	d	:-		: s	}
	of		the plains		of		Nair,	Be	

{ | d¹ : - .t | d¹ : r¹ | d¹ : t | l : s }
 { | hold me droop through | each dull hour, In }

{ | l : s | d^l : m | s : - | - : s }
soul - con - su - ming | care. In }

{ | d^l : - .t | d^l : m^l .r^l | d^l : t | l : s
friends— in wine— where joy was found, No }

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{1} : \text{s} \quad | \text{f} : \text{m} \quad | \text{1} : - \quad | - : \text{t} \\ \text{joy} \quad \text{I} \quad \text{now} \quad \text{can} \quad | \text{see;} \quad \text{But} \end{array} \right\}$

{ | d¹ : - . t | l : s | l : t | d¹ : l }
 { | still while plea - sure | reigns a - round, I }

{ | s : m | r : - m | d : - | -
| sigh— and think of | thee.

The cuckoo's notes I love to hear,
When summer warms the skies ;
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,
And flowers around us rise :
That blithe bird sings her song so clear,
And she sings where the sun-beams shine—
Her voice is sweet—but Mary, dear,
Not half so sweet as thine.

From town to town I've idly stray'd,
I've wandered many a mile ;
I've met with many a blooming maid
And own'd her charms the while :
I've gazed on some that then seem'd fair,
But when thy looks I see,
I find there's none that can compare,
My Mary, dear, with thee !

THOMAS FURLONG.

ANNIE DEAR.

KEY Eb. *Andantino.*

Air : " Maids in May."

{ : .d | d .,t₁ :d .r :m,s .,m | r .,d :d : - .d }
 { Our | mountain brooks were rush - ing, | An - nie dear, The }

{ | d .,t₁ : d .r : m,d^l,t | l .,s : s : - .s }
 { | au-tumn eve was flush-ing, | An - nie dear, But }

{ d' .,t :d' .l :t,s.,s | l .,s :l .f :s,m.,r }
 { bright-er was your blushing, When | first, your mur-murs hush-ing, I }

{ d ., t₁ : d . r : m, s ., m | r ., d : d : - .
told my love out - gush-ing, | An - nie dear.

2

Ah ! but our hopes were splendid
Annie dear,
How sadly they have ended,
Annie dear ;
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie dear.

3

The primrose flowers were shining,
Annie dear,
When on my breast reclining,
Annie dear,
Began our mí na meala,
And many a month did follow
Of joy—but life is hollow,
Annie dear.

4

For once, when home returning,
 Annie dear,
 I found our cottage burning,
 Annie dear ;
 Around it were the yeomen,
 Of every ill an omen,
 The country's bitter foemen,
 Annie dear.

5

But why arose a morrow,
 Annie dear,
 Upon that night of sorrow,
 Annie dear ?
 Far better, by thee lying,
 Their bayonets defying,
 Than live an exile sighing,
 Annie dear.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE LAST FRIENDS.

KEY D.

Air: "πάσαις τοῖς φίλοις ἀτά πέ."

{ | d : - r : d | d : t₁ : d | m : f : s | l : - : d¹ }
 { | I | came to my coun - try, but | not with the hope That }

{ | t : s : m | f : m : f | s : - . m : d | ta₁ : - : d . d }
 { | brightened my youth like the | cloud-lighting bow, For the }

{ | d : - r : d | d : ta₁ : d | m : f : s | l : - : d¹ }
 { | re - gion of soul that seemed | mighty to cope With }

{ | t : s : m | f : m : d | d : d : d | d : - || s }
 { | time and with for - tune had | fled from me now ; || And }

{ | d¹ : - r¹ : d¹ | ta : d¹ : ta | l : ta : l | s : - : f }
 { | love, that il - lu - mined my | wan - d' rings of yore, Hath }

{ | m : f : s | ta : s : m | f : m : d | ta₁ : - : d . d }
 { | per - ished, and left but a | wea - ry re - gret For the }

{ | d : r : d | d : t₁ : d | m : f : s | l : - : d¹ . d¹ }
 { | star that can rise on my | mid - night no more — But the }

{ | t : s : m | f : m : d | d : d : d | d : - || }
 { | hills of my coun - try, they | wel - come me yet. || }

2

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
 When my path was afar from the Tanais' lone track ;
 From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
 The land of old story, they summoned me back ;
 They rose on my dreams through the shades of the west,
 They breath'd upon sands which the dew never wet,
 For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
 But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet.

3

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar,
 They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave,
 For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
 The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
 And I, I return with the memory of years,
 Whose hope rose so high though in sorrow it set ;
 They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
 But our mountains remember their promises yet !

4

Oh ! where are the brave hearts that bounded of old,
 And where are the faces my childhood hath seen ?
 For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
 But our streams are still bright, and our hills are still green ;
 Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
 When brothers in heart in their shadows we met ;
 And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death,
 For their summits are sacred to liberty yet !

5

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
 Roll back from the mountains that circle our land ;
 And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow
 For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand ;
 Oh ! thus let it be with the hearts of our isle,
 Efface the dark seal that oppression hath let ;
 Give back the lost glory again to the soul,
 For the hills of my country remember it yet !

FRANCES BROWN (the blind poetess).

One of the United Irishmen, who returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to re-visit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered—"I came back to see the mountains."

THE WILD GEESE (CAGONE).

KEY A.

{ $\frac{d}{\text{How}}$: $\frac{r}{\text{so}}$: $\frac{d}{-}$: $\frac{d,r,m}{\text{lemn}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{sad}}$: $\frac{m,r,d,l_1}{\text{by}}$: $\frac{s_1}{\text{Shan}}$ | $\frac{l_1}{\text{Shan}}$: $\frac{d}{-}$: $\frac{a,r}{\text{non's}}$ }

{ $\frac{d}{\text{flood}}$: - : $\frac{r,m}{\text{The}}$ | $\frac{f}{\text{blush}}$: - : $\frac{f,m,r}{\text{of}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{morn}}$: - : $\frac{m,r,d}{\text{ing}}$ }

{ $\frac{r}{\text{sun}}$: $\frac{l}{-}$: $\frac{s,m}{\text{ap}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{pears}}$: - : $\frac{d,r,m}{\text{To}}$ | $\frac{f}{\text{men}}$: - : $\frac{f,m,r}{\text{who}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{gave}}$: - : $\frac{m,r,d}{\text{for}}$ | $\frac{r,m}{\text{us}}$: $\frac{f,m}{\text{their}}$: $\frac{r,d}{\text{blood}}$ | $\frac{l_1}{\text{Ah}}$: - : $\frac{d,r}{\text{Ah}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{what}}$: $\frac{r,d}{\text{can}}$: $\frac{d,r,m}{\text{wo}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{man}}$: $\frac{m,r,d,l_1}{\text{man}}$: $\frac{s_1}{\text{give}}$ | $\frac{l_1,t_1}{\text{give}}$: $\frac{d,r}{\text{but}}$: $\frac{m,r}{\text{but}}$ }

{ $\frac{d}{\text{tears}}$: - : $\frac{d,r}{\text{How}}$ | $\frac{m,r}{\text{still}}$: $\frac{d,r}{\text{the}}$: $\frac{m,d}{\text{field}}$ | $\frac{r,d}{\text{field}}$: $\frac{l_1,d}{\text{of}}$: $\frac{r,l_1}{\text{of}}$ }

{ $\frac{d,l_1}{\text{bat}}$: $\frac{s_1,l_1}{\text{tle}}$: $\frac{d,r}{\text{lies}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{lies}}$: - : $\frac{d,r,m}{\text{No}}$ | $\frac{f,m}{\text{shout}}$: $\frac{r,m}{\text{up}}$: $\frac{f,r}{\text{up}}$ }

{ $\frac{m,r}{\text{on}}$: $\frac{d,r}{\text{the}}$: $\frac{m,d}{\text{breeze}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{has}}$: $\frac{s,m}{\text{blown}}$: $\frac{r}{\text{We}}$: - : $\frac{d,r,m}{\text{We}}$ }

{ $\frac{f,m}{\text{heard}}$: $\frac{r,m}{\text{our}}$: $\frac{f,r}{\text{dy}}$ | $\frac{m,r}{\text{ing}}$: $\frac{d,r}{\text{coun}}$: $\frac{m,d}{\text{try's}}$ | $\frac{r,m}{\text{coun}}$: $\frac{f,m}{\text{try's}}$: $\frac{r,d}{\text{try's}}$ }

{ | l₁ : - : d . r | m ., r : d ., r . m ., d | r ., d : l₁ ., d : r ., l₁ }
 { | eries, We sit de - sert - ed }

CHORUS.

{ | d ., l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ : d ., r | d : - . | l : s ., m | d : . l : s ., m }
 { | and a - lone. Oè - ón, Oè - }

{ | d : . l : s ., m | f : . l : s ., f | m : . l : s ., m }
 { | ón, Oè - ón, Oè - ón, Oè - }

{ | r : . l : s ., m | f : . l : s ., f | m : . l : s ., m }
 { | ón, Oè - ón, Oè - ón, Oè - }

{ | r : . f : m ., d | l₁ : - : d . r | m : r . d : d ., r . m }
 { | ón, Oè - ón. Ah ! what can }

{ | r : m, r . d, l₁ : s₁ | l₁ ., t₁ : d ., m : r ., m | d : - | }
 { | wo - man give but tears ? }

2

Why thus collected on the strand

Whom yet the God of mercy saves ?

Will ye forsake your native land ?

Will you desert your brothers' graves ?

Their graves give forth a fearful groan—

Oh ! guard your orphans and your wives ;

Like us, make Erin's cause your own,

Like us for her yield up your lives,

Oèón, Oèón, Oèón, Oèón,

Oèón, etc.,

Like us for her yield up your lives.

DR. DRENNAN.

This beautiful caoine air is taken from Bunting. As far as I can make out it never before appeared in a song-book. The song was expressly written for the air.

FAREWELL, LOVELY ERIN!

KEY C.

Air: "Sa thúinnín Oíleir."

{ : s | d^l : d^l .r^l | d^l : t .d^l | l .s : l .ta | l .,s }
 { Fare - | well, love-ly E - rin! from | thee I must wan-der }

{ : m .l | s .f : m .r | d .,r : m .s | l : t .,d^l | d^l }
 { A - | cross the deep o - cean in | sor - row a - way ; }

{ : s | d^l : d^l .,r^l | d^l : t .d^l | l .,s : l .ta | l .,s }
 { No | more where the *Braid's* crys-tal | cur - rents me-an-der, }

{ : m .,l | s .f : m .r | d .r : m .s | l : t .,d^l | d^l ||
 { I'll | list to the lin - net sing | sweet from the spray : ||

{ : d^l .d^l | d^l : d^l .,r^l | m^l : m^l .m^l | f^l .m^l : r^l .d^l | m^l .d^l }
 { Nor stray | forth at the gloam - ing a - | mong the broom -bowers, }

{ : l | d^l .m^l : r^l .d^l | d^l .t : d^l .d^l | l .,s : l .ta | l .,s }
 { Col - | lect - ing the sun - ny young | del - i-cate gay flowers ; }

{ : m .d^l .m^l | s^l .,f^l : m^l .r^l | d^l : t .d^l | l .,s : l .ta | l .,s }
 { La - | ment - ing I stray when I | think on the hours }

{ : m .l | s .f : m .r | d .,r : m .s | l : t .,d^l | d^l ||
 { En - | rap - tur'd I spent neath the | sun's set-ting ray. ||

2

Still sweet is the spot where in childhood I sported,
 Unknown to the troubles that life bears along ;
 And sweet is the cot where my brother oft courted
 The young artless bard, for as artless a song.
 Oh ! my heart's like to break when I think on the danger
 He long had to bear in the land of the stranger,
 Where soon I may wander, a poor hapless ranger,
 Far, far from the hills the Braid wanders among.

3

I'll seek out the place where in silence he's sleeping,
 I'll weep o'er his ashes alone by the sea ;
 And kiss the cold wave, while around me it's creeping,
 That tore my loved brother from Erin and me !
 Columbia shall learn, as the bleached bones I gather,
 How dearly I loved my young loving brother,
 Who died unlamented, afar from his mother,
 Afar from his native vale, Erin in thee.

4

I'll place o'er his grave there, the pale weeping willow,
 And rest 'neath its shade while the bitter blasts blow ;
 I'll heave the deep sigh o'er the wind-beaten billow,
 And teach famed Columbia to weep for my woe.
 No more on thy green hills I'll wander, dear Erin,
 Columbia's bleak shore is before me appearing ;
 While round me each emigrant loudly is cheering,
 Heart-broken I look where my brother lies low.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS (?).

I take song from the *Dublin Penny Journal* of 1834. It appeared there over the initials D.H., who described himself as writing from "near Ballymena." Judging from internal evidence and for other reasons it looks like one of Reynolds' fugitive pieces which were scattered in MS. through the north and west of Ireland. Just at this time there was a sharp controversy over the authorship of "The Exile," one of Reynolds' songs. And in connection with it some minor plagiarist, less noted than Campbell, probably sent the above song anonymously to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and pretended that it was his own.

THE DEW EACH TREMBLING LEAF ENWREATHED.

KEY C. *Andante.*

Air: "Nancy of the branching tresses."

{ : .s | ^{p.} d' .,r' : m' .d' | l .,t : d' .l | s .,m : r .,m | d }
The | dew each trem - bling | leaf en - wreath'd, }

{ : m .s | l .,s : d' .m | r .,m : r .,d | d : - | }
The | red - breast sweet - ly | sung, }

{ : s | d' .,r' : m' .d' | l .,t : d' .l | s,m,- : r,m,- | d }
The | balm - y air with | fra - grance breath'd }

{ : m .s | l .,s : d' .m | r .,m : r .,d | d : - | }
From | bow'rs with ro - ses | hung. }

{ : .s | s .,l : d' .r' | m' : r' .d' | t : l .,s | s }
The | set - ting sun still | faint - ly gleam'd, }

{ : .s | s .,l : d' .r' | m' : r' .d' | t : l .,s | s }
And | swift and sweet the | mo - ment flew }

{ : l .t | d' .,r' : m' .d' | l .,t : d' .l | s,m,- : r,m,- | d }
With | her whose smile too | art - less seem'd }

{ : m .s | l .,s : d' .m | r .,m : r .,d | d : - | }
To | hide a heart un - true. ||

But now o'er dreary scenes I range,
Where once such beauties shone,
Yet blooming nature knows no change,
Alas ! 'tis all my own.
The rose still holds its lovely form,
The dew still sparkles on the tree,
But oh , the smile that gave the charm
No longer beams for me.

MISS BALFOUR.

Music and words are found in Bunting's collection, 1809.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

KEY G. *With expression.*

Air : "Lowlands of Holland."

{ | $\frac{l_1 . t_1}{I}$ | d : d | $\frac{r . t_1}{dreamt}$ a $\frac{l_1 . t_1}{dream,$ a | r : - .m | s : l .s }
 { | $\frac{l_1 . t_1}{I}$ | dreamt a dream, a | daz - zling dream, Of a }

{ | m : r . t_1 | l_1 : l_1 | s_1 : - | - : l_1 . l_1 }
 { | green isle far a - way, Where the }

{ | d : d | $\frac{r . t_1}{west}$ to the | r : - .m | s : l .s }
 { | glow - ing west to the o - cean's breast Doth }

{ | m : r . t_1 | l_1 : l_1 | l_1 : - | - || r . r }
 { | call the dy - ing day ; And that }

{ | m : l | l : s .m | r : - .m | s : l .s }
 { | is - land green was as fair a scene As }

{ | m : r . t_1 | l_1 : l_1 | s_1 : - | - : l_1 . t_1 }
 { | ev - er man's eye did see, With its }

{ | d : - .m | $\frac{r . t_1}{bold}$ and its | r : - .m | s : l .s }
 { | chief - tains bold and its tem - ples old, And its }

{ | m : r . t_1 | l_1 : l_1 | l_1 : - | - ||
 { | homes and its al - tars free ! }

2

No foreign foe did that green isle know—
 No stranger band it bore,
 Save the merchant train from sunny Spain
 And from Afric's golden shore!
 And the young man's heart would fondly start,
 And the old man's eye would smile,
 As their thoughts would roam o'er the ocean foam
 To that lone and "holy isle"!

3

Years passed by, and the orient sky
 Blazed with a new-born light,
 And Bethlehem's star shone bright afar
 O'er the lost world's darksome night;
 And the diamond shrines from plundered mines,
 And the golden fanes of Jove,
 Melted away in the blaze of day
 At the simple spell-word, "love"!

4

The light serene o'er that island green
 Played with its saving beams,
 And the fires of Baal waxed dim and pale,
 Like the stars in the morning streams!
 And 'twas joy to hear, in the bright air clear,
 From out each sunny glade,
 The tinkling bell, from the quiet cell
 Or the cloister's tranquil shade!

5

A cloud of night o'er that dream so bright
 Soon with its dark wing came,
 And the happy scene of that island green
 Was lost in blood and shame;
 For its kings unjust betrayed their trust,
 And its queens, though fair, were frail,
 And a robber band from a stranger land
 With their war-whoops filled the gale.

A fatal spell on that green isle fell—
A shadow of death and gloom
Passed withering o'er, from shore to shore,
Like the breath of a foul simoom ;
And each green hill-side was crimson dyed,
And each stream rolled red and wild,
With the mingled blood of the brave and the good—
Of mother, and maid, and child !

Dark was my dream, though many a gleam
Of hope through that black night broke,
Like a star's bright form thro' a whistling storm,
Or the moon through a midnight oak !
And many a time, with its wings sublime,
And its robes of saffron light,
Would the morning rise on the eastern skies,
But to vanish again in night !

For in abject prayer, the people there
Still raised their fettered hands,
When the sense of right and the power to smite
Are the spirit that commands ;
For those who'd sneer at the mourner's tear,
And heed not the suppliant's sigh,
Would bow in awe to that first great law—
A banded nation's cry !

At length arose o'er that isle of woes
A dawn with a steadier smile,
And in happy hour a voice of power
Awoke the slumbering isle !
And the people all obeyed the call
Of their chief's unsceptred hand,
Vowing to raise as in ancient days
The name of their own dear land !

My dream grew bright as the sunbeam's light,
As I watched that isle's career
Through the varied scene and the joys serene
Of many a future year—
And O ! what thrill did my bosom fill,
As I gazed on a pillared pile,
Where a senate, once more, in power watched o'er
The rights of that lone green isle !

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

eiblin.

KEY E♭. *Fairly quick.*

Air: "The Foggy Dew."

p.
 { : $\frac{1}{\text{'Tis}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{not}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{for}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{love}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{of}}$: $\frac{d^1}{\text{gold}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{I}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{go,}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{go,}}$. $\frac{m}{\text{go,}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{go,}}$ } }

{ : $\frac{d}{\text{'Tis}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{not}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{for}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{love}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{of}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{fame,}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{eib}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{lin;}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{fame,}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{eib}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{lin;}}$ } }

{ : $\frac{1}{\text{'Tho'}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{for}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{tune}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{should}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{her}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{smile}}$: $\frac{d^1}{\text{be}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{stow,}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{stow,}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{stow,}}$. $\frac{m}{\text{stow,}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{stow,}}$ } }

{ : $\frac{d}{\text{And}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{I}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{may}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{win}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{a}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{name,}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{eib}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{lin.}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{lin.}}$ } ||

cres.
 { : $\frac{1}{\text{And}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{yet}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{it}}$: $\frac{d^1}{\text{is}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{for}}$ | $\frac{r^1}{\text{gold}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{I}}$. $\frac{l}{\text{go,}}$ | $\frac{s}{\text{go,}}$ } }

{ : $\frac{m}{\text{And}}$. $\frac{se}{\text{yet}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{it}}$: $\frac{-}{\text{is}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{for}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{fame,}}$: $\frac{l}{\text{fame,}}$. $\frac{se}{\text{fame,}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{fame,}}$: $\frac{-}{\text{fame,}}$. $\frac{-}{\text{fame,}}$ } }

{ : $\frac{1}{\text{That}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{they}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{may}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{deck}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{an}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{o}}$: $\frac{d^1}{\text{ther}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{brow,}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{brow,}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{brow,}}$. $\frac{m}{\text{brow,}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{brow,}}$ } }

dim.
 { : $\frac{d}{\text{And}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{bless}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{an}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{o}}$. $\frac{r}{\text{ther}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{name,}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{eib}}$. $\frac{t}{\text{lin.}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{lin.}}$ } ||

2

For this, but this, I go—for this
 I lose thy love awhile, Eiblín;
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile, Eiblín.
 And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore, Eiblín.

3

Oh! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care, Eiblín!
 Oh! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear, Eiblín.
 And when with both returned again,
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me there
 And a hand will welcome me, Eiblín!

JOHN BANIM.

John Banim, author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, was born in Kilkenny in 1798. He was one of the best, if not the best, of our Irish novelists. His burning love of religion and country was traced by him in letters of fire. His ballads are full of national and natural feeling, and of true fidelity to Irish character.

This is a man's song. I have already, on p. 156 of First Series of SONGS OF THE GAEL, given a woman's song to same air, written by Denny Lane. The air is found in Petrie and Bunting.

THE SWORD OF THE SAXON.

KEY D or C. *In marching time.*

Air: "Cormac Spáinneac."

{ : .m | l .t : d^l .l | m : m .f | s .l : t d^l }

The | sword of the | Sax - on with | slaugh - ter is }

{ | r^l .t : s .t ,t | l .t : d^l .l | m .r : r .r^l }

| red, But the | blood on his | blade in no }

{ | m^l .r^l : d^l .t | l : - .l ,d^l | d^l : d^l .m^l }

| bat - tle was | shed ; For— Heav - ens ! the }

{ | r^l : r^l .m^l | d^l : d^l .m^l | r^l .t : s .t }

| babe and the | maid and the | mo - ther Have }

{ | d^l : d^l .m^l | r^l : r^l .f^l | m^l .r^l : d^l .t }

| shared the same | fate with the | sire and the }

{ | l : l .||

| bro - ther ! }

2

It is not the blush of the rising sun spread
That tints the horizon so luridly red—
It is not the heath on the mountain side high
Whose blaze flings the glare on the far-flushing sky—

3

'Tis the flame of the village illumines the air,
 Where the shriek of the maiden, in madden'd despair,
 Pleads to the heart of the monsters in vain
 Who are dyed with the blood of her kindred—the slain !

4

Spare, spare them, cursed Wilmot, the heroes who lie
 On those gore-crimsoned couches, unfriended to die !
 To the helpless, the fallen, some pity extend,
 They fought but their altars and homes to defend !

5

Behold their deep wounds !—they are foes—but they're men !—
You never will blench at their onset again ;
 'Tis vain—the lone war-steed that gasps on the plain
 When midnight broods over the dying and slain,
 As well might expect the gaunt wolves to forbear
 As *they* hope the merciless Saxon to spare !

J. M. M'CANN.

This fine air is from Petrie, sent to him by James Fogarty of Tybroughny Castle, Carrick-on-Suir. O'Curry stated that he had reason to believe that it was the clan march of the princely tribe of the MacCarthys. I have never seen this fine song set to music. In last verse repeat last two lines of the music.

THE LOVELY SWEET BANKS OF THE SUIR.

KEY F.

Air : The same name.

{ :d. r | m :l :l .l | s :m.r :d.l | l₁ :s₁.l₁ :d.r }
 { Dun- | le - vie stood a- | lone in the | for - est, To }

{ |m :s :m .,d | r :d :d | d :- :d.r }
 { |list to the | bells' mer - ry | peal, Their }

{ |m :l :l | s :m.r :d.l | l₁ :s₁.l₁ :d.r }
 { |sounds make his | young heart the | so - rest That }

{ |m :s :m .,d | r :d :d | d :- || d.r }
 { |e'er throbb'd 'neath | corse - let of | steel ; || They }

{ |m :s :l .t | d^l :l .d^l :t .,s | l .,s :m :s .l .t }
 { |rung the gay | bri - dal of | Al - ice, A }

{ |d^l :t :l .s | m :s :s | l :- :s .l .t }
 { |la - dy he | loved long and | pure, False to }

{ |d^l :r^l :d^l .l | s :m.r :d.l | l₁ :s₁.l₁ :d.r }
 { |him in her | sire's feu - dal | pal - ace, By the }

{ |m :s :m .d | r :d :d | d :- || }
 { |love - ly sweet | banks of the | Suir. || }

2

The hot sun was gloriously shining
 Over hill-top and valley and tower,
 Still stood Dunlevie repining
 In a lonely and wild wood bower ;
 Till he saw far away, brightly gleaming,
 Casque and spear, over mountain and moor,
 When a trumpet-blast started his dreaming,
 By the lovely sweet banks of the Suir.

3

Suddenly heard he a wailing and sighing,
 And *there* stood his love, sorrow-worn,
 From her father's gay halls after flying,
 Ere the bridal could bind her that morn.
 Now swiftly away they are sweeping
 On his wild steed towards Carriganeure,
 Where his bright native torrents are leaping,
 Far away from the banks of the Suir.

Please note that "Suir" is pronounced like "sure," i.e., "shure"—the s has an *sh* sound. The Irish is "Súirí."

The air is very like the air "Ὅμοιότατο πλ. Τυάιμε," p. 72, First Series SONGS OF THE GAEL. I think both airs are mere variations, one of the other.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

KEY G.

{ : s₁ | s₁ . m₁ : s₁ . l₁ | d : f . m | r . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : t₁ . d }
 { The | win-ter it is past. And the | summer's come at last, And the }

{ | r : m . f | s . s : f . m | r : - | - : r . m }
 { | small birds they sing on ev'ry | tree, Their }

{ | f . r : m . f | s : f . m | r . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : s₁ . l₁ }
 { | little hearts are glad, But | mine is very sad, Since my }

{ | d : f . m | r . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : - | - : r . m }
 { | true love is ab - sent from | me. Their }

{ | f . r : m . f | s : f . m | r . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : s₁ . l₁ }
 { | little hearts are glad. But | mine is very sad, Since my }

{ | d : f . m | r . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : - | ||
 { | true love is ab - sent from | me. ||

2

The rose upon the brier,
 By the water running clear
 Gives joy to the linnet and the bee ;
 Their little hearts are blest,
 But mine is not at rest,
 While my true love is absent from me.

3

A livery I'll wear,
 And I'll comb down my hair,
 And in velvet so green I'll appear ;
 And straight I will repair
 To the curragh of Kildare,
 For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

4

I'll wear a cap of black,
 With a frill around my neck ;
 Gold rings on my fingers I'll wear ;
 It is this I'll undertake
 For my true lover's sake ;
 He resides at the Curragh of Kildare.

5

I would not think it strange,
 Thus the world for to range
 If I only got tidings of my dear ;
 For here in Cupid's chain,
 If I'm bound to remain,
 I would spend my whole life in despair.

6

My love is like the sun,
 That in the firmament does run,
 And always proves constant and true ;
 But his is like the moon,
 That wanders up and down,
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love,
 And cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure ;
 For experience lets me know
 That your hearts are full of woe,
 And a woe that no mortal can cure.

“Traditional ballad, learned, about the year 1780, from Betty Skillin, by whom the latter half of each stanza, with its corresponding music, was sung twice,” says Petrie. This version of the music was obtained by Petrie from a near connexion of his who had learned the air from the singing of Betty Skillin. He considers this the most genuine version.

THE WILD WINTRY WEATHER.

KEY E \flat . *Lively.*

{ :m | m :r :d | d :l₁ :d | d :l₁ :s₁.s₁ }
 { Hur - | rah for the wild Win - try wea-ther, When the }

{ |m :r :d | d :l₁ :d | r :- :r .r }
 { | nights pass so gai - ly a - long, As we }

{ |m :r :d | d :l₁ :d | d :r :m }
 { | sit by the fire all to - geth - er, And }

{ |f :m :r | r :d :l₁ | s₁ :- :f }
 { | drown the loud tem - pest in song. Hur - }

{ |m :s :s | s :l :s | s :m :d }
 { | rah ! let the peals of our laugh - ter A - }

{ | m : s : s | l : s : m | r : - : r }
 { | rise and be heard far a - way ; Our }

{ | m : s : s | s : l : s | s : m : d }
 { | lives may be gloom - y here - af - ter, Then }

{ | f : m : r | r : d : l | s : - ||
 { | let us be glad while we may. ||

2

And hurrah for the wild Wintry weather !

The Summer has bright leafy bowers,

But 'tis thus, by the fire, all together,

Young and old spend their happiest hours.

Hurrah ! let us all swell the chorus

Till it rise and be heard far away ;

Perhaps some dark cloud gathers o'er us,

Then let us be glad while we may.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

THE AVONREE.

KEY G. *Larghetto affettuosa.*

Air: " πατα βρεαξ σεραε αν εεοιλ."

{ : s₁ l₁ t₁ | d ., r : m̂ ., t₁ | r ., t₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ . t₁ : r . m | f . ŝ }

{ Bright | home of my youth, my own | sor - rowing sire-land, }

{ : d . d | t₁ : s₁ . t₁ | l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ }

{ My fond | heart o'er - flows and the | tears dim mine eyes, }

{ : s₁ l₁ t₁ | d ., r : m̂ ., t₁ | r ., t₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ . t₁ : r . m | f . ŝ }

{ When I | think of thee, far - dis - tant, | beau-ti - ful Ire-land, }

{ : d . d | t₁ : s₁ . t₁ | l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ . l₁ : s₁ | s₁ }

{ And the | dark seas be - tween you and | me, my heart's prize, }

{ : r | r . m : ŝ ., s | s . m : r̂ ., t₁ | r . m : ŝ ., s | s . s }

{ And | oft do I sigh for the | days of my childhood, }

{ : s₁ l₁ t₁ | d . r : m̂ . m̂ | m̂ . r : r . t₁ | s₁ . l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ }

{ When I | plucked the wild flowers on the | fair upland lea, }

{ : s₁ l₁ t₁ | d . r : m̂ ., t₁ | r ., t₁ : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ . t₁ : r . m | f . ŝ }

{ Or | roamed the long day thro' the | green sha-dy wildwood, }

{ : d . d | t₁ : s₁ . t₁ | l̂₁ : s₁ . s₁ | s₁ : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ ||

{ On the | green gras-sy banks of the | calm Av - on - ree. ||

2

Ah me ! could I fly, like a bird o'er the ocean,
 To the home of my heart, to the land of my love,
 I'd be up on the wings, with an exile's devotion,
 And dare every danger the dark seas above ;
 Again would I roam through the green shady bowers,
 Where the boys used to drill e'er I first crossed the sea,
 And I'd weave for my Kathleen a garland of flowers,
 On the green grassy banks of the calm Avonree.

3

Again would I hear the wild thrush in his bower,
 The loud singing lark in the deep, mossy dell,
 And the blackbird's soft song on the tall, olden tower
 That shelters the clear springing, sweet abbey well ;
 Once more would I hear the wild cuckoo's note swelling
 Along the rich valley, o'er moorland and lea ;
 And the blithe sparrows chirp round my own peaceful dwelling
 On the green grassy banks of the calm Avonree.

4

But the day may yet come when I'll see thee soft smiling,
 And gaze on thee fondly, fair beautiful land ;
 I may yet live to see through thy narrow glens filing
 The exiles now cast on a far foreign strand.
 I may fight for thee, too, ere the trees again blossom,
 And see thee, my Erin, yet happy and free,
 And my heart may yet rest in thy soft, dewy bosom,
 In a green grassy grave by the calm Avonree.

JOHN LOCKE.

John Locke was born in Callan, Co. Kilkenny. He was a schoolmaster. His poems have never been published in collected form. I am glad to know that William Murphy, of Blackrock, intends to publish a good selection of them. The Avonree means the King's river, so called because an Irish King Niall was drowned there in the ninth century. The above air is one I got from a traditional singer near Macroom. It is a tender lovely bit of music and suits the spirit of the song admirably. Song and air are wedded for the first time.

Δ υβδαιτ μο σινιτ'.

KEY C. *Slow.*

Air: "Sígile beas ní Connaláin."

{ : l .s | l : r^l .m^l | f^l : m^l | r^l : - .f^l | m^l .r^l }
(Δ | υβδαιτ μο σινιτ', I | dreamed of you!)

{ : d^l .t | l : - .s | m : r | m .s : l .t | d^l .d^l }
(I | saw you there with | thrill - ing won-der,)

{ : l .s | l : r^l .m^l | f^l : m^l | r^l : - .d^l | l }
(A | love - ly cloud that | bright a - bove)

{ : s | f : - .l | s .m : r .m | r : r .m | f .f ||
(Shone | faint - ly in the | riv - er un - der. ||

{ : f^l .m^l | r^l .d^l : l .r^l | d^l .l : l .s | f : - .l | s .m }
(A | lit - tle mist, a | shad - owy veil,)

{ : r .m | r : - .f | m : r d | r : m | f .f }
(Just | kept my joy from | wild - est mad-ness ;)

{ : r .m | f .r : f .s | l d^l : r^l .m^l | f^l : - .r^l | m^l .r^l }
(I | knew, I knew it | was not true,)

{ : d^l .l | r^l : - .d^l | l .s : m .r | m : r | r .r ||
(Δ | σινιτ μο σινιτ, there | still was sad-ness ! ||

Δ υῆαι μο ῖναι', yet come to me,
 Oh ! once again, when I am sleeping,
 With gentle smiles to steal away
 The traces of my daily weeping.
 I know no waking e'er can bring
 That hour for which my heart is beating ;
 Then come to me, Δ ῖτόρι μο ἐμοιῶε,
 With that lone, silent, midnight greeting !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.

("Eva.")

This setting of the air differs much from Bunting's. It is found in Forde's collection. According to Joyce the air was composed by the great Sligo harper, Thomas O'Connallon about 1650. This particular setting was taken down by Forde from Hugh O'Beirne, the famous Ballin-
 (amore), Co. Leitrim, fiddler. "Eva's" song was never before set to music, and as far as I know this version of the air was never wedded to a song.

THE QUESTION.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

Air: "móim cluana."

{ :d | d :d | t₁ :s₁ | d :d | d :- .f }
 { You | asked me twice, in | anx - ious mood, What }

{ f :m | f :s | l :s | s :- .s }
 { good can Ire - land | win, a - chieve, By }

{ s .d^l :d^l .t | t :l .s | s .l :s .f | m :r .d }
 { boast - ing of the | right of blood — What }

{ r .m :f .r | s :f .r | d :r | m :s }
 { sul - len day can | she re - trieve ? I }

{ s .d^l :d^l .t | t :l .s | s .l :s .f | m :r .d }
 { an - swer : For the | com - mon good, Let }

{ r .m :f .r | s :f .r | d :d | d }
 { her be hope - ful, | and be - lieve. ||

If destined to be conquered—slain—
 By native foe or foreign fate,
 Of Ireland solely would remain
 A memory void of space or date—
 A dim tradition of the main—
 A leper by the city gate.

3

But Ireland wears no leper's sores :
 Her eye is clear, her stature strong !
 Through her strong veins the life-tide pours
 In mighty tides of speech and song ;
 She watches by the echoing shores,
 The birth of Right, the death of Wrong.

4

Persistent in her hidden strength,
 And wakeful in her vigil's dream,
 Confiding, surely, that at length
 The issue of the years would seem,
 Not poised torch and amaranth,
 But Freedom and the sun abeam.

5

It has not come ; a hundred cells
 Hold fast our bravest and our best ;
 They sing in pain the air that dwells
 In every movement of unrest ;
 The anthem of the heart that tells
 How man is cursed and God is blessed.

6

They saw this Ireland trampled down ;
 They hoped no mercy from the foe ;
 In wasted field and ruined town
 Altar and hovel tumbled low ;
 And by the Harp that wears no Crown
 They swore to lay the Saxon low.

7

I say—let history answer this—
 For us, we freely risk the chance
 And, meanwhile, be it joy or bliss,
 Our constant motto is : Advance.
 To ladies, whispered voice and kiss ;
 For freeman, rifle, sword, and lance.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

SAGART A RÚN!

KEY B.

Air: "Eibítín A Rún."

{	s _l	: l _l	: t _l		d	: - .r	: m		s _l	: l _l	: t _l	}
	Am	I	the		slave	they say,			Saḡ - aṛt	a		
{	d	: -	: -		s _l	: l _l	: t _l		d	: - .r	: m	}
	rún?				Since	you	did		show	the way,		
{	s _l	: l _l	: t _l		d	: -	: -		m	: m	: m	}
	Saḡ - aṛt	a			rún,				Their	slave	no	
{	f	: l _l	: l _l		m	: m	: r		d	: l _l	: s _l	}
	more	to	be,		While	they	would		work	with	me	
{	s	: f .m	: r .d		d	: - .r	: m		s _l	: l _l	: t _l	}
	Ould	Ire -	land's		sla	-	ve - ry,		Saḡ - aṛt	a		
{	d	: -	: -									
	rún?											

2

Why not her poorest man,

Saḡaṛt a rún,

Try and do all he can,

Saḡaṛt a rún,

Her commands to fulfil

Of his own heart and will,

Side by side with you still,

Saḡaṛt a rún?

3

Loyal and brave to you,

Saḡaṛt a rún,

Yet be no slave to you,

Saḡaṛt a rún,

Nor, out of fear to you,

Stand up so near to you—

Och! out of fear to *you*!

Saḡaṛt a rún?

4

Who in the winter's night,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 When the cowl'd blast did bite,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 Came to my cabin door,
 And, on my earthen flure,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν ?

5

Who on the marriage-day,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν ?

6

Who as friend only met,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 Never did flout me yet,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 And when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν ?

7

Och ! you, and only you,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 And for this I was true to you,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν,
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake,
 We a true part did take,
 SΔΓΔΠΤ Δ ρύν ?

JOHN BANIM (1831).

mo c̀raoib́ín cnó !

KEY F. *Allegro.*

Air: "An tSeán Uean Bócht."

{ | s : - : f | m : - : d | r : - : l | d : - : l | s : - : d }
 { My heart is far from Lif - fey's tide And }

{ | r : - : - | r : - : - | r : - : - | s : - : f }
 { Dub - lin town; It }

{ | m : - : d | r : - : l | d : - : l | s : - : t | }
 { strays be - yond the sou - thern side Of }

{ | d : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : r }
 { Cnoc maol 'Oonn, Where }

{ | m : - : f | s : - : s | l : - : t | d : - : l }
 { Cap - a - Cumh hath wood - lands green, Where }

{ | s : - : m | r : - : d | r : - : - | s : - : f }
 { Abán mór wa - ters flow, Where }

{ | m : - : d | r : - : l | d : - : l | s : - : d }
 { dwells un - sung, un - sought, un - seen, mo }

{ | r : - : - | r : - : - | r : - : - | s : - : f }
 { c̀raoib́ - ín cnó, Low }

{ | m : - : a | r : - : l | d : - : l | s : - : t | }
 { clus - t'ring in her leaf - y screen, mo }

{ | d : - : - | d : - : - | d : - : - ||
 { c̀raoib́ - ín Cnó ! }

2

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
 Are rich and fair,
 With wavy plume and silken gown,
 And stately air ;
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair ?
 Can silk thy neck of snow ?
 Or measured pace thine artless grace ?
 mo éḡaoibín cnó,
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
 mo éḡaoibín cnó !

3

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 That maidens sung—
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave
 In Saxon tongue—
 Oh ! bring me here that Gaelic dear
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,
 When thou didst charm my raptur'd ear,
 mo éḡaoibín cnó !
 And none but God's good angels near
 mo éḡaoibín cnó !

4

I've wandered by the rolling Lee !
 And Lene's green bowers—
 I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
 And Limerick's towers—
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
 Frown o'er the flood below ;
 My wild heart strays to aban mór's side,
 mo éḡaoibín cnó !
 With love and thee for aye to bide,
 mo éḡaoibín cnó !

EDWARD WALSH.

THE SONGS OF THE NATION.

KEY F. *With feeling.*

Air: "Thro' the wild woods alone."

{ m . r | d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : r₁ | m₁ : m₁ : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ }
 { Ye | songs that re - sound in the | homes of our island— }

{ t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | r : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : s₁ }
 { That | wake the wild e - choes by | val - ley and highland— }

{ l₁ . t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : r₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁ | t₁ : t₁ }
 { That | kin - dle the cold with their | fore - fa - ther's sto - ry— }

{ r | d : m : r | t₁ : t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ ||
 { That | point to the ar - dent the | path-way of glo - ry !|

{ l₁ . t₁ | d : - r : m . fe | s : m : r | m : l : l | l : - }
 { Ye | send to the ban - ish'd O'er | o - cean's far wave, }

{ t . d¹ | t : l : s | m : - r : t₁ . l₁ | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - }
 { The | hope that had van - ish'd, The | vow of the brave ; }

{ l₁ . t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | d : m : fe | s : t : l | s : m }
 { And | teach each proud des - pot of | lof - ti - est sta - tion, }

{ r | d : m : r | t₁ : t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ ||
 { To | pale at your spell-word, sweet | songs of THE NATION !|

Sweet songs ! ye reveal, through the vista of ages,
 Our monarchs and heroes—our minstrels and sages—
 The pomp of Emania*—the glories of Temor,†
 When Erin was free from the Saxon defamer—

The green banner flying—

The rush of the Gael—

The Sassenach dying—

His matron's wild wail—

These glories forgotten, with magic creation
 Burst bright at your spell-word, sweet Songs of THE NATION !

The minstrels who waken these wild notes of freedom,
 Have hands for green Erin—if Erin should need 'em ;
 And hearts for the wrong'd one, wherever he ranges,
 From Zembla to China—from Shannon to Ganges—

And hate for his foeman,

All hatred above—

And love for dear woman,

The tenderest love—

But chiefest the fair ones whose eyes' animation
 Is the spell that inspires the sweet Songs of THE NATION !

EDWARD WALSH.

* The palace of the Ulster kings, near Armagh. † Teamhair=Tara.

Writers of " Songs of THE NATION " include such distinguished names as the following, whose ballads and songs are now adorning my collections of SONGS OF THE GAEL :—" Eva," " Mary," Thomas Davis, John O'Hagan, John Edward Pigot (" Fermoy "), Edward Walsh, M. J. Barry, Charles Gavan Duffy, Denny Lane, J. Keegan, Denis Florence M'Carthy, R. D. Williams, Michael Doheny, M. J. M'Cann, Mangan, Drennan, Frazer.

HOPE FOR OUR OWN NATIVE LAND.

KEY C. *Bright.*

Air: "The Old Astrologer."

{ : ṃ .f | s .s : s .f | s .m : ḍ .,ḍ }
 { Tho' | deep the gloom that cov - ers now My }

{ | ḍ .t : s .m | f : ṃ .f }
 { | own dear na - tive land, Still }

{ | s .s : s .f | s .l : ṭ .s }
 { | Hope is perched on man - y a brow, And }

{ | s .ḍ : ḍ .ḍ | ḍ : .s }
 { | firm each stur - dy hand, The }

{ | s .f̣ : ṃ̣ .ṛ̣ | ḍ .t : s .,f }
 { | dark - est hour pre - cedes the day, And }

{ | s .f̣ : ṃ̣ .ḍ̣ | ṛ̣̣ : .s }
 { | by di - vine com - mand The }

{ | ḍ .ḍ : ḍ .t | ḍ .,ṛ̣ : ṃ̣̣ .ḍ̣ }
 { | sun of Free - dom sends her ray Up - }

{ | ṭ .s : f̣ .ṃ | f̣̣ : ṃ̣ .f̣ }
 { | on our na - tive land, The }

{ | s .s : s .f | s .l : t .s }
 { | sun of Free - dom sends her ray Up - }

{ | s .d^l : d^l .d^l | d^l ||
 { | on our na - tive land. ||

2

The years we've passed in galling chains
 Like dreams shall fade away,
 And pleasures, sweet, efface our pains
 Upon that glorious day,
 The hearts now plunged in hopeless woe
 With joy will then expand,
 The hour draws near to strike the blow—
 Hope for our native land—
 The hour draws near to strike the blow—
 Hope for our native land.

3

God's blessing on our fertile Isle,
 The fair "Gem of the Sea,"
 Prosperity and peace will smile
 When once her sons are free.
 Then haste the work, my gallant boys—
 The work we have on hand—
 And, 'mid your sorrows or your joys,
 Hope for our native land;
 And 'mid your sorrows or your joys,
 Hope for our native land.

JOHN EDWARD PIGOTT ("FERMOY").

A SONG OF GRAUN'YA WAILE.

KEY E.

{ :d .r | m : - .f : m | r : t₁ : m | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - }
 { They've | ban - ished the king and they've | out-lawed the bard ; }

{ :t₁ .d | r : t₁ : s | r : t₁ : t₁ | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - }
 { Their | mus-que - teers' bar - rack's the | House of the Lord ; }

{ :m .m | l : t : l | s : m : r | m : f : s | l : - }
 { At the | doors of May - o ring the | guns of the Pale— }

{ :d¹ .l | s : m : m | r : t₁ : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | l₁ : - ||
 { But | 'Back!' rings thy thun - der stout | Graun - 'ya Waile ! }

CHORUS—

{ :l₁ | m : f : m | r .t₁ ; - : m | l₁ : - : l₁ | l₁ : - }
 { A - ba - boo ! Bannee - hoo ! | Graun - 'ya Waile ! }

{ :t₁ .d | r : - .t₁ : s | r .t₁ : - : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | s₁ : - }
 { Pride of us, | guide of us, | Graun - 'ya Waile ! }

{ :m | l : - .d¹ : l | s .m : - : r .r | m : l : l | l : - }
 { With | thee for queen who can | fear? who can fail ? }

{ :d¹ .l | s : m : m | r : t₁ : t₁ | d : - : d | d : - ||
 { To the | fight to the death for thee, | Graun - 'ya Waile ! }

2

Let Leinster's white lords kiss their fetters like churls,
Yield the Saxon their souls and the smiles of their girls—
Ours the garb, and the tongue, and the God of the Gael,
And our hearts' blood will guard them, with Graun'ya Waile !

CHORUS—

Ababoo ! Bannee-hoo ! Graun'ya Waile,
Music's land, lover's land, proud thy tale,
Thy heart's panting free as thine ocean's wild gale,
Land for saints, not for Sassanachs, Graun'ya Waile !

3

Teach the eagle from Achill to pipe in your cage,
Bend the wild waves of Mweelaun to cringe 'neath your rage,
Shake Patrick's old Reek with your cannon's red hail—
Then your laws and your creeds will suit Graun'ya Waile.

CHORUS—

Ababoo ! Bannee-hoo ! Graun'ya Waile !
Queen of the billow, the Reek, the gale.
Thy land was ne'er stained with a Sassanach's trail,
But 'twas washed with his best blood, my Graun'ya Waile.

4

Eiree suus ! sea and shore from Breishoole to Leenaun !
Be your hills clad with steel ere the glow of the dawn,
Let them skulk behind cannon, or lock them in mail,
We'll lash them, we'll thrash them, my Graun'ya Waile.

CHORUS—

Ababoo ! Bannee-hoo ! Graun'ya Waile !
Way for thee, sway for thee, Graun'ya Waile !
May our lives know no morrow to blush for the tale
If we scourge not the serpents forth, Graun'ya Waile.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The above song is found in the author's novel, *A Queen of Men*, and inserted here with permission.

OUR TRUE MEN.

KEY F. *With spirit.*

Air: "The Irish Champion."

{	:	.s ₁		m ₁	.,s ₁	:	d	.m		r	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.l ₁	}
		Our			true		men !	our			true		men !	We	

{	t ₁	.r	:	d	.,t ₁		d	:	d	}
	proud -	ly		sing	them		all,		In	

{	m	.,r	:	m	.,f		s	.,m	:	f	.s	}
	fel -	on's		chain,	a -		cross	the		main,	De-	

{	m	.d	:	t ₁	.,l ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁	}
	spite	of		ty -	rant		thrall.		Our	

{	m	.r	:	m	.f		s	.,m	:	f	.s	}
		true		men !	our			true		men !	We	

{	m	.d	:	t ₁	.l ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁	}
	do	not		fear	to		tell		How	

{	l ₁	.,l ₁	:	f	.s		m	.,d	:	s ₁	.l ₁	}
	deep	with -		in	our		in -	most		souls	They	

{	t ₁	.r	:	d	.,t ₁		d	:	.	}
	and	their		trea -	son		dwell.			

2

Those true men ! those few men !
 How truthfully they strove,
 Unaided few, to rend in two
 The chains around us wove.
 Our true men ! our true men !
 Though coward tongues defame,
 They'll bear thro' every grief and wrong
 A pure, undying fame.

3

The loved ones ! the proved ones !
 They only trod the way
 Where Right, of yore, led some before,
 And more will guide to-day.
 Our true men ! our true men !
 Perchance like you to fail ;
 But others then will fill the van,
 And still the struggle hail !

4

For masters ! O masters !
 There's not our isle within
 A plant so green and strong, I ween,
 As disaffection's sin.
 'Twill grow on, 'twill blow on,
 Whatever you may do,
 With nurture good, of tears and blood—
 The food it ever knew.

5

Our true men ! our true men !
 Oh, proudly sing them all,
 In traitor's chain, in wrong and pain,
 Or lonely wanderers all.
 Our true men ! our true men !
 We do not fear to tell
 How deep within our inmost souls
 They and their treason dwell.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.

("EVA.")

The "True men" has reference to the patriots of '48. I wced the song to a well-known air, as the spirit and metre alike suit.

LAMENT OF THE EJECTED IRISH PEASANT.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "Eirílin a nún."

{ : s ₁	s ₁	: l ₁	: t ₁ .t ₁	d	: -	.r	: m	.m	}
{ The	night	is	dark and	drear	-	y,	Δ		}

{ s ₁	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: -	: s ₁	.s ₁	}
{ ḡḡáó	ḡḡeal	mo	ḡḡoíóe !		And	the	}

{ s ₁	: l ₁	: t ₁ .t ₁	d	: -	.r	: m	.m	}
{ heart	that	loves you	wea	-	ry,	Δ		}

{ s ₁	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: -	: m		}
{ ḡḡáó	ḡḡeal	mo	ḡḡoíóe !		For		}

{ m	: m	: m .m	f	: l ₁	: l ₁	.m	}
{ ev	-	'ry	hope is	blight	-	ed, That	}

{ m	: m	: r .r	d	: -	.l ₁	: s ₁	.s	}
{ bloomed	when	first we	plight	-	ed	Our	}	

{ s	: f .m	: r .d	d	: -	.r	: m	.s ₁	}
{ troth,	and	were u -	ni	-	ted,	Δ	}	

{ s ₁	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: -			}
{ ḡḡáó	ḡḡeal	mo	ḡḡoíóe !				}

2

Still our homestead we behold,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 But the cheerful hearth is cold,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 And those around its glow
 Assembled long ago,
 In the cold, cold earth lie low,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !

3

'Twas famine's wasting breath,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 That winged the shaft of death,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 And the landlord, lost to feeling,
 Who drove us from our sheeling;
 Though we prayed for mercy kneeling,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !

4

Oh ! 'twas heartless from that floor,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 Where our fathers dwelt of yore,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 To fling our offspring—seven—
 'Neath the wintry skies of heaven,
 To perish on that even',
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !

5

But the sleety blast blows chill,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 Let me press thee closer still,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !
 To this scathed, bleeding heart,
 Beloved as thou art ;
 For too soon—too soon we part,
 Δ ξηρό ξεal μο έμοιρε !

ANONYMOUS.

This pathetic ballad throws a light on a subject which forms an important chapter of our social history in Ireland. It is a mild statement of the doings of felonious landlordism.

THE HAWTHORN TREES.

KEY A. *Andante.*

Air: "Mary, do you fancy me?"

{ : .s₁ | d : d .t₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : d .r | m : d .d }
 { The | haw - thorn trees were | all | in | blos - som, And }

{ | f : m .r | m .,f : m .d | r .d : r .m | f .s : f .f }
 { | green was the | field and the | grove, When }

{ | f : r | m .,f : s .f | m .r : r .d | l₁ : s₁ .s₁ }
 { | Ma . - ry I | pressed to my bo - som And }

{ | d .r : d .t₁ | l₁ .t₁ : s₁ .m₁ | s₁ .l₁ : d .r | d : . }
 { | first spoke in | ac - cents of love. || }

2

Hard by where the eglantine closes,
 While thrushes sung sweet from the spray,
 I brought her a garland of roses
 And chose her the Queen of the May.

3

Oh, Mary, though years have rolled over,
 And others thy wrinkles can see,
 No change in the face I discover,
 For still thou art lovely to me.

4

That face with benevolence beaming,
The absence of beauty supplies,
And the tear of humanity streaming,
Fresh lustre imparts to thine eyes.

5

With health and with pleasure when glowing,
Our grand-children play round the door,
My heart with delight overflowing,
Looks back on the days that are o'er.

6

These days, which now swiftly are waning,
Have left no regret in my breast,
Nor a wish, oh my Mary ! remaining
But to sink on thy bosom to rest.

MARY BALFOUR.

The poetess wrote the song expressly for above air. The air is from Bunting's Collection.

HOME AGAIN.

KEY F. *Slow and with expression.* Air : Traditional lamentation air.

{	:	.d ,r	m	.m	: m	.r	m	.m	: d	.r	}
{		Aye!		twen - ty	years	and	more	it	was,	and	}

{	m	.s	: l	.t	d ^l	:	-	.t	}
{		home	a -	cross	the	sea		A	}

{	t	.l	: l	.d ^l	t	.s	: m	.fe	}
{		grey - haired	man	came	sail	-	ing,	and	}

{	s	, fe	, s	: l	.l	l	:	-	.s ,s	}
{		all	a - lone	was	he ;				But the	}

{	s	.fe	: s	.l	l	.s	: m	.s	}
{		well - loved	smiles	of	kin	-	dred,	the	}

{	l	.t	: d ^l	.t	l	:	-	.m ,f	}
{		friends he	left	be -	hind,			Sure the	}

{	s	.s	: l	.s	m	.r	: m	.d	}
{		stran - ger	won't	be	lone	-	ly,	if	}

{	r	.m	: d	.d	d	:	-	.	}
{		these he	still	can	find.				}

2

They're all before him, warm and bright, as in the days of yore.
 And he paints the dear old faces with the look that once they wore.
 And he thinks of that low cottage among the distant hills,
 And the orchard and the meadows, water'd by the silver rills.

3

Yes ! Yes ! they must be very old, the mother and the sire,
 If they are still together, beside the winter fire.
 They must have mourned him deeply, the boy they loved so true ;
 But, oh ! for that sweet welcome they'll give him as his due.

4

It is a dreary length of years that o'er his head has rolled ;
 'Tis over now forever, and he brings them hard-won gold.
 The strong man's honest earning ; and want shall come no more,
 With care and sorrow hand in hand, around that cottage door.

5

The good ship flies across the wave ; the distant cliffs arise —
 The grey old misty Skelligs faintly pictured on the skies ;
 The breeze is freshly blowing, all impatient on its way,
 And the seagulls hurry onward, glistening thro' the sunny ray.

6

But faster than the wind blows, and faster than the bird,
 His heart is speeding onward—to its deepest pulses stirr'd,
 Till once again he treadeth on the well-remembered shore,
 Where he parted friends and kindred more than twenty years before.

7

“ Come, tell me, neighbours, good and true, what news have you to tell ?
 What changes have been since I went ?—my people, are they well ?
 Oh ! little good is there to hear : your pitying eyes I see :
 And after all the toil of years, but sorrow waits for me ! ”

8

“ Aye ! bear it bravely, Fergus, and say ‘ God’s Will be done ’ :
 The poor old pair are lying low—they blest their absent son.
 They died—be thankful for it ; they were spared that other woe—
 The crowbar, and the poorhouse, that some amongst us know.”

9

“ And Maurice—brother of my heart !—and Mary, where is she ?
 And little Eileen ?—dark the days they one and all did see.”
 “ Poor Maurice followed in your track across the stormy wave,
 And in the wild Atlantic deep is now his lonely grave ! ”

10

"And Mary married far away—bad news of her is come :
The famine and the fever have been both within her home.
And little Eileen—none can tell where she may now be found.
Ah ! there are changes, sad indeed, since you left Irish ground !"

11

Oh ! weary, weary Pilgrim of all the mournful years,
Now run to earth, his heart pours out its flood of bitter tears.
Oh ! darker than the exile far distant he has known
Is the desolation round him in the land he calls his own.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY ("EVA").

This pathetic ballad from the pen of "Eva" is now for the first time wedded to old Irish music and placed within the reach of our people. The ballad, in its descriptions, is true to life ; and, needless to say, worthy of a place in any good collection of Irish songs by reason of its literary merits. "Eva" was one of the leading female writers of the brilliant band of literary men and women of the '48 period. Her book of poems is to be had at Gill's, O'Connell Street, Dublin. The air which I have selected for the ballad is one which was traditionally sung everywhere in Ireland fifty years ago. It suits the pathetic style of the composition.

LONG, LONG AGO.

KEY B \flat . *Poco vivace.*

Air : "Kitty Magee."

{	: d		d	: -	: s ₁		<u>s₁ : m₁</u>	: s ₁		d	: -	: d		<u>r : m</u>	}
{	Come		back,		old		scenes,		in		thought		to		me ; }

{	: f		m	: -	: d		r	: -	: d		t ₁	: -	: s ₁		<u>s₁ : l₁</u>	}
{	Bring		mur	-	murs		of		the		deep		blue		sea ; }	

{	: t ₁		d	: -	: s ₁		<u>s₁ : m₁</u>	: s ₁		d	: -	: d		<u>r : m</u>	}
{	Bring		glimp	-	ses		of		that		wood	-	ed		shore, }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :t_l | d :- :d | d :- }
 { Where | joy was mine in | days of yore. }

{ :s_l | d :- :m | s :- :m | r :- :m | f :- }
 { For | oh, 'tis sweet to | live a - new }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :d | t_l :- :s_l | s_l :- }
 { Those | hap - py days that | light - ly flew, }

{ :s | s :- :s | f :- :m | r :- :m | f :- }
 { Be - | fore the chill of | care or woe }

{ :f | m :- :d | r :- :t_l | d :- :d | d :- ||
 { Had | touched my heart, long, | long a - go. }

2

Oh, bring them back a little while—
 The song, the dance, the sigh, the smile,
 The opening gleam of new delights,
 The rosy dream of summer nights!
 But ah! 'tis vain to call to-day
 On life's young glories passed away!
 My only joy is now to know
 They blessed my heart, long, long ago.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

The air is from the Petrie Collection. It was noted down about the middle of the last century. I have selected for it T. D. S's nice song. I think the air in $\frac{6}{8}$ time suits it better than the air in $\frac{3}{4}$ time to which it has been set in one collection.

FATHER MURPHY OF COUNTY WEXFORD

(1798).

KEY D. *In narrative style.*

{ : .d^l | t .s : l .,s : r .m | m .r : r .,m : s .l }
 { At | Bo - ley - vogue, as the | sun was set - ting, O'er }

{ | t .s : l .,s : m .r | r .d : d : - .d^l }
 { | the green mea - dows of | Shel - ma - lier, A }

{ | t .s : l .,s : m .m | m .r : r .,m : s .l }
 { | reb - el band set the | hea - ther blaz - ing, And }

{ | t .s : l .,s : m .r | r .d : d : - .r }
 { | brought the neigh - bours from | far and near. Then }

{ | m .m : d^l : t .d^l | r^l .d^l : t .,l : s .s }
 { | Fa - ther Mur - phy from | old Kil - cor - mick Spurred }

{ | l .l : l .,s : m .s | l .t : d^l : - .d^l }
 { | up the rock with a | warn - ing cry : - " Arm, }

{ | t .l : l .,s : m .m | m .r : r .,m : s .l }
 { | arm," he cried, " for I've | come to lead you, For }

{ | t .s : l .,s : m .r | r .d : d : - .||
 { | Ire - land's free - dom we | fight or die."

2

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers,
 And the cowardly yeomen we put to flight ;
 'Twas at the Harrow the boys of Wexford
 Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.
 Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
 Search every kingdom that breathes a slave,
 For Father Murphy of the County Wexford
 Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

3

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy
 And Wexford storming, drove out our foes ;
 'Twas at Slieve Coilltha our pikes were reeking
 With the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.
 At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
 Full many a Hessian lay in his gore ;
 Oh ! Father Murphy, had aid come over
 The green flag floated from shore to shore.

4

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney,
 Our heroes stood back to back ;
 But the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
 And burned his body upon the rack.
 God give you glory, brave Father Murphy,
 And open heaven to all your men ;
 The cause that called you may call to-morrow
 In another fight for the Green again.

FROM A BALLAD SHEET.

CORMAC AND MARY.

(A FAIRY LEGEND.)

KEY F. *Lively.*

Air: "Kate o' Belashanny."

{ : .l | s .,d : m .,d | s .,d : f .,l }
 " She | is not dead— she has no grave— She }

{ | s .,d : m .,d | r .,m : f .l ,l }
 | lives be - neath Lough Cor - rib's wa - ter ; And }

{ | s .,d : m .,d | m .,s : d^l .,s }
 | in the mur - mur of each wave, Me - }

{ | l .,f : r .,s | m .,d : d ,d .s }
 | thinks I catch the songs I taught her." Thus }

{ | d^l .,s : m .,s | d^l .,s : m .s }
 | man - y an ev - 'ning on the shore Sat }

{ | d^l .,s : m .,s | f .,m : r ,r .l ,t }
 | Cor - mac ra - ving wild and lone-ly ; Still }

{ | d^l .,t : l .,s | l .,t : d^l .,l }
 | i - dly mut - t'ring o'er and o'er, " She }

{ | s .,f : m .,r | m .,d : d ,d .l }
 | lives, de - tained by spells un - ho - ly." ||

2

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
 Her spirit lives—alien of heaven;
 Nor will it know a second birth
 When sinful mortals are forgiven!
 Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill
 And mists the gloomy waters cover;
 But oh! her soul is colder still—
 To lose her God—to leave her lover!"

3

The lake was in profound repose,
 Yet one white wave came gently curling,
 And as it reached the shore, arose
 Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.
 Onward they move, an airy crowd:
 Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone;
 While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
 Appear in liquid undulation.

4

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
 Their trackless way with antic capers;
 And curtain clouds hang overhead,
 Festooned by rainbow-coloured vapours.
 And when a breath of air would stir
 That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
 Light wings of prisms gossamer
 Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

5

Nor wanting was the choral song,
 Swelling in silv'ry chimes of sweetness;
 The sound of which this subtle throng
 Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.
 With music's strain, all came and went
 Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
 Now rising in wild merriment,
 Now softly fading in derision.

“ Christ save her soul,” he boldly cried ;
 And when that blessed Name was spoken,
 Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
 And vanished all—the spell was broken.
 And now on Corrib’s lonely shore,
 Freed by his word from power of faëry,
 To life, to love, restored once more,
 Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

LONG, LONG HAVE I WANDERED.

KEY E. *Andantino*.

Air: “*νόμα αν cúil óμπα.*”

{ : m.s | f : m : d.m | r : d : d.m | r : d : d.r }
 { Long, | long have I | wan-dered in | search of my }

{ | d :- : d.r | m : s : s.l | ta : l : s.f }
 { | love, O'er | moor - land and | moun-tain, through }

{ | m : s : l.fe | s :- : d.r | m : s : s.l }
 { | green-wood and | grove, From the | banks of the }

{ | ta : l : s.f | m.r.d.r : m.s.l | ta :- : l.t.d }
 { | Maigue un - to | Fin - glas's | flood, I have }

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{c|c|c|c|c|c|c} \text{t.l} & :s & :f.,s & |m.r & :d & :d.m & |r & :d & :d \\ \hline \text{ne'er} & \text{seen} & \text{the} & \text{peer} & \text{of} & \text{this} & \text{Child} & \text{of} & \text{the} \end{array} \right\}$$

{ | d : - ||
 { | Wood. ||

2

One bright summer ev'ning alone on my path,
My steps led me on to the Dark Fairy rath ;
And seated anear it, my fair one I found,
With her long golden locks trailing down to the ground.

3

And I said to myself, as I thought on her charms,
 "Oh, how fondly I'd lock this young lass in my arms;
 How I'd love her deep eyes, full of radiance and mirth,
 Like new risen stars that shine down upon earth."

4

Then I twined round her waist my arms as a zone,
As I fondly embraced her to make her my own ;
But when I glanced up, behold ! naught could I see
She had fled from my sight, like the bird from the tree !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

HE CAME FROM THE NORTH.

KEY E. *Allegretto*.

Air : Attributed to Carolan.

{ | $\frac{m}{He}$.f | $\frac{s}{came}$:- .f :m | r :- .d :r | $\frac{d}{words}$:m :s }
 { | He | came | from the | North | and his | words | were }

{ | l :- :d^l .d^l | $\frac{d}{voice}$.r :m .f :s .l | r :t_l :r }
 { | few, | But his | voice | was | kind | and | his }

{ | $\frac{d}{heart}$.r :m .f :s .l | r :- :m .f | s :- .f :m }
 { | heart | was | true ; | And I | knew | by his }

{ | r :- .d :r | $\frac{d}{guile}$:m :s | l :- :d^l .d^l }
 { | eyes | no | guile | had | he, | So I }

{ | $\frac{s}{mar}$.l :s .f :m .d^l | l :f :l | $\frac{s}{North}$.l :s .f :m .d^l }
 { | mar - ried | the | man | of | the | North | Coun- }

{ | d :- ||
 { | trie. }

Oh, Garryowen may be more gay,
 Than this quiet street of Ballybay ;
 And I know the sun shines softly down
 On the river that passes my native town.

3

But there's not—I say it with joy and pride—
 Better man than mine in Munster wide ;
 And Limerick town has no happier hearth
 Than mine has been with my man of the North.

4

I wish that in Munster they only knew
 The kind, kind neighbours I came unto ;
 Small hate or scorn would ever be
 Between the South and the North Countrie.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

(Died 1868.)

The writer was born in Carlingford, Co. Louth, in 1825. In his youth he was a prominent member of the Young Ireland party. The melody is a very pretty one.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

KEY D. *Slow and tenderly.*

Air: "Slán le baile mhúine."

{ ḍ . ṛ | ṃ : f̣ : ṣ . ḷ . ṭ | ḍ^l : ṣ : ṣ . f̣ | ṃ : ḍ : ṃ }
 { The | sun on I- | ve - ra Ne | long - er shines }

{ ṛ : ḍ : ḍ^l . ṛ^l | ṃ^l : ṛ^l : ḍ^l | ṭ : ṣ : f̣ }
 { bright - ly ; The | voice of her | mu - sic No }

{ ṣ : ḍ^l : ṛ^l | ḍ^l : ḍ^l : ḍ^l . ṛ^l | ṃ^l : ṛ^l : ḍ^l }
 { long - er is | spright - ly ; No | more to her }

{ ṭ : ḍ^l : ṭ . ṣ | f̣ : ṭ : ṛ | ḍ : ṭ₁ : ḍ . ṛ }
 { maid - ens The | light dance is | dear, Since the }

{ ṃ : f̣ : ṣ . ḷ . ṭ | ḍ^l : ṣ : ṣ . f̣ | ṃ : ḍ : ṛ }
 { death of our | dar - ling, O' | Sul - li - van }

{ ḍ : - ||
 { Beare. }

2

Scully ! thou false one,
 You basely betray'd him,
 In his strong hour of need,
 When thy right hand should aid him.
 He fed thee—he clad thee—
 You had all could delight thee :
 You left him—you sold him—
 May Heaven requite thee !

3

Had he died calmly,
 I would not deplore him ;
 Or if the wild strife
 Of the sea-war closed o'er him :
 But with ropes round his white limbs,
 Through ocean to trail him,
 Like a fish after slaughter,
 'Tis therefore I wail him.

4

In the hole, which the vile hands
 Of soldiers had made thee ;
 Unhonoured, unshrouded,
 And headless they laid thee.
 No sigh to regret thee,
 No eye to rain o'er thee,
 No dirge to lament thee,
 No friend to deplore thee !

5

Dear head of my darling,
 How gory and pale
 These aged eyes see thee,
 High spiked on their gaol !
 That cheek in the summer sun
 Ne'er shall grow warm ;
 Nor that eye e'er catch light,
 But the flash of the storm.

6

A curse, blessed ocean,
 Is on thy green water,
 From the haven of Cork,
 To Ivera of slaughter :
 Since thy billows were dyed
 With the red wounds of fear,
 Of Muiertach Oge,
 Our O'Sullivan Beare !

J. J. CALLANAN.

THE PILGRIM HARPER

KEY G. *Moderato.*Air: "The Maid of Garryowen."
(The Forde Collection.)

{ :m	l :-	:m	m :r	:t _l	l _l :-	:t _l	s _l :-	}
{ The	night	was	cold	and	drea -		ry !—	}

{ :m	r :-	:t _l	l _l :-	:l _l	l _l :-	:-	- :	}
{ No	star	was	in	the	sky,			}

{ :m	l :-	:m	m :r	:t _l	l _l :-	:t _l	s _l :-	}
{ When	trav -	el -	tired	and	wea -		ry,	}

{ :m	r :-	:t _l	l _l :-	:l _l	l _l :-	:-	- :	
{ The	harp -	er	raised	his	cry;			

{ :t _l	r :-	:m	s :-	:m	l :-	:m	m :r	}
{ He	raised	his	cry	with -	out	the	gate,	}

{ :t _l	r :-	:m	l :-	:t	l :-	:-	:	}
{ His	night's	re -	pose	to	win,			}

{ :t	l :s	:m	m :r	:t _l	l _l :-	:t _l	s _l :-	}
{ And	plain -	tive	was	the	voice	that	cried,	}

{ :m	r :-	:t _l	l _l :-	:l _l	l _l :-	:-	- :	
{ "Ah,	won't	you	let	me	in ?"			

2

The portal soon was opened,
 For in the land of song
 The minstrel at the outer gate
 Yet never linger'd long ;
 The inner doors were seldom closed
 'Gainst wand'ers such as he,
 For locks or hearts to open soon,
 Sweet music is the key.

3

But if the gates are oped by melody,
 So grief can close them fast,
 And sorrow o'er that once bright hall
 Its silent spell had cast ;
 All undisturb'd, the spider there
 His web might safely spin,
 For many a day no festive lay—
 No harper was let in.

4

But when this harper entered,
 And said he came from far,
 And bore with him from Palestine
 The tidings of the war,
 And he could tell of all who fell,
 Or glory there did win,
 The warder knew his noble dame
 Would let *that* harper in.

5

They led him to the bower,
 The lady knelt in prayer ;
 The harper raised a well-known lay
 Upon the turret stair ;
 The door was oped with hasty hand,
 True love its meed did win,
 For the lady saw her own true knight,
 When that harper was let in !

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE CHANGE.

KEY A^b. *Andantino*.

Air: "μάρις ὕδωρ ἀρετόν."

{ : s₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : d | d : r : m }

{ I saw her in her coun - try }

{ | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : d | r : - : d | t₁ : s₁ : t₁ }

{ | home, Near well - known, | brown, dear Slieve }

{ | d : - : s₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : d | d : r : m }

{ | Bawn, With brow as white as o - cean }

{ | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : d | r : - : d | t₁ : s₁ : t₁ }

{ | foam, And ro - sy | face like to the }

{ | d : - : f | f : - : f | m : - : r | m : - : f }

{ | dawn, And lips that ri - valled in their }

{ | s : - : l | l : - : l | s : - : f | m : - : d }

{ | hue The ber - ry | on the hea - thy }

{ | f : - : m | m : - : f | s : - : f | m : f : r }

{ | moor, And eyes like shi - ning drops of }

{ | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : d | r : - : d | t₁ : s₁ : t₁ }

{ | dew, And heart as spot - less and as }

{ | d : - : ||

{ | pure. ||

2

I saw her in her city home,
 And sad she looked, and worn, and wan,
 And then I asked, "why did she roam
 From far, far off, dear Slieve Bawn?"
 Ah! paler grew her sunken cheek,
 And darker shadows dimmed her brow,
 As she essayed the words to speak,
 "I'm poor and cheerless, homeless now."

3

"The tyrant's minions fiercely came
 Unto our lonely, humble cot,
 And soon the rafters' lurid flame
 Illumined quick the dear old spot.
 My father died—my friends were fled,
 Poor exiles, o'er the frothing sea—
 And I came here to toil for bread
 In cheerless, direst misery."

4

"Still toiling on in scathing woe
 From month to month, from day to day;
 Within my breast no hopeful glow
 To warm, to light my tearful way;
 Unknown I walk among the crowd,
 Without a smile, without a word,
 To cheer a spirit downward bowed,
 Long pierced, long smitten, and long gored."

5

"Oh! if I could but see once more
 Slieve Bawn's dark and noble crest,
 Or hear the waves at evening roar
 On Shannon's broad, expansive breast.
 The healthful flush might fill my cheek,
 And chase the aching from my brow.
 Movrone! movrone! why do I speak?—
 I'm friendless, homeless, sunken now."

These verses are adapted from "Leo's" song which is found on pp. 68, 69 of his book. The air is found in Petrie's Collection.

THE BOLD FENIAN MEN.

KEY C. *In Marching time.*

Air: "O'Donnell Aboo."

{ | d : m ., f | s : s ., s | m^l : d^l ., l | s : f . m }
 { | See who comes o - ver the | red - bloss-omed hea - ther, Their }

{ | r : r ., m | f : m . r | d : d . r | m : d ., d }
 { | green ban-ners kiss - ing the | pure moun-tain air, Head e- }

{ | d : m ., f | s : s ., s | m^l : d^l ., l | s : f . m }
 { | rect, eyes to front, stepping | proud - ly to - geth - er, Sure }

{ | r : r^l . d^l | t . s : l . t | d^l : d^l ., d^l | d^l : - }
 { | free - dom sits throned on each | proud spir - it there. }

{ | m^l : m^l ., r^l | d^l . l : s . s | d^l : d^l . l | s ., m : d . d }
 { | Down the hills twin-ing, Their | bless - ed steel shi - ning, Like }

{ | f : f ., f | m : s . m | r : r ., m | r : - . d }
 { | riv - ers of beau - ty they | flow from each glen, From }

{ | d : m . f | s . l : s . s | m^l : d^l ., l | s . f : f . m }
 { | moun-tain and val - ley, 'Tis | Lib - er-ty's ral - ly— }

{ | r : r^l . d^l | t . s : l . t | d^l : d^l ., d^l | d^l : - }
 { | Out and make way for the | bold Fe-nian men ! }

2

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed and derided,
 They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind,
 Our foes were united, and we were divided,
 We met and they scattered us all to the wind.
 But once more returning,
 Within our veins burning
 The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen;
 We raise the old cry anew,
 Slogan of Con and Hugh—
 Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

3

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir, and the Shannon,
 Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force—
 Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
 Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.
 We've made the false Saxon yield
 Many a red battle-field:
 God on our side we will triumph again;
 Pay them back woe for woe,
 Give them back blow for blow—
 Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

4

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers battled,
 When our hills never echo'd the tread of a slave,
 On many green hills where the leaden hail rattled,
 Through the red gap of glory they march'd to their grave.
 And those who inherit
 Their name and their spirit,
 Will march 'neath the banners of Liberty then,
 All who love Saxon law,
 Native or Sassanach,
 Must out and make way for the bold Fenian men.

JOHN SCANLAN.

BY MEMORY INSPIRED.

KEY B♭.

Air: "The Crúiskín Lán."

{ :m ₁	m ₁ .l ₁ : l ₁ .t ₁ d	: t ₁ .d	r .d : t ₁ .l ₁ se ₁	}
{ By	Mem-o - ry in-spired,	And	love of coun-try fired,	}

{ :m ₁	m ₁ .,l ₁ : l ₁ .,t ₁ d .,t ₁ : d .r	m	: -		}
{ The	deeds of MEN I love to dwell up-	on ;			}

*f.**dim.*

{ :m .m	m .,d : d .,m s	: f .m	r .d : t ₁ .,d r	}
{ And the	pa-tri - ot - ic glow	Of my	spir-it must be - stow	}

{ : d .,r	m .,r : d .t ₁ m .m : m ₁ .,m ₁ <u>i</u> ₁	: t ₁	d	}
{ A	tri-bute to O - Con-nell that is	gone, boys,	gone !	}

{ : d .,r	m .,f : m .,r m .d	: t ₁ .t ₁ l ₁	: -	-	
{ Here's a	mem'ry to the friends	that are	gone !		

2

In October, 'Ninety-seven—
 May his soul find rest in Heaven—
 William Orr to execution was led on :
 The jury, drunk, agreed
 That IRISH was his creed ;
 For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on ;
 Here's the mem'ry of John Mitchel that is gone !

3

In 'Ninety-eight—the month, July—
 The informer's pay was high ;
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann ;
 But MacCann was Reynolds' first—
 One could not allay his thirst ;
 So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys, gone.
 Here's the mem'ry of the friends that are gone !

4

How did Lord Edward die ?
 Like a man, without a sigh ;
 But he left his handiwork on Major Swan !
 But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
 And coward heart at best,
 Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys, gone :
 Here's the mem'ry of our friends that are gone !

5

September, Eighteen-three,
 Closed this cruel history,
 When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon ;
 Oh, had their spirits been wise,
 They might then realise
 Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchel that is gone, boys,
 gone :
 Here's the mem'ry of the friends that are gone !

I take this excellent specimen of a street ballad from a little book of popular poetry by Duncathail and published by Gill in 1882. In a note it is said : “ We have copied this from a broad-sheet which we found hawking about the country ; headed with a rude woodcut of two men leaning pensively on a table, and a standing cavalier, with a glass in one hand and a bottle in the other, supposed to be engaged singing to them the above patriotic song.” These popular ballads teach history.

WATCH AND WAIT.

KEY C. *With spirit.*

Air: "Father Frank of Gorey."

{	s	.d ^l	: d ^l	.d ^l	t	.,d ^l	: r ^l	.f ^l	}
	Watch	and	wait,	boys,	watch	and	<u>wait,</u>		

{	m ^l	.d ^l	: d ^l	.s	m	.m	: s	.s	}
	Let	it	be	your	mot -	to	ev -	er,	

{	{ s	.d ^l	: d ^l	.d ^l	t	.,d ^l	: r ^l	.f ^l	}
	{ Fool -	ish	zeal,	un -	guar -	ded	<u>hate,</u>		

{	s ^l	.m ^l	: d ^l	.m ^l	r ^l	.r ^l	: d ^l	.,d ^l	
	Of -	ten	baulks	a	brave	en -	dea -	vour.	

{	l	.f	: f	.l	s	.m	: m	.s	}
	God	or -	dains,	boys,	God	or -	<u>dains,</u>		

{	l	.r	: r	.m	f	.f	: s	.s	}
	That	we	pine	a	lit -	tle	long -	er	

{	l	.t	: d ^l	.l	s	.f	: m	.r	}
	Ere	we	burst	the	gall -	ing	<u>chain,</u>		

{	d	.d ^l	: t	.r ^l	d ^l	.d ^l	: d ^l	d ^l	
	Ere	we	crush	the	bru -	tal	wrong -	er.	

{		l	.f	: f	.l		s	.m	: m	.s	}
{		God	or	-	dains,	boys,	God	or	-	dains	}

{		l	.r	: r	.m		f	.f	: s	.s	}
{		That	we		pine	a	lit	-	tle	long	- er

{		l	.t	: d ^l	.l		s	l	f	: m	f	r	}
{		Ere	we		burst	the	gall	-	ing	chain,			}

{		d	.d ^l	: t	.r ^l		d ^l	.d ^l	: d ^l	.d ^l	
{		Ere	we		crush	the	bru	-	tal	wrong	- er.

2

Watch and wait, boys, keep your swords
 Ever flashing, sharp and ready,
 Heed them not, the scoffer's words—
 Forward, forward, true and steady.
 In good time, boys, in good time,
 We shall lift the fallen banner,
 And with trust and hope sublime
 March to liberty and honour.

REFRAIN :

In good time, boys, in good time,
 We shall lift the fallen banner,
 And with trust and hope sublime
 March to liberty and honour.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

This is another good song of "Leo's" which is now, for the first time, wedded to music. With this air it makes a rattling song.

MY DARLING UNA BAWN.

(COSTELLOE'S LAMENT.)

KEY C. *Slow and sad.*

Air: "Úna a Rún."

{ $\frac{s.l,t}{A} \mid \frac{d^1}{long} : - \mid - : \frac{l.,r^1}{the} \mid r^1 : - \frac{d^1}{of} \mid l : s.l \}$

{ $\frac{s.m}{wild} : \frac{r.m}{deer} \mid r \text{ wan} - : \frac{r.m}{ders} \mid r : - \mid - : r^1 \}$
free, The }

{ $\frac{r^1.d^1}{sum} : \frac{l.s}{mer} \mid \frac{l.d^1}{shines} : \frac{r^1.m^1}{in} \mid \frac{f^1}{glo} : - \frac{r^1}{ry}, \mid m^1 : - ,r^1 \}$
but }

{ $\frac{r^1.d^1}{shi} : \frac{l.s}{neth} \mid \frac{l.t,d^1}{not} : m^1.,r^1 \mid r^1 : - \mid - : r^1 \}$
I }

{ $\frac{r^1.d^1}{feel} : \frac{l.s}{no} \mid \frac{l.d^1}{breeze} : \frac{r^1.m^1}{at} \mid \frac{f^1}{twi} : - \frac{r^1}{light}, \mid m^1 : - ,r^1 \}$
I }

{ $\frac{r^1.d^1}{see} : \frac{l.s}{no} \mid \frac{l.t,d^1}{light} : m^1.,r^1 \mid \widehat{r^1} : - \mid \frac{r.m}{But} : s.l,t \}$
I }

{ $d^1 : - ,l \mid \frac{l.t,d^1}{theme} : \frac{r^1,m^1,f^1,m^1}{of} \mid r^1 : - \frac{r^1,d^1}{row} \mid l : s.l,t \}$
sing a sor for my }

{ $\frac{d^1,l,s,m}{dar} : \frac{r.m}{ling} \mid r \text{ U} - : \frac{r.m}{na} \mid r : - \mid - \parallel$
Bawn.

2

The light is quenched for ever in proud M'Donnell's hall,
 The harp-song's hushed all lonely within its towers tall,
 The banshee to the brown streams for ever more doth call,
 And my true love ne'er shall waken from the cold earth's heavy
 thrall.

3

Along the plains of Mayo the wild deer swiftly springs,
 Along the plains of Mayo the hunting bugle rings,
 My gallant steed is restless, for my strong hand's on the rein,
 But her prancing hoof shall never touch the hunting ground again.

4

My sword is rusty in its sheath—that blade whose waving glance
 Flashed death to many a lion foe of brave and generous France;
 The ribbon from my true love's neck twines round this hilt of gold,
 But the snowy hand that placed it there is pulseless now and cold.

5

I rode in joy and gladness over heathy hill and plain—
 I rode in grief and madness on my homeward way again,
 For I saw the snow-white rockets tremble coldly in the night,
 And my heart grew dark as rain-clouds when the stars refuse their
 light.

6

I wear within my doublet a bright lock of her hair
 That she gave me, when we parted, from her tresses curling fair;
 'Tis all I have to sooth my woe throughout the coming years—
 'Tis all I have to bear away the traces of my tears.

Oh ! bring me back my own true love, and place her by my side,
As on the harvest evening that I asked her for my bride,
And all the lords of Connaught with their fearless riding men
Would fail to take my darling from my loving arms again.

I'll get my brave steed ready, and I'll ride far, far away—
I'll get my brave steed ready, and ride the live-long day,
Until I find my Una's grave in Kilmacneevan grey,
And pluck a flower from its flowers, and kiss its cold, cold clay.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

The above air is from the Forde collection. Dr. Joyce calls it "a very lovely melody." A little study of its structure will reveal its beauties. Singers will notice the "ray" mode and the two-strain with the final repetition of the notes which mark old Irish music. I cannot find that "Leo's" nice song has ever been wedded to music until now. One would think that he wrote it for this air.

THE OLD DAYS.

KEY F. *Slow.*

Air: "Πα μνά ρεαρὰ ἀν ὕ. λοῦα ῖα βὰς."

{	: d	.r	m	.,m	: m	ε r	ε f	m	.r	: d	,l	.s	,l	}
{	By	the		In	-	ny's	tide	I	sit	while	the	}		}

{	d	.d	: r	ε d	ε r	m	: s	ε l	ε t	}
{	sun	is	:	droop	-	ing low,	And	I	}	

{	d ^l	.,d ^l	: t	.l	t	.,l	: s	ε m	ε r	}
{	dream	a	:	wiz	-	ard	dream	of	the	}

{	m	.s	: l	.l	l	: d ^l	.t	}	
{	old	days	:	long	a	-	go,	When my	}

{	l	.,l	: t	,l	.s	,m	l	.,s	: m	,r	.d	,l	}
{	life	was	:	flow	-	ing	sweet	as	the	}		}	

{	d	.,d	: r	ε d	ε r	m	: d ^l	.t	}
{	mer	-	ry	:	lin	-	net's song,	Or the	}

{	l	.l	: t	,l	.s	m r	m	.m	: m	,r	.d	,m	}
{	"	ῖμυ - ἔάν "	:	in	the	glen	brea	-	thing	}		}	

{	r	.r	: d	.d	d	}	
{	mel	-	o	-	dies	a - long.	}

||

2

Then I had a true, true love, and of pleasant friends go leóir,
 And my heart was rich and bright as a mine of silver ore ;
 I was lightest in the dance—I was swiftest with the ball,
 And my harp and voice were first at the bright-eyed maiden's call.

3

'Twas the dewy dawn of youth, and my longing eye could see,
 In the days a-coming on, the old banners shining free ;
 I could hear the marching clans, and the battle's fiery strain,
 As when Brian on Clontarf smote to earth the pirate Dane.

4

I would gird O'Byrne's sword 'gainst the robbers of the Pale,
 On the fields of Beal-ana-buidhe I could charge with Aodh O'Neill,
 Spur upon a moonlight raid with the daring Rapparee,
 Or on Aughrim's deadly plain charge with Sarsfield's chivalry.

5

But the wintry days are come, and the summer days are o'er,
 And the years are thronging fast round the weary troubadour ;
 All my friends are dead and gone, scattered wide o'er sea and land,
 And like to a pillar lone 'mid the ruins now I stand.

6

Freedom's battle is unfought—freedom's flag is folded still,
 There is silence in the hall, there is silence on the hill,
 There is rust upon the spear, but the hopes are still the same,
 And the smouldered ashes yet will be kindled to a flame.

I have strayed for many a day on the sunny soil of France,
O'er the noble hills of Spain, and where Tiber's waters glance—
Roving free and roving wild, yet the breath of every gale
Bore my sighs and my yearnings back to the glens of Innisfail.

By my native stream again now I sit all lonely,
My harp and wild old lays all the past has left to me,
And I hear an angel voice whisper soft as harvest rain,
“ Sing a song, O minstrel ! sing of thy youthful days again.”

So as the twilight shade steals adown the Shruel dells,
I will chant a merry lay to the dancing heather bells,
Till the old days and their dreams, like a mine of hidden ore,
Come to glad the weary breast of the wand'ring troubadour.

J. K. CASEY (“ Leo ”).

THE VOICE OF SONG

KEY F. *Slow and with feeling.*

{ $\frac{d}{My}$.,r | $\frac{m}{voice}$: $\frac{r}{of}$.,d : $\frac{m,f,s,m}{song\ is}$ | $\frac{l}{giv}$.s, $\frac{m}{en}$: $\frac{d}{to}$.,t | $\frac{l}{thee}$.d, $\frac{r}{O}$ }

{ | $\frac{m,f,m,r}{Land\ of}$: $\frac{d}{the}$.,r : $\frac{m,r,d,l}{mur-muring}$ | $\frac{s}{streams!}$: $\frac{l}{Thou}$: $\frac{d}{Thou}$.r }

{ | $\frac{m}{art}$.m : $\frac{r}{wor}$.,d : $\frac{m,f,s,m}{shipped}$ | $\frac{l}{of}$.s, $\frac{m}{my}$: $\frac{d}{heart}$.,t | $\frac{l}{The}$.d, $\frac{r}{The}$ }

{ | $\frac{m,f,m,r}{light}$: $\frac{d}{that}$.,r : $\frac{m,r,d,l}{gilds\ my}$ | $\frac{s}{dreams!}$: $\frac{l}{Thy}$: $\frac{f}{Thy}$ }

{ | $\frac{m}{name}$.s : $\frac{l}{the}$: $\frac{l}{up}$.t : $\frac{d}{on}$.t : $\frac{l}{my}$.,s : $\frac{m}{path}$.t : $\frac{t}{The}$ }

{ | $\frac{d}{star}$: $\frac{m}{with}$.r : $\frac{d,r,m,r}{in\ my}$ | $\frac{d}{sky}$.l : $\frac{l}{And}$: $\frac{r}{And}$.,m }

{ | $\frac{f}{as}$.f : $\frac{m}{thee}$.,r : $\frac{m,fe,s,m}{I}$ | $\frac{l}{glad}$.s, $\frac{m}{ly}$: $\frac{r}{live}$.,d : $\frac{l}{So}$.d, $\frac{r}{So}$ }

{ | $\frac{m,f,m,r}{I}$: $\frac{d}{for}$.,r : $\frac{m,r,d,l}{would}$ | $\frac{s}{die!}$: $\frac{l}{die!}$ }

2

If thou wert high in power and fame
 I might not love thee so ;
 But 'tis not on the happiest
 I would my love bestow.
 One bird loves best to sing at night,
 While others wait the day,
 And in this cheerless night of thine,
 I wake for thee my lay !

3

And if I prize the lyre and wreath,
 'Tis for thy sake alone ;
 For every chord and every leaf
 Belong to thee, my own.
 My voice of song is given to thee, ` `
 " Land of the murmuring streams ! "
 Thou art the worshipped of my heart,
 The light that gilds my dreams !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.

("Eva.")

The air is taken from the Pigot collection.

MY HOPE.

KEY D. *Allegretto.*

{	:	.d ^l		d ^l .,t	:	l .s		l ,t .l ,s	:	m .m	}
		I've		nursed one		hope—I've		kept		it long, Out -	

{	d ^l	.,t	:	d ^l	.	r ^l		m ^l ,r ^l	.d ^l ,t	:	l ,l .,l	}
	liv -	ing		all		the		dreams		of	childhood. It	

{	m ^l	.	r ^l ,d ^l	:	r ^l	.	m ^l ,r ^l		d ^l ,t	.	l ,s	:	m	.	s	}
	haunts		me		like		some		old,		old		song,		In	

{	f	.	m	:	r	.	d		m ,f	.	s ,m	:	d ,d ,m	}
	mem -		'ries		balmed,		of		rath		and		wildwood. Tho'	

{	m	.	l ₁	:	l ₁	.,l ₁		l	.	s ,l	:	d ^l	.,d ^l	}
	dark -		est		sor -		row		fills		the		heart, And	

{	t	.,l	:	s ,l	.	s ,f		m	.	r	:	d	.,d	}
	steeps		the		soul		in		mis -		e -		ry, This	

{	m	.	l ₁	:	l ₁	.,l ₁		l	.	s ,l	:	d ^l	.,d ^l	}
	cheer -		ing		hope		will		ne'er		de -		part — My	

{	t	.,l	:	s ,l	.	s ,f		m	.	r	:	d		}
	Land !		that		I		shall		see		thee		free.	

2

They told me of the faith and truth
 That crowned thy years of ancient glory,
 And with the fiery soul of youth
 I pondered on the cherished story,
 Until, methought, I saw* again
 The tall spears of thy chivalry—
 Flash from the heather and the glen,
 In sunlit sheen, to make thee free.

3

Filled with these proud impulsive dreams,
 I wandered o'er the craggy mountain,
 Or, musing, watched the tinted gleams
 That sparkled from the rushy fountain ;
 And oft I paced the ruined hall
 Of coulined chief and rapparee—
 In fancy striving to recall
 The golden days when thou wert free.

4

And thus the purpose of my life
 In strength and force was gaining ever—
 That burning spirit for the strife
 Of freedom's war—of high endeavour ;
 Still round my heart these yearnings twine,
 As ivy clasps the forest tree—
 Still, still I hope, and still I pine,
 My own dear land, to see thee free.

5

O brothers ! let this hope inspire
 Your bosoms too, with manly spirit,
 Oh, let it fan the sacred fire
 Which men in every clime inherit ;
 Soul bound to soul—hand clasping hand,
 We'll trample on foul slavery,
 And, crowned with glory, take our stand
 Among the noble and the free.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

LOVE-DREAMS.

KEY G. *Lively.*

{ :m₁ | l₁ :- :d .d | t₁ :- :l₁ .l₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | m₁ :- }
 { I | dreamed that my love was a | milk - white doe, }

{ :fe₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :t₁ | r :- :- | t₁ :- }
 { That | ranged the for - est | wide ; }

{ :t₁ | l₁ :- :d .d | t₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | m₁ :- }
 { And | I was a dap - pled | moun - tain roe, }

{ :m | m :- :r | d :- :t₁ | l₁ :- :- | - : }
 { That | bound - ed at her | side ; }

{ :t₁ | d :- :d .d | d :- :l₁ | r :- :r | r :- }
 { Our | home was the wild - wood's | lone - ly glade }

{ :t₁ | d :- :d | d :- :l₁ | r :- :- | t₁ :- }
 { Where | hunt - ers there were | none ; }

{ :t₁ | d :- :d .d | d :- :l₁ l₁ | r :- :r .r | [^]r :- }
 { We | danced on the hare - bell and | couched in the shade, }

{ :d .r | m :- :r | d :- :t₁ | l₁ :- :- | - : ||
 { And we | loved and lived a - lone. ||

I dreamed that my love was a beautiful bird
And I her tuneful mate ;
And the live-long day a song was heard,
So wild, so passionate.
And still when winter deformed the time,
We bent our course o'er the sea ;
And we built our nest in a lovelier clime,
'Mid the blooms of the orange tree.

I dreamed that my love was a Fairy Queen,
And I an Elfin Knight,
That mixed with her train, when she danced on the green
Beneath the mild moonlight.
And oh ! it was merry in Fairy-land—
There's nothing on earth so sweet,
As the music, and mirth, of the spirit band,
And the twinkling of fairy feet.

THE STAR OF EVENING AROSE.

KEY C. *Andante.*

Air: "Nancy of the branching tresses."

{	s		d ^l .,r ^l : m ^l .d ^l		l .,t : d ^l .l		s .,m : r .,m		d	}
{	The		star		of		ev - e -		ning a -	rose,

{	m .s		l .,s : d ^l .m		r .,m : r .,d		d	:	d		}
{	Thro'		shades		of		twi -		light		gleam - ing,

{	s		d ^l .,r ^l : m ^l .d ^l		l .,t : d ^l .l		s .,m : r .,m		d	}	
{	It		shone		to		wit -		ness		E - rin's woes,

{	m .s		l .,s : d ^l .m		r .,m : r .,d		d	:	d		}
{	Her		chil -		dren's		life -		blood		stream-ing.

{	s		s .,l : d ^l .r ^l		m ^l : r ^l .d ^l		t	:	l .,s		s	}
{	'Twas		then,		sweet		star,		thy		pen - sive	ray

{	s		s .,l : d ^l .r ^l		m ^l : r .,d ^l		t	:	l .,s		s	}
{	Fell		on		the		cold,		un -		con - scious	clay

{	l .t		d ^l .,r ^l : m ^l .d ^l		l .,t : d ^l .l		s .,m : r .,m		d	}		
{	That		wraps		the		breast		of		Bess - y	Grey.

{	m .s		l .,s : d ^l .m		r .,m : r .,d		d	:	d		}
{	In		soft -		ened		lus -		tre		beam - ing.

2

Poor maiden, she, with hope elate,
With fond affection swelling,
To learn a lover's, brother's fate,
Forsook her peaceful dwelling;
With them to share her simple store,
On all their griefs a balm to pour,
The field of death she dared explore,
Each selfish thought repelling.

3

The battle lost, the vanquished fled,
The victors swift pursuing,
And trampling o'er the mighty dead
With blood their steps bedewing;
They come to where, with fervent zeal,
These friends their Bessy would conceal;
Mark! how they point the gleaming steel,
Their destined victim viewing.

4

"Oh, spare that life," her brother cries,
With indignation glowing.
Tears tremble in the lover's eyes,
His arms around her throwing;
But lover's, brother's sighs are vain,
Even in their sight the maid is slain,
And now on Erin's ruined plain
Their mingled blood is flowing.

MARY BALFOUR.

THE LADY MARGUERITE.

KEY E♭. *Moderato.*Air: "This time twelvemonths I married."
(Petrie).

{ : s . f | m : - . r : m | d : r : m | f : - : - | m : - }
 { Where the | woods are | shi - ning | green - est, }

{ : r . r | m : f : s | f : - : m | r : - : - | : }
 { And the | mea - dows scat - tered | wide, }

{ : s . f | m : - . r : m | d : r : m | f : - : - | m : - }
 { Look-eth | down a | lord - ly | cas - tle }

{ : r . r | m : s : m | r : - : d | d : - : - | : }
 { O - ver | park and lake's | blue | tide; }

{ : d . r | m : f : s | s : l : t | d : - : - | t : - }
 { But the | air which | swells a - round | it }

{ : l . l | r : - : t | l : - : s | s : - : - | : }
 { Nev-er | hears a sound with- in, }

{ : f . f | m : r : m | d : r : m | f : - : - | m : - }
 { And the | light which | crowns the | door - way }

{ : r . r | m : s : m | r : - : d | d : - : - | : }
 { Ev-er | fears to en - ter | in. ||

2

Dark and solemn, drear and moonless,
Since the flagstones at its feet
Last had kissed the jewelled slippers
Of the Lady Marguerite.
Very proud she was, my ladye ;
Very sweet and gentle, too—
And a host of noble lovers
To the castle came to woo.

3

But my ladye wooed the wild rose
In the forest depths alone,
Drank the music of the greenwood
Till she learned the linnet's tone.
Till the sunlight knew her footsteps
On the pathway as she passed,
And soft incense eastward wafted
By the wind was round her cast.

4

Golden was her hair, and redder
Than the berries of the south
Was the hue that rested softly
On her cheek and on her mouth ;
And her brow of lily beauty
Made the winter's snow-wreath pale
While the sparkling eyes of azure
To the earth could tell the tale.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

THE MINSTREL'S WALK.

KEY C.

Air: "Ὀμίον ας ὀλ."

{:m	s : d ^l : d ^l d ^l : t : d ^l	r ^l : m ^l : f ^l m ^l : r ^l }
{Green	hills of the west, where I	car-olled a - long,

{:d ^l .d ^l	s : d ^l : d ^l d ^l : t : d ^l	r ^l : t : s s : - }
{In the	May-day of life, with my	harp and my song.

{:m.m	s : d ^l : d ^l d ^l : t : d ^l	r ^l : m ^l : f ^l m ^l : r ^l }
{Tho' the	win-ter of time o'er my	spir-it hath rolled,

{:d ^l .d ^l	d ^l : t : d ^l r ^l : t : s	f : m : r d : - }
{And the	steps of the min-strel are	wea-ry and old;

{:s.s	d : - .r : d m : m : m	f : r : l s : - }
{Tho' no	more by those fa-mous old	haunts shall I stray—

{:s.s	d : - .r : d m : m : s	f : r : t _l d : - }
{Once the	theme of my song, and the	guides of my way,

{:s	d : - .r : d r : m : f	s : l : t d ^l : - }
{That	each had its sto-ry, and	true-heart-ed friend—

{:d ^l	d ^l : m ^l : d ^l r ^l : t : s	f : m : r d : -
{Be -	fore I for-get ye, life's	jour-ney shall end.

2

O ! twas joy in the prime of life's morning to go
 On the path where Clan Connel once followed Hugh Roe,
 O'er the hill of Ceiscorran, renowned Ballymote,
 By the Boyle, or by Newport, all passes of note,
 Where the foe their vain armaments haughtily kept ;
 But the foot of th' avenger went by while they slept—
 The hills told no tale—but the night-cloud was red,
 And the friends of the ΣΑΡΑΝΔΕ quaked at their tread.

3

By the plains of Rath Croghan, fields famous of yore,
 Though stronghold and seat of the kingly no more ;
 By Tulsk and Tomona, hill, valley and plain,
 To grey Ballintubber, O'Connor's domain ;
 Then ages rolled backward in lengthened array,
 In song and old story, the long summer day ;
 And cloud-like, the glories of Connaught rolled by,
 Till they sank in the horrors of grim Athenry.

4

Thro' the heaths of Kiltullagh, kind, simple, though rude,
 To Aeluin's bright waters, where Wilsborough stood,
 Ballinlough then spoke welcome from many a door,
 Where smiles lit kind faces that now smile no more ;
 Then away to the Moyne, o'er the moors of Mayo,
 Still onward, still welcomed by high and by low—
 Blake, Burke, and O'Malley, Lynch, Kirwan and Browne,
 By forest, lake, mountain, through village and town.

5

And kind were the voices that greeted my way—
 'Twas céao míle páilte at closing of day,
 When young hearts beat lightly, and labour was done,
 For joy tracked my steps as light follows the sun.
 Then tales pleased the hamlet, and news cheered the hall,
 And the tune of old times was still welcome to all ;
 The praise of thy glory, dear Land of the West—
 But thy praises are still, and thy kind bosoms rest.

6

My blessing rest with you, dear friends, tho' no more
 Shall the poor and the weary rejoice at your door,
 Tho' like stars to your homes I have seen you depart,
 Still ye live, O ye live, in each vein of my heart !
 Still the light of your looks on my darkness is thrown ;
 Still your voices breathe round me when weary and lone ;
 Like shades ye come back with each feeling old strain—
 But the world shall ne'er look on your equals again.

REV. JAMES WILLS, A.M.

DEIRDRE'S FAREWELL.

KEY A♭.

{ :ṃ .f̣ | ṣ : - .ḷ : f̣ .ṣ | ṃ : : ṛ | ḍ : - .ṭ : ṣ .ḷ }
 { "Fare- | well to Al-ba | fair, High | house of the }

{ | ṭạ : - : ḍ .ṛ | ḍ : - .ṭ : ṣ .f̣ | ṃ | f̣ : - : ṃ .f̣ }
 { | sun, Fare- | well to the | mountains, the }

{ | ṣ : - .ḍ : ḍ .ṛ | ṃ : - : ṃ .f̣ | ṣ : - .ḷ : f̣ .ṣ }
 { | cliff and the | dun ; Dun | Sween - y a- }

{ | ṃ : - : ṛ .ṛ | ḍ : - .ṭ : ṣ .ḷ | ṭạ : - .ḍ : ḍ .ṛ }
 { | dieu, for my | love can-not | stay And }

{ | ḍ : - .ṭ : ṣ .f̣ | ṃ | f̣ : - : ṃ .f̣ | ṣ : - .ḍ : ḍ .ṛ }
 { | tar - ry I must | not, When | love cries a- }

{ | ḍ : - . : | ṣ | ḍ : - .ṛ : ṃ .f̣ | ṣ : - : f̣ }
 { | way. | Glen | Vash - en ! Glen | Vashen, Where }

{ | ṣ : - .ḷ : ṣ .f̣ | ṃ | f̣ : - : ṃ .f̣ | ṣ : - .ḷ : ṣ .ṃ .ṛ }
 { | roe - bucks run | free, Where my | love used to }

a tempo.

{ | ṃ : - : ṛ .ṛ | ḍ : - .ṭ : ṣ .f̣ | ṣ : - . : ṃ .f̣ }
 { | feast On the | red deer with me, Where }

{ | s : - . l : f . s | m : - : r | d : - . t : s . l | }
 { | rocked on thy waters, While | storm - y winds }

{ | t a : - : d . , r | d : - . t : s . f . m | f : - : m . , f | }
 { | blew, My | love used to | slumber ; Glen }

{ | s : - . d : d . , r | d : - ||
 { | Vash - en, a- | dieu. ||

2

Glendaro ! Glendaro !
 Where birchen boughs weep
 Honey dew at high noon
 To the nightingale's sleep ;
 Where my love used to lead me
 To hear the cuckoo,
 'Mong the high hazel bushes ;
 Glendaro, adieu !
 Glenurchy ! Glenurchy !
 Where loudly and long
 My love used to wake up
 The woods with his song,
 While the sun of the rock,*
 From the depths of the dell
 Laughed sweetly in answer ;
 Glenurchy, farewell !

3

Glen Etive ! Glen Etive !
 Where dappled does roam,
 Where I leave the green sheeling,
 I first called a home,

* The echo.

Where with me my true love
 Delighted to dwell,
 The sun made his mansion ;
 Glen Etive, farewell !
 Farewell to Lough Draynagh ;
 Adieu to the roar
 Of blue billows bursting
 In light on the shore ;
 Dun Fiagh, farewell !
 For my love cannot stay,
 And tarry I must not
 When love cries ' away.' ”

This paraphrase of the original Irish song appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, December, 1834. Bunting copied it into his volume of music. The air is found in O'Neill's Collection. I have already used it in my First Series for a beautiful song of P. J. McCall's, especially written at my request. In either of the above books one will find a most interesting account of Deirdre's history and farewell.

ADIEU TO BELASHANNY.

KEY E. *Moderato.*

Air : "The River Roe."

{ ḍ . r | m : - : r | ḍ : - : ḷ | r : - : - | ḍ : - }
 { Ạ - | dieu to Bel - a - shan - ny ! }

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_i \mid s_i \quad :- \quad l_i \mid d \quad :- \quad d \mid d \quad :- \quad - \mid - \quad : \\ \text{Where } I \quad \quad \text{was bred} \quad \quad \text{and } \mid \text{born;} \end{array} \right\}$$

{ d.r | m :- r | m :f :s | l :- l | s :- }
 { Go | where I | may I'll | think of you, }

{ m | d :- :d | r :- :d | l, :- :- | - : }

{ As | sure as night and morn, }

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{d.r} \mid \text{m} \quad : - \quad : \text{r} \quad \mid \text{m} \quad : \text{f} \quad : \text{s} \quad \mid \text{l} \quad : - \quad : \text{l} \quad \mid \text{s} \quad : - \\ \text{The} \mid \text{kind} \quad - \quad \text{ly} \quad \text{spot,} \quad \text{the} \mid \text{friend} \quad - \quad \text{ly} \quad \text{town,} \end{array} \right\}$$
$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l \\ \text{Where} \end{array} \middle| \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{ev'} \end{array} \begin{array}{l} :- \\ - \end{array} \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{ry} \end{array} \middle| \begin{array}{l} r \\ \text{one} \end{array} \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \end{array} \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{is} \end{array} \middle| \begin{array}{l} l_1 \\ \text{known,} \end{array} \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \end{array} \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \end{array} \middle| \begin{array}{l} : \\ \end{array} \right\}$$
[illegible]

{ l ₁	s ₁ :-	: l ₁	d :-	: d	d :-	:-		:
{ But	part	-	ly	seems	my	own.		

2

There's not a house or window,
 There's not a tree or hill,
 But east or west, in foreign lands,
 I'll recollect them still.
 I leave my warm heart with you,
 Tho' my back I'm forced to turn—
 Adieu to Belashanny,
 And the winding banks of Erne !

3

Farewell, Coolmore,—Bundoran !
 And your summer crowds that run
 From inland homes to see with joy
 Th' Atlantic setting sun ;
 To breathe the buoyant salted air,
 And sport among the waves ;
 To gather shells on sandy beach,
 And tempt the gloomy caves.

4

To watch the flowing, ebbing tide,
 The boats, the crabs, the fish ;
 Young men and maids to meet and smile,
 And form a tender wish ;
 The sick and old in search of health,
 For all things have their turn—
 But I must quit my native shore,
 And the winding banks of Erne !

5

The thrush will call through Camlin groves
 The live-long summer day ;
 The waters run by mossy cliff,
 And banks with wild flowers gay ;
 The girls will bring their work and sing
 Beneath a twisted thorn,
 Or stray with sweethearts down the path
 Among the growing corn.

6

If ever I'm a moneyed man,
 I mean, please God, to cast
 My golden anchor in the place
 Where youthful years were passed ;
 Though heads that now are black and brown
 Must meanwhile gather grey,
 New faces rise by every hearth,
 And old ones drop away.

7

Yet dearer still that Irish hill
 Than all the world beside ;
 It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam,
 Through lands and waters wide.
 And if the Lord allows me,
 I surely will return
 To my native Belashanny
 And the winding banks of Erne.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

I have abridged the song to suit my space. The air is a lovely, well known one.

A FLIGHT ACROSS THE SEA.

KEY D. *Tenderly.*

Air: "μο ξηρό-τα αν juς μόλι."

{ :m .,f | s :m^l :r^l.m^l | d^l :t .s :l .t | d^l :- .r^l :m^l.d^l }

{ The | voi - ces of the | spring are | call - ing A- }

{ d^l .t :s :s .f | d^mr :d :d | d :- :m .,f }

{ mong the green hills | far a - | way. The }

{ s :m^l :r^l.m^l | d^l :t .s :s .l,t | d^l :- .r^l :m^l.d^l }

{ flit - ting | lights and shades are | fall - ing O'er }

{ d^l .t :s .,l :s .f | d^mr :d :d | d :- || d .r }

{ skies of soft and | weep - ing | grey. And }

{ m :f :s .l | ta :d^l.ta :s .f | m :d :d .r }

{ buds and | blossoms forth are | peep - ing, With }

cres.

{ m .f :s .l :t .s | d^l .t :s :s | s :- .f :m .f }

{ glit - t'ring beads of | fra - grant | dew ; While }

{ s :m^l :r^l.m^l | d^l :t .s :l .t | d^l :- .r^l :m^l.d^l }

{ hid - den streamlets | mur - mur, | leap - ing Th- }

{ d^l .t :s :s .f | d^mr :d :d | d :- ||

{ leaf - y glens and | wood - lands | through. }

2

Behind the hawthorn copses hiding,
 Now glancing through the primrose dell,
 Those silvery feet are airy gliding,
 That spirit voice is heard to swell,
 The choral strain of living waters,
 Pervading all the earth and air ;
 Mysterious music still that utters
 Eternal thoughts of praise and prayer.

3

Oh ! fresh and sweet the breeze is blowing
 With odours from some flowery isle,
 Where youth, and hope, and love are glowing
 Amid the clustering roses' smile.
 Far off, far off, from seas of azure,
 That roll in slumbers bright and calm,
 O'er many a hoard of golden treasure,
 Still blows around that breath of balm !

4

Soft dreams and memories now are playing
 Anear on radiant, snowy plume ;
 To life they whisper, gently saying—
 " For thee again is spring-tide bloom.
 The skies emerge from clouded sadness,
 The flowers forget the winter snow ;
 And thou mayst drink again of gladness,
 With all the wak'ning earth below."

O Ireland of that spring-time fairest !
O Ireland of the murmuring streams !
Fair clime on earth of memories rarest
Of early hopes and golden dreams—
With heartstrings round thee fondly twining,
With eyes through space and time that strain
Across that waste of waters shining,
The exile flies to thee again !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.

(“ EVA.”)

I set this air to another song in my Third Series of SONGS OF THE GAEL, p. 56. Petrie states that the air is of Connacht origin, noted in 1839 from the singing of Patrick Coneely, the famous Galway piper. It is a charming air.

ENGLISH AND IRISH EYES.

KEY F.

Air: "My Journey to London."

{ | d .r | m :m | r :d .d | r :- .d | l₁ :d }

{ The | world's | wealth | should not | buy, | la - dy, | My }

{ | r :r .,m | d :d | d :- | - :d }

{ heart | for | thee | to | wear, | For }

{ | m :s | ta :l .s | l :- .s | m :s }

{ in | your | Sax - | on | eye, | la - dy, | There's }

{ | l :l .ta | s :s | s :- | - :l .ta }

{ some - | thing | all | may | share ; | And }

{ | d^l :- .r^l | d^l .ta :l .s | m :- .d^l | d^l :- .ta }

{ though | the | glan - | ces | strike, | la - dy, | From }

{ | l :s .m | r :d .l₁ | d :- | m :s }

{ out | your | orbs | of | fire, | There's }

{ | l .ta :- | d^l .ta :l .s | m :r .d | l₁ .s₁ :l₁ .d }

{ nothing | there | to | like, | la - dy, | Tho' }

{ | r :r .,m | d :d | d :- | - ||

{ much | there's | to | ad - | mire. }

2

They look too much around, lady—
 All restless is their mien—
 Though there one truth I've found, lady,
 You would not *love* but feign;
 And with a quiet fireside, lady,
 They could not be content,
 The space is far too wide, lady,
 O'er which their glance is sent.

3

And cloak them how you will, lady—
 At times they must be seen—
 They cannot aye be still, lady,
 Beneath their silken screen;
 But let them still rove on, lady,
 To make some weak hearts pine,
 The power they had is gone, lady,
 To rule this heart of mine.

4

Give me the eyes at *home*, lady,
 Whose glances show no guile;
 Though free as ocean's foam, lady,
 On *all* they will not smile;
 But for the darling *one*, lady,
 Their look will know no change,
 And e'en when life's sands run, lady,
 Their spirit will not range.

5

Then turn thy eyes away, lady—
 On others let them roam;
 My young heart cannot stray, lady,
 From our sweet eyes at *home*.
 In cups brimful of wine, lady,
 That sparkle high with foam,
 I drink *farewell* to *thine*, lady,
 And *love* to those at *home*.

ANONYMOUS.

The words were found in an old copy of *The Spirit of the Nation* published in 1843, by James Duffy. The air is from the Forde Collection.

máire ohú.

KEY D. *Allegro.*

{ :	.d ^l	d ^l ,t	: l	.s	l ,t	.l ,s	: m	.m	}
{	Her	heart is	mine—	She	told	me	so	One	}

{ d ^l	,t	: d ^l	.r ^l	m ^l ,r ^l	.d ^l ,t	: l	,l	}
{ win -	ter's	night	a	year	a -	go.	“ She'd	}

{ m ^l	.r ^l ,d ^l	: r ^l	.m ^l ,r ^l	d ^l ,t	.l ,s	: m	.s	}
{ ra -	ther	wed	her	own	spal -	peen,	Than	}

{ f	.m	: r	.d	m ,f	.s ,m	: d	,m	}
{ be	the	haught -	y	Sax -	on	queen.”	My	}

{ m	.l ₁	: l ₁	,l ₁	l	.s ,l	: d ^l	.d ^l	}
{ coat	was	rough,	my	hands	were	hard	And .	}

{ t	,l	: s ,l	.s ,f	m	.r	: d	,d	}
{ lit -	tle	wealth	I	had	to	woo ;	But	}

{ m	,l ₁	: l ₁	,l ₁	l	.s ,l	: d ^l	,d ^l	}
{ love	had	great -	er	power	than	gold	To	}

{ t	,l	: s ,l	.s ,f	m	.r	: d	.	}
{ win	the	heart	of	má -	pe	Ohú.		}

2

My love for her I cannot tell—
 'Tis deep as lone Kilvalley's well,
 'Tis pure as snow upon the hills,
 And gushing as Westmeath's wild rills.
 The will shall lose its sainted power,
 The mountain snow shall change its hue,
 When Connor's heart will cease to hold
 Thy image there, my μάριε Όηύ.

3

Then come, asthore, and be the light
 To make my humble cabin bright,
 And poverty's chill woes shall flee
 Before thy steps, ξράό ξεαt mo έμοιόε.
 They talk of angels from the sky—
 My angel I will find in you ;
 And sure 'twas angels from on high
 That taught that smile to μάριε Όηύ.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

THE MEN OF TO-DAY.

KEN D. *Gaily.*

Air: "Slán le buairdeán an t-aoisail."

{ s : s	d ^l : r ^l : t	d ^l : t : s	f : m : f	s : m	}
{ There are	those in	our	land who	are	ev - er de - spair - ing,

{ d	m : r : m	f : m : d	m : - . f : s . l	ta : -	}
{ Whose	minds trace no	glo - ry	ex -	cept in the past,	}

{ s	d ^l : r ^l : t	d ^l : t : s	f : m : f	s : m	}
{ Whose	eyes flash no	fire and whose	souls know no	da - ring,	}

{ d	m : m : m	f : - : s . f	m : d : d	d : -	
{ Who	tell us the	Sax - on has	tri-umphed at	last.	

{ f	m : r : d	m : f : s . l	ta : d ^l : l	ta : s	}
{ But	ah ! these are	few— we have	those who are	strong - er,	}

{ f	s : m ^l : r ^l	d ^l : r ^l : t	s : l : t	d ^l : -	}
{ Who	un - to these	cra - vens give	an - swer and	say :	}

{ ta	l : l : l	d ^l : ta : s	f : m : f	s : m	}
{ To	right our loved	na - tion, to	baf - fle	her wrong - er—	}

{ d	m : m : m	f : - : s . f	m : d : d	d : -	
{ We've	men as of	old in dear	Ire - land	to - day.	

2

They would have us believe that men stalwart as Brian,
 As brave as those soldiers who drove out the Dane,
 As bold as Red Hugh, who had heart like a lion,
 Shall never be seen in our island again ;
 They say that the valour of Conn has departed,
 That prostrate and weak in the dust we must stay ;
 But our answer is—No ! for men staunch and stouthearted
 As ever have lived are in Ireland to-day.

3

These creatures despondent deny we inherit
 The strong iron nerve of Fitzgerald and Tone,
 And Emmet's pure manhood and Grattan's proud spirit
 They say from our country forever have flown.
 They libel their kinsmen while thus they are whining ;
 For us, we believe, let them shrink as they may,
 That courage lives on and that virtue is shining
 As brightly as ever in Ireland to-day.

4

Yes, men with the strength and the faith of past ages
 Are here with us now, marching towards the same end ;
 We've scholars and statesmen and soldiers and sages,
 With spirits no tyrant can conquer or bend :
 And ever, till Ireland has worsted the spoilers,
 Till falls on her white brow blest Liberty's ray,
 Her cause will be championed by hosts of such toilers,
 As those who bear onward her banner to-day.

DANIEL CRILLY.

GOD BLESS THE BRAVE.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

Air: "móir cluana."

{	d		d	:	d		t	:	s		d	:	d		d	:	-	f	}
	God		ble		ss		the		br		ave		a		-	lon		Were	}

{	f	:	m		f	:	s		l	:	s		s	:	-	s	}
	wor		-	thy		to		have		done		the		deed	;	A	}

{	s	.	d	:	d	.	t		t	:	l	.	s		s	.	l	:	s	.	f		m	:	r	.	d	}
	sol		-	dier's		hand		has		raised		the		stone,		An		-										}

{	r	.	m	:	f	.	r		s	:	f	.	r		d	:	r		m	:	s	}
	o		-	ther		traced		the		lines		men		read,		An		-				}

{	s	.	d	:	d	.	t		t	:	l	.	s		s	.	l	:	s	.	f		m	:	r	.	d	}
	o		-	ther		set		the		guar		-	dian		rail		A											}

{	r	.	m	:	f	.	r		s	:	f	.	r		d	:	d		d										}
	bove		thy		min		-	strel,		In		-	nis		-	fail!													}

2

A thousand years ago—ah! then

Had such a harp in Erin ceased,
His cairn had met the eyes of men,By every passing hand increased,
God bless the brave! not yet the race
Could coldly pass his resting place.

3

True have ye writ, ye fond and leal,
 And, if the lines would stand so long,
 Until the archangel's trumpet peal
 Should wake the silent son of song,
 Broad on his breast he still might wear
 The praises ye have planted there !

4

Let it be told to old and young,
 At home, abroad, at fire, at fair,
 Let it be written, spoken, sung,
 Let it be sculptured, pictured fair,
 How the young braves stood, weeping, round
 Their exiled poet's ransomed mound !

5

How lowly knelt, and humbly prayed,
 The lion-hearted brother band,
 Around the monument they made
 For him who sang the Fatherland !
 A scene of scenes, where glory shed
 Both on the living and the dead !

6

Sing on ye gifted ! never yet
 Has such a spirit sung in vain ;
 No change can teach us to forget
 The burthen of that deathless strain.
 Be true, like him, and to your graves
 Time yet shall lead his youthful braves !

T. D. McGee.

One of the Irish-American regiments serving in the civil war erected a handsome marble monument over the grave of Richard Dalton Williams, in the cemetery of Thibodeaux, Louisiana. Their kindly deed was made the subject of the foregoing graceful poem.

BRIGID O'MALLEY.

KEY G. or D. *Somewhat slow and with expression.*

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{r} \underline{.d} \mid l_1 \quad : l_1 \underline{.d} : r \underline{.m} \mid f \quad : f \underline{.s} : l \underline{.s} \mid f \underline{.m} : r \underline{.,m} : r d l_1 s_1 \\ \text{Dear} \mid \text{maid, thou} \quad \text{hast} \mid \text{left} \quad \text{me} \quad \text{in} \mid \text{an - guish} \quad \text{to} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 \quad : - \quad : r \underline{.d} \mid l_1 \quad : l_1 \underline{.d} : r \underline{.m} \mid f \quad : m \underline{.r} : d \underline{.r} \\ \text{smart,} \quad \text{And} \mid \text{pangs, worse} \quad \text{than} \mid \text{death, pierce} \quad \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \quad : l \quad : l \quad \mid l \quad : - \quad : l \underline{.t} \mid d^1 \quad : t \underline{.d}^1 : l \underline{.s} \\ \text{love - strick - en} \quad \text{heart;} \quad \text{Thou} \mid \text{flower} \quad \text{of} \quad \text{Tir -} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l \quad : l \underline{.,t} : s \underline{.m} \mid r \underline{.,d} : r \underline{.m} : r d l_1 s_1 \mid l_1 \quad : s_1 \quad : l_1 \underline{.d} \\ \text{er -} \quad \text{ill,} \quad \text{still,} \mid \text{still} \quad \text{must} \quad \text{I} \mid \text{pine.} \quad \text{Oh!} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \quad : r \underline{.d} : r \underline{.m} \mid f \underline{.,m} : r \underline{.f} : m \underline{.d} \mid l_1 \quad : d \quad : d \\ \text{where, my} \quad \text{O'} \mid \text{Mal - ley, blooms} \mid \text{beau - ty} \quad \text{like} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \quad : - \\ \text{thine?} \end{array} \right\} \parallel$$

2

On a mild dewy morn in the autumn I roved,
 I strayed o'er the pathway where strayed my belov'd.
 Oh! why should I dwell on the bliss that is past?
 But the kiss I had there, I must prize to the last.

3

The sunbeams are beauteous when on flower beds they play,
And sweet seem young roses as they bloom on the spray ;
The white-bosom'd lilies thrice lovely we call,
But my true love is brighter, far brighter than all.

4

I'm, young, and a bridegroom soon destined to be,
But short is my course, love ! if blessed not with thee :
On Sunday, at dusk, by Rath-leave shall I stray,
May I meet thee, my sweetest, by chance on the way.

5

In gloom, and in sorrow, my days must go by,
At night on my pillow in anguish I sigh ;
Hope springs not—peace comes not—sleep flees from me there—
Oh ! when comes my lov'd one, that pillow to share.

THOMAS FURLONG.

This song is a translation of one of Carolan's lyrics.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

KEY F.

Air : Traditional Lamentation air.

{ \dot{d} .r	m .m : m .r	m .m : d .r	}
"O	God ! it is	a dread - ful night—how	}

{ m .s	: l .t	\dot{d}	: t	.t	}
fierce the	dark winds	blow !		It	}

{ t .l	: l .d ^l	t .s	: m .fe	}
howls like	mourn - ing	<u>ban</u> -	shee, its	}

{ <u>s , fe</u> , s	: l .l	\dot{l}	:	.s	}
brea - things speak	of	woe ;		'Twill	}

{ s .fe	: s .l	l .s	: m .s	}
rouse my	slum - b'ring	<u>or</u> -	phans—blow	}

{ l .t	: d ^l .t	l	:	.m ,f	}
gent - ly,	O wild	blast !		My	}

{ s .s	: l .s	m .r	: m .d	}
wea - ried,	hun - gry	<u>dar</u> -	lings are	}

{ r .m	: d .d	\dot{d}		}
hushed in	peace at	last.		}

2

“ And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
Down, down upon our stiffened limbs, into my children’s eyes :
O God of heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we’ll take our way !

3

“ But ah ! my prayers are worthless—oh, louder roars the blast,
And darker from the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more fast !
O God, *if* you be merciful, have pity *now*, I pray !
O God, forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

4

“ To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their lair ;
Like wild beasts—No ! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder hill
Lie warm this hour, and, I’ll engage, of food they’ve had their fill.

5

“ O blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that dark sky ;
You’ve felt a mother’s misery, then hear a mother’s cry.
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest ;
Oh ! watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be blest.”

6

Thus prayed the wanderer, in vain—in vain her mournful cry ;
God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark sky ;
But when the ghastly winter’s dawn its sickly radiance shed,
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and dead !

JOHN KEEGAN.

This beautiful and pathetic ballad throws a light on the doings of felonious landlordism in Ireland—backed up, as it ever was and is, by English bayonets. The air is a very sweet one.

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

KEY D.

Air: "I Bridled my Nag."

{	:r		m	:	s	:	s		s	:	m	:	r		m	:	l	:	l		l	:	-	}
{	Come,		Pa -	trick,	clear		up		the		storms	on	your	brow ;	}									

{	:s	.	s		l	:	t	:	l		l	:	s	:	m		s	:	l	:	t		d	:	-	}
{	You	were		kind	to		me		once—	will	you		frown	on	me		now ?	}								

{	:d	.	d		d	:	t	:	d		r	:	d	:	t		l	:	t	:	l		s	:	-	}
{	Shall	the		storm	set -	tle	here,	when	from	heav'n	it	de -	parts,	}												

{	:m	.	r		m	:	l	:	l		l	:	l	:	t		s	:	s	:	l		s	:	-	
{	And	the		cold	from	with -	out	find	its	way	to	our	hearts ?													

{	:m	.	r		d	:	-	:	d		d	.	r	:	m	:	f		s	:	-	:	s		d	:	d	}
{	No,		Pa	-	trick,		no!	sure	the	win -	triest	weather	}															

{	:t		l	:	-	:	m		s	:	m	:	r		d	:	r	:	d		d	:	d	
{	Is		eas	-	'ly	borne	when	we	bear	it	to -	geth -	er.											

Tho' the rain's dropping thro' from the roof to the floor,
 And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
 Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
 All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
 No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather
 Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

3

When you stole out to woo me when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers ?
No, Patrick ! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

4

Soon, soon, will these dark, dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up by a beam from the sky !
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then !
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

HON. CAROLINE NORTON.

This is a very pleasant air, and the song is unique in its way. Differing from other love songs, it pleads for a continuation of conjugal love.

I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING THEM.

KEY G. *Lightly.*

Air: "Kitty O'Hea."

{ | m : r : d | d : l, : d | d : l, : s, }
 {" O | Daugh-ters, be cau - tious and stea - dy," }

{ | m : r : d | d : l, : d | r : - : r }
 { | Mo - thers would cry out for fear; "O }

{ | m : r : d | d : l, : d | d : r : m }
 { | won't you take care, now, of Ted - dy — Och! }

REFRAIN.

{ | f : m : r | r : d : l, | s, : - || f }
 { | he's the div - il, my dear." || For }

{ | m : s : s | s : l : s | s : m : d }
 { | I was the boy for be - witch - ing them, }

{ | m : s : s | l : s : m | r : - : r }
 { | Whe - ther good - hu - moured or coy; All }

{ | m : s : s | s : l : s | s : m : d . d }
 { | cried when I was be - seech - ing them, "Yes," }

D.C.

{ | f : m : r | r : d : l, | s, : - || }
 { | I'll be your bride, my dear joy." || }

2

From every quarter I gathered them,
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any I bothered them,
 And that made them look mighty shy.
 Pat Mooney, my Shelah once meeting,
 I twigg'd him beginning his clack;
 Says he, "At my heart I've a beating";
 Say I, "Then have one at your back."

REFRAIN—For I was the boy, etc.

3

Many a lass that would fly away
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I looked her a die-away,
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd crost,
 When I came nigh them, jewel,
 They melted like mud in the frost.

REFRAIN—For I was the boy, etc.

JAMES KENNEY.

James Kenney was born in Co. Limerick in 1780. He died the 1st August, 1849. He gave the world the great "Jeremy Diddler," with half a dozen plays. He wrote long didactic poems and sparkling songs. According to a critique written immediately on his death, "he was, as a farce-writer, one of the happiest and most popular artists of his time. He was a cultivated gentleman, moving in the best literary society." He drifted into penury in his old age.

THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.

KEY F. *Slow and with expression.* “*ἡ ἀγαθή ἡ παλαιὰ αἰτία τοῦ καλοῦ.*” Air :

{ : d ., r | m ., m : m , r , f | m .r : d , l , s , l }
 { For | Ire - land's Good Old Cause, my friends, gird }

{ | d .d : r , d , r | m : s , l , t }
 { up your loins a - new, Nor }

{ | d^l ., d^l : t .l | t ., l : s , m , r }
 { flinch for that as yet we've failed our }

{ | m .s : l ., l | l : d^l .t }
 { mis - sion work to do. The }

{ | l ., l : t , l .s , m | l ., s : m , r .d , l }
 { fix - ed faith and stub - born strength that }

{ | d ., d : r , d , r | m : d^l .t }
 { strive un - to the end, Can }

{ | l .l : t .l .s m r | m .m : m , r .d , m }
 { wrest from ty - rants Lib - er - ty - Sal - }

{ | r .r : d ., d | d ||
 { va - tion from the fiend. ||

2

The good old cause, with mem'ries linked of Freedom and of Fame,
Is not, as lying panders tell, an empty, idle name ;
For Freedom is the child of God, eternal in her youth,
Angelic in her loveliness, as holy as His truth !

3

The good old cause ! On this our soil ruled once our Irish race,
Of native right, in guardian love—view not the contrast base !
Here hunger faints, and mis'ry yells beneath the savage reign
Of stranger lords, who starve the slave and tighter draw his chain.

4

The good old cause ! How eagerly our young hearts drank the lays
In native tongue our mothers sung of earlier, better days,
The dreamy legends musical ; the bounding ballad rhyme,
That swept like rushing mountain flood—alas ! *that* song-taught time.

5

The good old cause ! For it, in deeds that glory sanctifies,
Our fathers poured their hearts' red hoard in plenteous sacrifice !
On battle-field, in stormy wrath, they smote the alien's might,
Or trod serene the scaffold high, brave martyrs to the right !

6

The good old cause ! For it alone through fifty glorious years
O'Connell raised that magic voice that woke our rage or tears ;
And though his Titan labours failed to free us from the foe,
Not truer friend, nor greater chief, did Ireland ever know !

7

The good old cause ! 'Twas Freedom's hand that strung the golden lyre
Of our chosen minstrel, Davis, with his living chords of fire !
And though that lyre lie silent in the charnel's sacred gloom,
Let Holofernes tremble—for a Judith sings his doom !

8

The good old cause ! Our own sad days have seen a hero band
 March forth, like armed cherubim, to free this Irish land ;
 And though, bereaved, our country mourns her bravest and her best,
 There's something tells—"free Erin yet shall clasp them to her
 breast !"

9

The good old cause ! To lift this isle from ruin and from shame,
 And with the beggar's squalid rags tramp out the beggar's name ;
 Oh ! truest, noblest, worshipped friend, king of the rhythmic speech,
 This the emprise, dear Meagher, thy last proud words did preach !

10

The good old cause ! 'Tis time to peal that thunder-cry again,
 And rouse to thought and act, once more, the tranced souls of men.
 Oh, prompting brain and helping hand are wondrous wise and strong—
 True champions they to aid the Prone and strangle ruffian Wrong !

11

For Ireland's good old cause, then, friends, gird up your loins anew,
 And calmly, sternly, front the work that yet remains to do ;
 The fixed faith and stubborn strength that strive unto the end,
 Can wrest from tyrants Liberty—Salvation from the fiend.

M. R. LEYNE.

PEGGY BROWNE.

KEY Ab. *Andantino.*

Air : “ΟΙΔΥΜΝΙΣΤΟ Ο ΤΟΥΒΟΔΑ.”

{ :l₁ .,s₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : t₁,l₁ : s₁.l₁ | t₁ : t₁,r : t₁.l₁ }

{ Oh, | dark—sweet - est | girl— are my | days doom'd to }

{ s₁ : m₁ : r₁.r₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : t₁,l₁ : s₁.l₁ }

{ be, While my | heart bleeds in | si - lence and }

{ t₁ : r : m.fe | s : - : m.r | m.r : m.s : l.t }

{ sor - row for | thee : In the | green spring of }

{ l : t.l : s.fe | s : s.l : t.l | s : m : r.r }

{ life to the | grave I go | down, Oh, }

{ m : m.,s : m.r | t₁ : t₁ : l₁,s₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁ }

{ shield me, and | save me, my | lov'd Peg - gy }

{ l₁ : s₁ ||

{ Browne ! }

2

I dreamt that at evening my footsteps were bound
To yon deep-spreading wood where the shades fall around ;
I sought, 'midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
But the cure of my grief rests with thee, Peggy Browne.

3

'Tis soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
For like wild fairy music they melt on the ear ;
Thy breast is as fair as the swans clothed in down,
Oh, peerless and perfect's my own Peggy Browne.

CAROLAN.

(Translated by Thomas Furlong.)

The air is found in Bunting's Collections.

ELLEN BAWN.

KEY Eb. *Slow and with feeling.* Air : “ μο ἐμεῶς ἀῖρ μο ὀϊαέσσις.”

{ : l₁ t₁ d | r : f : m ., r | r : d : l₁ t₁ d | r : f : m ., r }
 { El-len | Bawn, O El-len | Bawn, you | dar - ling, dar - ling }

{ | r : d : l₁ t₁ d ., m | f : f : l ., f | s : s : l ., s }
 { | dear, you ! Sit a | while be - side me | here, I'll die un - }

{ | f : m ., r : d ., m | r :- : l . t | d^l : t . l : s . l }
 { | less I'm near | you, 'Tis for | you I'd swim the }

{ | r^l : l : d^l ., l | l : s . m : m ., r | r : d : l₁ t₁ d ., m }
 { | Suir and | breast the Shannon's | wa - ters; For Ellen }

{ | f : f : l ., f | s : s : l . s | f : m ., r : d ., m }
 { | dear, you've not your | peer in Galway's | bloom - ing }

{ | r : r ||
 { | daugh - ters. ||

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to mete and measure,
 Were Loughria's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
 These might lure me, might ensure me, many and many a new love,
 But oh, no bribe could pay your tribe for one like you, my true love !

3

Blessings be on Connaught ! that's the place for sport and raking !
Blessings, too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and a-waking !
I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
But woe ! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder !

4

Ellen ! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbours,
Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's harbours,
Could I blot from Time the hour I first became your lover,
For oh, you've given my heart a wound it never can recover !

5

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were lying,
And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds a-sighing,
Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever,
Two hearts ~~that~~ Love would blend in one for ever and for ever !

J. C. MANGAN.

(From the Irish.)

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

KEY E \flat . *Moderato*.

Air: "An Caillín Dear."

{ : s . f | m : f | r : m . f | s : d^l | t : d^l . l }
 { My | life is like the | sum - mer rose | That }

{ | s : f . r | d : r | d : d | d : t . d^l }
 { | o - pens to the | morn - ing sky, | But }

{ | r^l : t | s . l : t . d^l | r^l . d^l : t . l | s : r . m }
 { | ere the | shades of | ev - 'ning close | Is }

{ | f : r . m | f . s : l . l | r : - | - : t . d^l }
 { | scat - tered on the ground to die. | Yet }

{ | r^l : t | s . l : t . d^l | r^l . d^l : t . l | s : r . m }
 { | on the | ro - se's | hum - ble bed | The }

{ | f : s . l | t : d^l | s : s | s : s . f }
 { | sweet - est dew of | night are shed, | As }

{ | m : f | r : m . f | s : d^l | t : d^l . l }
 { | if she wept the | waste to see— | But }

{ | s : f . r | d : r | d : d | d : d }
 { | none shall weep a | tear for me ! | }

2

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

3

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

O EIRE, MY COUNTRY!

KEY F.

Air: "New Llangaloe."

p.
 { $\frac{:d.l.}{O}$ | $s_1 : l_1 : d$ | $d : r : m$ | $f : l : s$ | $f : m$ }
 { Ei - re, my coun - try! al - tho' thy harp slum - bers, }

{ $:r$ | $m : d : l_1$ | $s_1 : -.l_1:d$ | $m : -.f:r$ | $d :-$ }
 { And | lies in ob - liv - ion in | Ta - ra's old hall, }

p. *cres.*
 { $\frac{:d.l.}{With}$ | $s_1 : l_1 : d$ | $d : r : m$ | $f : l : s$ | $f : m$ }
 { scarce one kind hand to a - wa - ken its numbers, }

dim.
 { $:r$ | $m : d : l_1$ | $s_1 : -.l_1:d$ | $m : -.f:r$ | $d :-$ }
 { Or | sound a lone dirge to the | sons of Fin - gal. }

cres.
 { $:d$ | $d : m : s$ | $s : -.m:s$ | $f : -.s:l$ | $s : m$ }
 { The | tro - phies of war - fare may | hang there ne - glect - ed, }

{ $:d$ | $d : m : s$ | $l : -.t:d^1$ | $d : -.r:d$ | $d :-$ }
 { For | cold lie the war - riors to | whom they were known: }

{ $:l_1.s_1$ | $f : -.f:f$ | $f : m : m$ | $r : -.d:r$ | $m : d$ }
 { But the | harp of old Ei - re shall | still be re - spect - ed }

{ $:l_1.l_1$ | $d : -.l_1:s_1$ | $s_1 : l_1 : d$ | $m : -.f:r$ | $d :-$ ||
 { While there | lives but one bard to en - liv - en its tone. ||

2

O Eire, my country ! I love thy green bowers,
 No music's to me like thy murmuring rills ;
 Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
 And naught is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills ;
 Thy caves, whether used by the warriors or sages,
 Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,
 And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
 Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart.

3

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armour,
 And glory when she her old wooden walls views ;
 Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and claymore,
 And pride in her philabeg, kilt, and her hose.
 But where is the nation can rival old Eire,
 Or where is the country such heroes can boast ?
 In battle they're brave as the lion or tiger,
 And swift as the eagle that flies round her coast.

4

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
 While Eire's green shamrock lies hushed in the gale ;
 In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,
 And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss of the vale.
 Then hail ! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean !
 Thou land of St. Patrick, ὁ ἅγιος τῆς ἱερᾶς !
 Cold, cold must the heart be, and void of emotion,
 That loves not the music of " ἔιπε σο βῆματ'."

NORA.

KEY F.

Air: "D'feshm liom 'nád éine."

{ :m | m :m :l .t | d^l :m :m | d^l :r^l .d^l :t .l }
 { Oh ! | No - ra, the | glen with the | haw - thorn is }

{ | s :f .m :fe.s | l :l .t :d^l .t | l :s .,m :r .,d }
 { | bloom - ing, The | rose of the | des - ert now }

{ | r :s :f | m :- :m | m :m :l .t }
 { | frin - ges the | stream, The | breath of the }

{ | d^l :m :m | d^l :r^l .d^l :t .l | s :f .m :fe.s }
 { | wood - bine all | na - ture per - | fu - ming, Its }

{ | l :l .t :d^l .t | l :s .,m :r .,d | r :s :f }
 { | fra - grance ex - | hailes to the | sun's part - ing }

{ | m :- :d .r | m :f :m .r | s :f .m :r .d }
 { | beam ; And | sweet is the | bloom of the }

{ | r :r .f :m .r | d :t .l | d .r | m :d^l :t }
 { | gay op' - ning | blos - som, When | glist - 'ning with }

{ | l .t :d^l .m :r .d | r .f :m .r :d .t | l :- :d .r }
 { | dew - drops it | bursts from each | tree, But }

{ | m : f : m . r | s : f . m : r . d | r : r . f : m . r }
 { | sweet - er by | far in yon | wood's sha - dy }

{ | r . d : t₁ . l₁ : d . r | m : d^l : t | l . t : d^l . m : r . d }
 { | bo - som The | blush and the | smile of my }

{ | r . f : m . r : d . t₁ | l₁ : - ||
 { | No - ra to | me. ||

2

Oh! haste thee to come, 'tis the hour of a lover,
 The bright star of evening now shines in the west;
 Inspired by its softness thy blush will discover
 If pity or tenderness glows in thy breast.
 Yet sweet though the scene is, which Spring richly blesses,
 Thy presence alone makes it lovely to me,
 And soon would I fly all the charms it possesses,
 For yonder lone mountain, dear Nora, with thee.

MARY BALFOUR.

(Belfast, 1810.)

The song, along with some half a dozen of others, was written expressly for Bunting's tune. The Poetess and the Harper were contemporaries.

MARY OF MEELICK.

KEY E^b. *Andante*.

Air: "Molly St. George." (Bunting.)

{ s . l . t | d^l : d^l . t : l . s | s : l . s : f . m | f : m : r . d }
 { Long in | lone - ly de - | spair have I | wor-shipped the }

{ l₁ : - : r . m . s | l : t . l : s . m | r . m : s : s₁ }
 { dream, That | bright - ens my | heart with the }

{ l₁ : r : - . d | d : - : s . l . t | d^l : d^l . t : l . s }
 { glow of thy | form; Let my | slum - ber's }

{ s : l . s : f . m | f : m : r . d | l₁ : - : r . m . s }
 { vis - ion, my | day's hal - lowed | beam, Let it }

{ l : t . l : s . m | r . m : s : s₁ | l₁ : r : d }
 { shine, my | soul's trea - sure, to | bright-en and }

{ d : - : s₁ . l₁ . t₁ . s₁ | d : r : m . r | m : m : r . d }
 { warm. How | can thy | bo - som be }

{ f : s : l . t | d^l : - : s . l . d^l | r^l : m^l : r^l . d^l . l }
 { cold to the | swell, Of the | faith, the de - }

{ s : l : l . s . m | r : s . m : r . m | r : - : f . m }
 { vo - tion, that's | nur - tured in | mine; Nay, }

{ f : s : l . t | d^l : d^l : d^l . t, l | s : m : r ., d }
 { my own | love, let thy | kind - ness dis - }

{ l₁ : - : s₁ d₁ t₁ | d : t₁ . l₁ : s₁ | m : r ., m : d }
 { pel The | clouds, and bid | morn - ing a - }

{ l₁ : m : - . r | d : - ||
 { round me to | shine. ||

2

In the sorrow, the anguish, that tortures my breast,
 I weep for the hour that endued it with life ;
 In thy sight alone, I have rapture and rest,
 Look down, my soul's love, on my spirit's dark strife.
 Fly from the world, from its coldness, its guile,
 Oh, fly to the breast, whose rich promise thou art ;
 Let not distrust ever shadow the smile,
 Chill the love that united us once heart to heart.

3

O'er the monument brightens the midsummer dawn,
 Where it looks from the west on the gush of the morn ;
 Through the wave bright forms wanton radiantly on,
 And the warren's grey flock the green valleys adorn.
 The nuts thickly cluster ; the bird to the day
 His shrill matin pours while it streams thro' the bower ;
 Blest is his lot, doomed in Meelick to stray,
 And to call thee his own, the bright vale's brightest flower.

This lyric is a translation from the Irish. Hardiman says of it :—" This is one of our finest songs, both in sentiment and composition, and the Irish reader will perceive that the talented translator has executed his task with due attention to the spirit and meaning of the original." The air selected for it is a beautiful one. It has been attributed to Carolan, but it is probably very much older.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

KEY D. *Andante.*

{	: s	d ^l : - . t : d ^l l : s : m	d ^l : - . t : d ^l l : s	}
{	As	beauteous as Flo - ra is	charming young No - rah,	}

{	: m	f : s : l s : d ^l : - . r ^l m ^l : - . r ^l : d ^l r ^l : -	}	
{	The	joy of my heart and the	pride of Kil - dare ;	}

{	: s	d ^l : - . t : d ^l l : s : - . m	d ^l : - . t : d ^l l : s	}
{	I	ne'er will de - ceive her for	sad - ly 'twould grieve her,	}

{	: m	f : s : l s : d ^l : r ^l . d ^l t : - . l : t : d ^l : -	}	
{	To	find that I sighed for an -	other less fair ;	}

{	: s	l : f : d ^l s : m : d ^l f : m : r m : d	}	
{	Her	heart with truth teeming, her	eye with smile beaming,	}

{	: s	l : - . t : d ^l s : m ^l : m ^l . r ^l d ^l : r ^l : t l : -	}	
{	What	mor - tal could in - jure a	blos - som so rare,	}

{	: s	m ^l : - . r ^l : d ^l r ^l : d ^l : l s : d ^l : t : d ^l r ^l : -	}	
{	As	No - rah, dear No - rah, the	pride of Kil - dare,	}

{	: m ^l	m ^l : - . r ^l : d ^l r ^l : d ^l : l s : m ^l : r ^l . d ^l d ^l : -		
{	Oh,	No - rah, dear No - rah, the	pride of Kil - dare.	

2

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
Tho' beauties may smile and try to ensnare,
Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.
Thy heart with truth teeming, thy eye with smile beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare,
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare,
Oh ! Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

KEY E.

{ :s₁.s₁ | d :- :r | m :- :f | s :- :f | m :- .d:d }
 { Oh! those | Christ - mas times, ma - | voor - neen, are not }

{ | m :- :d | r ^ :- :t₁ | d :- :- | : :s₁.s₁ }
 { | like the times of | old, When the }

{ | d :- :r | m :- :m | m :- :d^l | d^l :l :l }
 { | light of love shone | soft - ly and our }

{ | l :- :s | s :f :m | r :- :- | :m :m }
 { | pul - ses felt no | cold; When the }

{ | d :- :r | m :- :m | m :- :d^l | d^l :l :l }
 { | laugh - ter of the | young hearts round the }

{ | l :- :s | s :f :m | f :- :- | s :l :t }
 { | hearth rang mer - ri - ly;— Now the }

{ | d^l :- :t | l :s :f | m :- :r | d :r :r }
 { | laugh - ter and the | young hearts All are }

{ | m :- :d | r : :t₁ | d :- :- | : ||
 { | gone, a - sthore ma - chree! ||

2

Methinks I see our darling Kate, her blue eyes fixed on mine,
 And dark-haired Patrick resting soft his little hand in mine;
 Methinks I hear brave Owen's voice, and Brian's free and gay,
 With soft-cheeked Eily's mingling in the holy Christmas lay.

3

Dreams ! dreams ! to-night the ancient hearth no kindly look doth wear,
 There is snow upon the threshold stone, and chillness everywhere.
 No swell of rushing voices pours the holy Christmas lay,
 The young hearts, and the merry hearts, mavoorneen, where are they ?

4

Ah, blue-eyed Kate and Patrick Dhu, long, long have found their rest,
 Where Shruel's silent churchyard looks across the Inny's breast ;
 And Eily, the young heart lies cold and pulseless 'neath the sea
 Full many and many a Christmas-tide, alanna bawn machree.

5

And by Potómac's blood-tinged wave brave Owen nobly fell.
 My gallant boy ! they say he fought right gloriously and well ;
 And Brian's voice is hushed in death, where blue Australian streams
 Fill with their youthful melodies the exile's glowing dreams.

6

Asthore, asthore, beside the light our faces shine alone ;
 But they are clustered with the stars before the eternal throne :
 With St. Patrick and St. Brigid and the angels robed in white,
 They sing the old remembered strains, their Christmas hymn to-night.

7

Old love ! old love ! His will be bless'd that left e'en you to me
 To keep my heart from bursting with the wild, wild memory.
 That soothing glance, mavoorneen, speaks of Christmas times to come,
 When the scattered hearts shall meet for aye in God's eternal home.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

WHITE'S DAUGHTER OF THE DELL.

KEY D. *Rather slow.*

Air: "in̄gion an f̄aoit ón n̄gléann."

{	d .l ₁		s ₁ .l ₁ : s ₁ .l ₁		d	:	d .m		f .m : r .d		l ₁	:	s ₁ .l ₁	}	
	Come		let		us	trip	a -		way,		love;		We	}	
{	d .l ₁	:	s ₁ .l ₁		d .r	: m .d		m	:	- .r		d	:	d .l ₁	}
	must		no		long	- er				stay,		love;		Night	}
{	s ₁ .l ₁	:	s ₁ .l ₁		d	:	d .m		f .m : r .d		l ₁	:	s ₁ .l ₁	}	
	soon		will		yield	to			day,		love,		We'll	}	
{	d .l ₁	:	s ₁ .l ₁		d .r	: m .d		m	:	- .r		d	:	- .s	}
	bid		these		haunts				fare -		well.		We'll	}	
{	l .s	:	l .t		d ¹	:	- .l		l .s : m		r	:	- .l ₁	}	
	quit		the		fields,		and		ra -		ther		New	}	
{	l .s	:	l .t		d ¹ .r ¹ : d ¹ .m		d	:	r .d		l ₁	:	- .l ₁	}	
	life		in		ci - ties			ga -		ther;		And	}		
{	l .s	:	l .t		d ¹	:	- .l		l .s : m		r	:	- .l ₁	}	
	I'll		out - wit		your			fa -		ther,		The	}		
{	d .l ₁	:	s ₁ .l ₁		d .r	: m .r		m	:	- .r		d			}
	tall		White		of					the		Dell!			}

2

I am filled with melancholy
 For all my bygone folly;
 A wild blade and a jolly
 I was, as most can tell.
 But woes now throng me thickly,
 I droop, all faint and sickly;
 I'll die, or win her quickly,
 White's Daughter of the Dell!

3

There's many a Kate and Sally
 Who'd gladly stray and dally
 Along with me in valley,
 Or glade, or mossy cell—
 Oh! were we in Thurles together,
 And each had quaffed a mether,
 We'd sleep as on soft heather,
 My Sweet_One of the Dell!

4

You bright, you blooming Fair, you !
 'Tis next my heart I wear you !
 The wondrous love I bear you
 Has bound me like a spell !
 Oh, both by land and ocean,
 My soul is all commotion,
 Yours is my deep devotion,
 Dear Damsel of the Dell !

5

Oh, were I seated near her,
 Where summer woods might cheer her,
 While clearer still, and clearer,
 The blackbird's notes would swell ;
 I'd sing her praise and glory,
 And tell some fairy story
 Of olden ages hoary,
 To White's Rose of the Dell !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

This air is from the Pigot Collection. It is a very sweet one.

THE GREEN AND THE GOLD.

KEY A. *Lively.*

Air: "The Sprig of Shillelah."

{ : s₁ . s₁ | d : d : - . d | r : - . m : d | t₁ . d : - : r }
 { In the | soft bloom - ing vales of our | coun-try, Two }

{ | m : d : d | f : - . r : m | ḟ : - : r }
 { | co - lours shone bright - est of | all O'er }

{ | d : d : - . d | r : - . m : d | t₁ . d : - : r }
 { | moun-tain and moor - land and | meadow, On }

{ | m : m : m | f : - . r : t₁ | d : - || s }
 { | cot - tage and old cas - tle | wall: | They }

{ | s : m : m | f : - . r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | shone in the gay sum-mer | gar - den, And }

{ | s : m : m | f : r : m | ṡḟ : - : r . r }
 { | gleamed in the depths of the | wold, And they }

{ | s : m : m | f : r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | gleam on the ban - ner of | Ire - land—Our }

{ | m : m : - . m | f : r : t₁ | d : - || }
 { | col - ours, the green and the | gold. }

CHORUS.

{ : s₁ . s₁ | d : - . d | d : r : - . m : d | t₁ : d : r . r }
 { Then hur- | rah for the green and the | gold, By the }

{ | m : d : - . d | f : - . r : m | ḟ : - : r . r }
 { | fresh winds of free - dom out - | rolled, As they }

{ | d : d : d | r : - . m : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | shone on the brave I - rish | ban - ner — Our }

{ | m : m : - . m | f : - . r : t₁ | d : - ||
 { | col - ours the green and the | gold. ||

2

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian
 These colours flashed bright in the ray,
 And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles
 In Rome-conquered Britain at bay.
 When Conn fought his hundred red battles,
 And the lightning struck Dathi of old,
 As he bore through Helvetia's red gorges
 Our colours, the green and the gold.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the green and the gold,
 May they flourish for ages untold,
 May they blaze in the vanguard of freedom—
 Our colours, the green and the gold.

3

Up many a red breach of freedom,
 In many a fierce battle tide,
 Flashing high o'er the red gleaming surges,
 Our banners swept on in their pride.
 From the day when triumphant they fluttered,
 O'er the legions of Brian the bold,
 Till with Sarsfield they streamed down the Shannon,
 Our colours, the green and the gold.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the green and the gold,
 In victory's van as of old,
 May they flash over new Irish legions—
 Our colours, the green and the gold.

4

In these dark days of doom and disaster,
 Is it dead, the old love for our land ?
 Are our bosoms less brave than our fathers' ?
 Comes the sword-hilt less deft to the hand ?
 No, we've proved us the wide world over,
 Wherever war's surges have rolled ;
 And we'll raise once again in old Ireland
 Our colours, the green and the gold.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the green and the gold !
 And hurrah for the valiant and bold !
 Who raise them supreme in old Ireland
 Our colours, the green and the gold.

R. D. JOYCE, M.D.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

KEY C. *Slowly.*

Air: "A Spailpín a puúin."

{ $\frac{d^1.ta}{In}$ | $\frac{l}{Ire}$ - $\frac{ta}{land}$: - $\frac{l}{'tis}$ | $\frac{s}{ev}$: - $\frac{l}{'ning}$: $\frac{t}{from}$ | $\frac{d^1}{toil}$: - $\frac{m}{my}$: $\frac{m}{friends}$ }

{ $\frac{f}{hie}$: $\frac{f}{all}$, : $\frac{m.f}{And}$ | $\frac{s.l}{weary}$: - : $\frac{s.f}{walk}$ | $\frac{m}{home}$: - : $\frac{r.r}{o'er the}$ }

{ $\frac{d}{dew}$: - : $\frac{d}{spangled}$ | $\frac{d}{lea}$: - : $\frac{d^1.ta}{The}$ | $\frac{l}{shep}$: - $\frac{ta:l}{herd in}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{love}$: $\frac{l}{tunes}$: $\frac{t}{his}$ | $\frac{d^1}{grief}$: $\frac{m}{sooth}$: $\frac{m}{ing}$ | $\frac{f}{viol}$, : - : $\frac{m.f}{Or}$ }

{ $\frac{s.l}{vis-its}$: - : $\frac{s.f}{the}$ | $\frac{m}{maid}$: - $\frac{r}{that}$: $\frac{r}{his}$ | $\frac{d}{part}$: $\frac{d}{ner}$: $\frac{d}{will}$ }

{ $\frac{d}{be}$, : - : $\frac{m.f}{The}$ | $\frac{s}{blithe}$: $\frac{d^1}{milk}$: - $\frac{r^1}{maid}$ | $\frac{m^1,d^1:f^1}{trips}$: $\frac{m^1,m^1}{to the}$ }

{ $\frac{r^1}{herd}$: $\frac{d^1}{that}$: $\frac{d^1}{stands}$ | $\frac{t,l}{low}$: $\frac{s}{ing}$; : $\frac{m.f}{The}$ | $\frac{s.d^1}{West}$: - : $\frac{r^1}{rich ly}$ }

{ $\frac{m^1}{smiles}$, : - $\frac{r^1}{and}$: $\frac{d^1.t}{the}$ | $\frac{d^1}{land}$: $\frac{d^1}{scape}$: - $\frac{d^1}{is}$ | $\frac{d^1}{glowing}$; : $\frac{s.l}{The}$ }

{ | ta : ta : - . l | s : - . l : t | d' : d' : m }
 { | sad - sound - ing | cur - few, and | tor - rent fast - }

rall.

{ | f : - : m . f | s : l : s . f | m : f . m : r }
 { | flowing, Are | heard by my | fan - cy, though }

. { | d : d : d | d : - ||
 { | far, far at | sea ! ||

2

What has my eye seen since I left the green valleys,

But ships as remote as the prospect could be ?

Unwieldy, huge monsters, as ugly as malice,

And floats of some wreck, which with sorrow I see ?

What's seen but the fowl that its lonely flight urges,

The lightning that darts through the sky-meeting surges,

And the sad scowling sky that with bitter rain scourges ?

This check care sits drooping on, far, far at sea.

3

How hideous the hold is !—Here, children are screaming,

There, dames faint thro' thirst, with their babes on their knee,

Here, down every hatch the big breakers are streaming,

And there, with a crash half the fixtures break free !

Some court, some contend, some sit dull stories telling ;

The mate's mad and drunk, and the tars task'd and yelling ;

What sickness and sorrow pervades my rude dwelling !—

A huge floating lazar-house, far, far at sea !

How changed all may be when I seek the sweet village !
 A hedgerow may bloom where its street used to be ;
 The floors of my friends may be tortured by tillage,
 And the upstart be served by the fallen grandee :
 The axe may have humbled the grove that I haunted,
 And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted ;
 Nor one comrade live, who repined when he wanted
 The sociable sufferer that's far, far at sea !

In Ireland 'tis night—on the flowers of my setting
 A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me ;—
 The village is smokeless—the red moon is getting
 That hill for a throne which I yet hope to see.
 If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for,
 Success, slow but sure, I'll contentedly live for ;—
 Yes, Sylvia, we'll meet, and your sigh cease to heave for
 The swain your fine image haunts, far, far at sea !

JAMES ORR.

After the Rebellion of 1798 James Orr, the bard of Ballycarry, was exiled. On the outward voyage to Newfoundland he composed the foregoing beautiful song. It is in the same metre that his contemporary, George Nugent Reynolds, loved, and in which he wrote "The Exile" and, at least, four other songs. I suspect that Orr had the air "Sa mhúinnín Oilip" in his mind. However, I have wedded his song to an equally beautiful air—just for sake of variety.

THE HORSEMAN OF DUNRONE.

(PART II.)

KEY. F. *Moderato*.

Air: "Captain Thompson."

{ : m . f e . s | l : - . t | d^l : t | l : - . s | m | r . t_l }

{ The | morn - ing sun was | peep - ing soft - ly }

{ | l_l : - . t_l | d : r | m : - | - : m . m }

{ | through the dawn - ing | cloud, | And its }

{ | l : - . t | d^l : t | l : - . s | m : r . t_l }

{ | rays were flow - ing | bright - ly on a }

{ | m : r . t_l | l_l : l_l | l_l : - | - : m . r }

{ | dark and mass - y | crowd— | It }

accelerato.

{ | d : d | d : t_l . l_l | t_l : t_l | t_l : l_l . s e_l }

{ | fell up - on a | for - est of bright }

{ | l_l : - . t_l | d : r | m : - | - : m . m }

{ | pikes in war - like | sheen. | That were }

rit.

{ | l : - . t | d^l : t | l : s | m : r . t_l }

{ | glint - ing on the | hill - top 'neath the }

{ | m : r . t_l | l[^]_l : l[^]_l | l_l : - | - ||

{ | flag of gold and | green, ||

2

And up the dewy heather bands of men were marching on,
 All pouring like a thousand streams to where that banner shone ;
 And riding here, and riding there, with hanging bridal rein,
 Frieze-coated horsemen guarded all the toghers to the plain.

3

Anon a group with laughter hoarse were sharpening their blades,
 And others tying in their hats the flashing green cockades ;
 But one among that multitude stood silently alone :
 'Twas Patrick Roe O'Brennan, the young horseman of Dunrone.

4

" O'Brennan ! "—'twas his kinsman spoke—O'Ryan, stout and true—
 " No time it is for thinking when there's heavy work to do ;
 'Twas my voice that gave you warning of the wily Saxon foe,
 And now I bear you tidings it is well that you should know.

5

" Last night I lay in ambush hid, and saw a sight that well
 Might raise the deepest envy of the demons down in hell :
 Boy ! listen till your heart's blood boils and blazes with revenge—
You've a mother and a brother and a sweetheart to avenge.

6

" Your mother and your brother in the burning thatch were flung,
 And by her glossy yellow hair your Brigid Oge was hung ;
 Your name was last upon her lips, when, thro' her torn vest,
 The sword of cursed Captain Gore was sheathed in her breast.

7

"God! have I not the same sight seen—the same red woes withstood—
When I found my hearthstone clotted with my murdered parents' blood?
When I found my wife and children swinging naked on a tree?"—
But the listener's face was whiter than the snow upon the lea.

8

And for a moment seemed he just as if the life were fled,
And his eyes glared in their sockets with the cold stare of the dead;
The bridle fell down from his grasp—he gave a heavy groan—
Then again his frame grew steady and as silent as a stone.

9

He flung himself upon the sod, he looked up in the air—
A cross from out his bosom drew, now heaving broad and bare;
A tear fell on the holy sign—his comrade's hand he took—
"Sleeps she in holy earth?" he cried, with stern, unbending look.

10

"Yes, yes—at dawning of the light I placed her in the grave,
Beside the brown old abbey wall o'erlooking Barrow's wave."
"Thank God!—and now my murdered kin, my outraged, butchered love,
I swear to have red blood for blood, by Him who reigns above.

11

"I swear to hunt your murderers, by night and open day,
Until their blood smokes in the air as thick as ocean spray."
He kissed the cross, then backed his horse, his carbine slinging free:
"For vengeance and old Ireland, true hearts! now follow me."

12

On many a field that voice was heard—that carbine’s ringing sound—
 And many a red coat fierce and tall his *scian* struck to the ground ;
 The first to rush upon the foe, and ever last to fly,
 Well might the Saxons tremble when they heard his charging cry.

* * * * *

13

A small and weary band of men, unconquered to the last,
 With tall pikes clutched in grim despair, across the border passed :
 Brave hearts ! thro’ hosts of enemies they’ve cut their way alone,
 And foremost rides O’Brennan Roe, the horseman of Dunrone.

14

All, all around the bayonets close—a grim, unbroken wall—
 And feebler still the heroes strike, as one by one they fall ;
 A single rider falls the last—yet, ere he ceased to breathe,
 His murdered love was well avenged on the corn slopes of Meath.

J. K. CASEY (“LEO”).

I have already given Part I. of this fine ballad in my Third Series. It is there linked with an air which I consider very fine and very suitable. In deference to the wish of a musical friend, whose judgment I value, I here give Part II. wedded to a different air. This music is found in Joyce, but I mark the time quicker than he has done. I give the ballad entire because of its merits.

LIKE MORNING'S ROSY DAWN.

KEY B \flat . *Allegretto*.

Air: "Peggy Bawn."

{	: s ₁	d	: m . d	: r . t ₁	d ., l ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁	: m ₁ . r ₁	}
	Oh!	yes,	like	morn-ing's	ro - sy	dawn,	That

{	d ₁	: m ₁ . s ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	d	: -	: s ₁	}
	tints	the	East - ern	skies,		Thou	

{	d	: m . d	: r . t ₁	d ., l ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁	: m ₁ . r ₁	}
	Ire	- land	from foul	thraldom's gloom	Shalt	

{	d ₁	: m ₁ . s ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	d	: -	: d . r	}
	glo	- ri - ous - ly	a -	rise.		The	

{	m	: -	. m : f . r	m . d : l ₁	: t ₁ . d	}
	woes		and pain, the	clanking chain	That	

{	r	: -	. m , f : f , m . r , d	d	: t ₁	: l ₁ . s ₁	}
	bind		thy fair limbs	. now,		Shall	

{	d	: m . d	: r . t ₁	d ., l ₁ : s ₁ . f ₁	: m ₁ . r ₁	}
	yield	at	length to	bloomful strength,	And	

{	d ₁	: m ₁ . s ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	d	: -	
	splen	. dours	light thy	brow.		

To-day thine arm sinks nerveless down,
Thy head is bowed in pain,
The tyrant looks upon thee now
With proud and cold disdain;
But, oh ! brave land, sublime and grand,
In God's good time for thee,
Like morning bright, thy freedom's light
Shall shine by land and sea.

CONACIENSIS (1871).

This air and song, now wedded for the first time, make pleasant singing. The air was a great favourite a century ago. There is a ballad called "Peggy Bawn" in the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*. It was sung to this tune and was very popular.

THE IRISH GIRL'S SONG.

KEY G. *Lightly.*

{	:m	m	:r	:d	d	:l ₁	:d	d	:l ₁	}
{	They		speak	of	a	land	where	the	toil - er	}

{	:s ₁	m	:r	:d	d	:l ₁	:d	r	: -	}
{	Can		build	him	a	free,	hap - py	home,		}

{	:r	m	:r	:d	d	:l ₁	:d	d	:r	}
{	A		land	nev - er	cursed	by	the	spoil - er,		}

{	:m	f	:m	:r	r	:d	:l ₁	s ₁	: -	
{	Far		o - ver	the	wide	o - cean's	foam ;			

{	:f	m	:s	:s	s	:l	:s	s	:m	}
{	Where		hope	smoothes	the	young	maid - en's	pil - low		}

{	:d	m	:s	:s	s	:l	:m	r	: -	}
{	The		ty - rant's	dark	frown	is	un - known,			}

{	:r	m	:s	:s	s	:l	:s	s	:m	}
{	And		Free - dom	looks	out	o'er	the	bil - low		}

{ :d | f :m :r | r :d :l, | s, :- ||
 { For | aye, like a queen on her throne. ||

CHORUS—

{ :s, | m :r :d | d :l, :d | d :l, }
 { Yet | dear - er to me is my sire - land, }

{ :s, | m :r :d | d :l, :d | r :- }
 { The | em - er - ald gem of the sea, }

{ :r .r | m :r :d | d :l, :d | d :r }
 { Oh! I'll | cling to my home in old Ire - land, }

{ :m | f :m :r | r :d :l, | s, :- ||
 { And | oh! that old Ire - land were free. ||

2

They tell me of broad fields that cover
 Rich treasures of bright golden ore,
 While bland as the face of a lover
 The teeming earth smiles evermore;
 Where safe from oppression and danger
 The children of sorrow find rest,
 And kind welcomes gladden the stranger
 Who comes from the Isle of the West.

CHORUS—But dearer, etc.

When I dream they are going to free her,
 With joy my fond heart is aglow ;
 And tearful and pale when I see her,
 'Tis fonder and fonder I grow.
 But sleeping or waking I love her—
 Her green vales and mountains so grand—
 Ah ! vainly the wide world over
 You'd search for a lovelier land !

CHORUS—Yes, dearer my sorrowing sireland,
 Than all the world to me,
 Oh ! I'll cling to my home in old Ireland,
 And oh ! that old Ireland were free.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

In my first series of SONGS OF THE GAEL, p. 328, I gave a song called "Beautiful Ireland" as Kickham's. I have found that that song was not the one Kickham wrote. It was founded on Kickham's, and has several lines and ideas borrowed from the Mullinahone poet. The real song is the one I give here.

THE MEN IN JAIL FOR IRELAND.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

Air: "Who fears to speak of '98?"

{	: s ₁	f	: -	.m	r	: m	d	: -	.l ₁	s ₁	}
	Come,	shrink		not	back	with	cow	-	ard	fears,	}

{	: .m ₁	s ₁	: l ₁	d	: -	.d	d	: -	-	}
	Nor	brag	as	cow	-	ards	do,			}

{	: l ₁	l ₁	: -	.r	f	: -	.m	m	: -	.r	r	}
	Nor	make		la -	ment		in	words		and	tears	}

{	: .d	d	: -	.t ₁	s ₁	: -	.s	s ₁	: -	-	}
	For	these		our	Pa	-	triot's	true.			}

{	: s	s	: -	.m	m	: -	.s	f	: -	.r	r	}
	But	trea	-	sure	deep		with-	in		your	breast	}

{	: r	f	: m	r	: d	l	: -	-	}
	The	oath,	through	good	and	ill,			}

{	: s ₁	s ₁	: -	.s ₁	d	: -	.r	m	: m	s	}	
	To	stand		to	them		while	life		shall	last—	}

{	: s ₁ .m ₁	s ₁	: -	.l ₁	d	: -	.d	d	: -	-	
	The	men		of	Pen	-	ton-	ville.			

2

Yes! vengeance is the hero's grief,
 And that be ours alone;
 Our vow shall be but stern and brief,
 Yet knit with blood and bone.
 We'll come them best when thro' the land
 Our war-cry echoes shrill,
 With gun on shoulder, pike in hand—
 The men in Pentonville!

3

Cold dastards we—could aught to-day
 Our footsteps turn aside,
 A moment from the sacred way,
 Which they have trod with pride;
 All rough and blood-stained tho' it be,
 Yet we will follow still
 Upon their track right fearlessly—
 The men of Pentonville!

4

Full well they showed their hardihood,
 Ay! in the felon's dock;
 Erect!—unanswering—there they stood
 As firm as Cashel's rock.
 They laughed to scorn the tyrants' might,
 In words that burn and thrill,
 Through every heart that loves the right—
 The men of Pentonville.

5

Then keep the watch, my brothers all,
 Let not your courage fail;
 Within the gloomy prison wall
 They do not flinch or quail!
 If power there be in love or hate,
 'Twill not be long until
 The time will come for which they wait—
 The men in Pentonville!

A cruel grasp is on their throats,
Our gallant Spartan band ;
A tiger vengeance o'er them gloats,
As o'er their suffering land.
God keep them in their hour of need !
God guard them—and He will !—
To reap the crop, who sowed the seed—
The men of Pentonville !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY ("EVA").

One of the "Men of Pentonville" was the gentle Charles J. Kickham. They all deserve to be kept in memory. I don't know if "Eva" wrote the song to any air. The above is my own selection.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

KEY C. *Andante.*

{ : .d^l | d^l .t : l .,s | l .s : m .m | m .r : m .,r | d : - . }

I'm | sitt - ing on the | style, Ma - ry, where | we sat | side by side,

{ .r, m | f .m : f .s | l .t : d^l .,d^l | t .,t : t .,l | s : - . }

On a | bright May morning | long a - go, when | first you were my | bride;

f.

{ .s | m^l .r^l : d^l .t | l .s : f .m, m | r .m : f .s | l }

The | corn was springing | fresh and green and the | lark sang loud and high,

{ : t .,d^l | d^l .,t : l .s | l .s : m .m, m | m .r : m .,r | d : - . }

And the | red was on your | lip, Ma - ry, and the | love-light in your eye.

{ .m | m .d^l : t, l. - | l .se, l : t .,m | m .r^l : d^l .,t | l : - . }

The | place is lit-tle changed, Ma - ry, the | day is bright as then;

{ .l, t | d^l .,t : d^l .r^l | m^l .r^l, d^l : t .t, d^l | d^l .t : l .se | l : - . }

The | lark's loud song is | in my ear, and the | corn is green a - gain.

{ .s, s | s .m : s .d^l | d^l .,t : r^l .s, s | s .m^l : r^l .d^l | t .l }

But I | miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your | breath warm on my cheek,

{ : t .,d^l | d^l .,t : l .,s | l .,s : m .m | m, r. - : r .m | f : s . }

And I | still keep list'ning for the words you | never more may speak,

{ .l | s, d^l . - : t .,d^l | d^l : - . }

You | never more may speak,

2

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then ;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear.
 And the corn is green again.
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You nevermore may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near ;
 The church where we were wed, Mary,—
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my steps would break your rest ;
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

3

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends ;
 But oh, they love the better far
 The few our Father sends !
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride !
 There's nothing left to care for now
 Since my poor Mary died !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true !
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to !
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there ;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair !

LADY DUFFERIN.

I give the air to which this song has been hitherto wedded. It is a modern composition. I find it necessary to repeat one half-verse. I give below an old Irish air as an alternative.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

KEY C. *Slowly and with feeling.*

Air: "An Bunán Buíde."

{ :m .f | s : s .,m | f :m .f | s :l | ta :l .s }
 { I'm | sit - ting on the | stile, Ma - ry, Where }

{ l .s :m .r | d :r,d.r | d :- | - :m .f }
 { we | sat side by side, On a }

{ s : s .,m | f :m .f | s :l | ta :l .s }
 { bright | May morn - ing | long a - go, When }

{ l .s :m .r | d :r,d.r | d :- | - :m }
 { first | you were my bride. The }

{ s : s .l | d^l :r^l | m^l :f^l .m^l | r^l :f^l .f^l }
 { corn | was spring - ing | fresh and green, And the }

{ m^l :r^l .d^l | d^l :s .l | ta :l | s :d^l .l }
 { lark | sang loud and | high, And the }

{ s : s .,m | f :m .f | s :l | ta :l .s }
 { red | was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the }

{ l .s :m .r | d :r,d,r | d :- | - || }
 { love - light in your eye. }

2

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then ;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again.
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You nevermore may speak.

3

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near ;
 The church where we were wed, Mary,—
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my steps would break your rest ;
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

4

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends ;
 But oh, they love the better far
 The few our Father sends !
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride !
 There's nothing left to care for now
 Since my poor Mary died !

5

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true !
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to !
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there ;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair !

LADY DUFFERIN.

This is an alternative air. A very sweet old Irish air it is.

MY ANNA'S EYES.

KEY F. *Lightly and Cheerfully.* Air: "As I walked out one morning."

{ : .s₁ | d .d : r .m ,f | s .s ,f : r .m ,f }
 { Where | shines the sun on | Com-mergh's dells, A - }

{ | s .m ,d : t₁ .d | t₁ .t₁ : t₁ .s₁ }
 { | way, far a - way, my | An - na dwells, And }

{ | d .d : r .m ,f | s .s ,f : r .m ,f }
 { | there her eyes first | beamed on me, And }

{ | s .f ,r : d .f ,r | d .d : d .m ,f }
 { | chained my heart e - | ter - nal - ly. I }

{ | s .d^l : s .f ,m | f .s : f .s₁ ,l₁ }
 { | sit a - lone, that | mem - 'ry rise Of }

{ | t₁ .d : r ,m .f ,r | t₁ .t₁ : t₁ .s ,f }
 { | sun - ny hopes and | gold - en ties, Of }

{ | m .r ,m : f .m ,f | s .s ,f : r .m ,f }
 { | smiles that beam like | morn - ing skies With - }

{ | s .f ,r : d .f ,r | d .d : d .||
 { | in her large, blue, | lov - ing eyes. ||

2

Saint Anne's lone well is bordered round
 With golden moss and fairy mound ;
 There harebells glow like sapphire gem ;
 My Anna's eyes are blue like them.
 I sit alone, that mem'ry rise
 Of sunny hopes and golden ties,
 Of smiles that beam like morning skies
 Within her large, blue, loving eyes.

3

Where'er she walks by hill or stream,
 On all those eyes of glory beam,
 With sweet and gentle rays that are
 Like splendours of the morning star.
 I sit alone, that mem'ry rise
 Of sunny hopes and golden ties,
 Of smiles that beam like morning skies
 Within her large, blue, loving eyes.

4

And there is more than common light,
 Far dearer still, to make them bright,—
 Fond rays that pure and freshly dart
 From sinless soul and sunny heart.
 Then alone I sit, that mem'ry rise
 Of sunny skies and golden ties,
 Of smiles that beam like morning skies,
 Within her large, blue, loving eyes.

R. D. JOYCE, M.D.

I SIT ON THE HOLD OF MOYALLO.

KEY E^b. *Slow and tender.*

{ : d . r | m : m . r | d . r : m . f | s : - | m : d^l . t }
 { I | sit on the Hold of Moy- | al - lo And }

{ | l : s . m | r . m : r . d | l₁ : - | s₁ : d . r }
 { | look on the Black - wa - ter | stream, As it }

{ | m : m . r | d . r : m . f | s : - | l : d^l . t }
 { | bounds from the moors of Du - | hal - low, And }

{ | l . s : m . r | m . r : d . t₁ | d : - | - : l . t }
 { | shines in the gay sum-mer | beam. And I }

{ | d^l : t . l | l . d^l : t . l | t : - . s | m : l . t }
 { | dream of a na - tion up- | ris - en From its }

{ | l : s . m | s . l : t . r^l | d^l : - | - : d . r }
 { | dark night of bon - dage and | gloom, A }

{ | m : m . r | d . r : m . f | s : - | m : d^l . t }
 { | cap - tive long pi - ning in | pris - on Re - }

{ | l . t : l . s | m . r : d . t₁ | d : - | - ||
 { | stored to day's beau - ty and | bloom. }

2

I look from the light dancing water,
 O'er steep hill, and wildwood, and mound,
 Where many a dark day of slaughter
 Hath reddened the green vales around :
 Of vengeance I am not a dreamer
 For the true blood there spilt long ago,
 Tho' I dream that mere words won't redeem her,
 Green Erin, from bondage and woe.

3

Long, long we have asked to restore us
 Our freedom, and still we are slaves ;
 'Twas thus with our fathers before us,
 And bondsmen they went to their graves.
 The wish, and the faint heart to slack it
 Have failed, since the green earth began ;
 The wish and the brave heart to back it,
 'Tis that makes the patriot man !

4

From the north to the blue south'rn water,
 Who wish for their freedom again,
 Should ask no revenge for each slaughter,
 But rise up like brave, honest men ;
 And when by the word or the sabre
 We've righted the wrongs we deplore,
 Like men, and not slaves, with our neighbour
 We'd prosper in peace evermore.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

(1866.)

2

To see the break in the western sky,
 As the purpling shadows fall,
 While the blackbird pipes his farewell song
 To his mate in the ivied wall ;
 To watch the moon rise over the wood—
 The wood where the fairies play ;
 To hear the hoot of the vagrant owl
 As he hunts for his hidden prey !

3

But instead of the soft, sweet western wind
 The hot sirocco blows,
 As the sun beats down—I would give my all
 For the scent of an Irish rose !
 Then oh, for a breath of the soft west wind
 And the feel of rain in my face,
 For just one glimpse of the gleaming road
 And the moorland's lonely space.

This is a Co. Derry air, but it is known in other parts of Ulster. It is almost identical with the version in Petrie, and slightly different from that given in Graves. The above song has now been wedded to the air for the first time.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

KEY E♭. *Tenderly.*

{ : s .l ,t | d^l .,t : l .,s | s : m .dms | l .,l : r .,m }
 { To the | conquer - or his | crown - ing, First | freedom to the }

{ | d : s .l ,t | d^l .,t : l .,s | s : m .dms }
 { | slave, And | air un - to the | drown - ing, Sunk }

{ | l .,l : r .m | d : m .f | s .l ,t : d^l .r^l }
 { | in the o - cean's | wave— And | suc - cour to the }

{ | d^l .t : t .d^l | r^l .s ,l : t .,l | s : s ,l ,t }
 { | faith - ful Who | fight their flag a - bove, Are }

{ | d^l .,t : l .,s | s : m .dms | l .,l : r .,m }
 { | sweet, but far less | grate - ful Than | were my la - dy's }

{ | d
 { | love. ||

2

I know I am not worthy
 Of one so young and bright ;
 And yet I would do for thee
 Far more than others might ;
 I cannot give you pomp or gold,
 If you should be my wife,
 But I can give you love untold
 And true in death and life.

3

Methinks that there are passions
 Within that heaving breast
To scorn their heartless fashions
 And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
 As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
 Cold riches round you glide.

4

Oh ! the watcher longs for morning
 And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
 And the vanquished pray for might.
But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
 And their suppliance most true,
Are cold to the appealing
 Of this longing heart to you.

THOMAS DAVIS.

EILEEN O'MORE.

(PART I.)

KEY B \flat .Air: " 'S Δ th \acute{a} im \acute{a} n \acute{o} il \acute{a} r."

{	: s ₁	d	: d ., r	d	: t ₁ . d	l ₁ . s ₁ : l ₁ . ta ₁ l ₁ ., s ₁ }
{	You	sol -	diers of Bri -	tain, your	bar -	barous do - ing }

{	: m ₁ . l ₁	s ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . r ₁ d ₁ ., r ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ l ₁	: t ₁ ., d	d	}
{	Long,	long	will the	chil - dren of	E - rin de - plore : }

{	: s ₁	d	: d ., r	d	: t ₁ . d	l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ . ta ₁ l ₁ ., s ₁ }
{	How	sad	is my heart, when I	view the	black ru - in, }	

{	: m ₁ ., l ₁	s ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . r ₁ d ₁ ., r ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ l ₁	: t ₁ . d	d	
{	That	once	was the	ca - bin of	Ei - leen O'More.

{	: d	d	: d ., r	m	: m . m	f . m : r . d m . d }
{	Her	fa -	ther, poor Der -	mot, his	coun - try loved dearly, }	

{	: l ₁	d m : r . d d . t ₁ : d . d	l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ . ta ₁ l ₁ ., s ₁ }
{	Its	wrongs, its op -	pressions he felt most se - vere - ly, }

{	: m ₁ . d . m	s ., f : m . r d	: t ₁ . d	l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ . ta ₁ l ₁ ., s ₁ }
{	And with	all friends of free -	dom u - ni - ted sin - cere - ly, }	

{	: m ₁ . l ₁	s ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . r ₁ d ₁ ., r ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ l ₁	: t ₁ . d	d	
{	Such	was the	fond	fa - ther of	Ei - leen O'More.

2

One dark winter night honest Dermot sat musing ;
 Loud curses alarmed him, and crash went his door ;
 The fierce soldiers entered, of treason accusing
 The mild, but brave father of Eileen O'More :
 Their scoffs he returned not, with blows they assailed him,
 His soul roused indignant, his prudence now failed him,
 Their blows he repaid, and his country bewailed him,
 For stabbed was the father of Eileen O'More.

3

The children's shrill screams—and the mother's distraction—
 The parent—the husband—fall'n weltering in gore ;
 Ah ! who this can hear, and not curse the foul faction
 That murdered the father of Eileen O'More ?
 " Oh, my father ! my father ! " she cries, wildly throwing
 Her arms round his neck, as his heart streams were flowing,
 She kissed his pale lips, until, still fainter growing,
 He groaned, and an orphan left Eileen O'More.

4

Unsated with blood, this infernal banditti,
 Resolved on destruction, dire vengeance still swore ;
 Those friends of the Castle, but strangers to pity,
 Set fire to the cabin of Eileen O'More.
 The mother and children half naked and shrieking,
 Escaped from the flames, with their hearts almost breaking,
 But, while these poor wretches some shelter were seeking,
 Oh, mark what befel hapless Eileen O'More.

5

From her lov'd father's corse, which her lap had supported,
 To an outhouse the ruffians this innocent bore,
 With her tears, her entreaties, and sorrows they sported,
 And ruined for ever sweet Eileen O'More :
 Who, now a poor maniac, roves o'er the black common ;
 Against British soldiers she warns every woman,
 And sings of her father in strains more than human,
 While heart-rending sighs burst from Eileen O'More.

Ye daughters of Erin, retain this narration,
While ocean's rude billows break round your green shore,
Remember the wrongs of your poor hapless nation,
Remember the woes of sweet Eileen O'More :
To your brothers, your lovers, recall this aggression,
Nor cease till the story make such deep impression,
That from such examples of lawless oppression,
Relieved is the country of Eileen O'More.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

The incidents which form the subject-matter of this and the next ballad are typical of the state of things which prevailed in Ireland in 1798. After 123 years of boasted civilization the world is to-day a witness of similar atrocities—justified as “official reprisals.” This ballad (Parts I. and II.) has been wrongly named “Mary le More.” I here give it its proper title.

2

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
 Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek ;
 Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
 And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
 While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed—"Oh, my mother !
 See the blood on that lash—'tis the blood of my brother ;
 They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another—
 'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Eileen O'More."

3

"Though his locks were as white as the foam of the ocean,
 Those wretches shall find that my father is brave ;
 My father !" she cried, with the wildest emotion,
 "Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave !
 They have tolled his death-bell, they've the turf o'er him ;
 His white locks were bloody ! no aid could restore him ;
 He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will deplore him,
 When the blue waves of Erin hide Eileen O'More."

4

A lark, from the gold-blossomed furze that grew near her,
 Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay ;
 "Hush, hush !" she continued, "the trumpet sounds clearer,
 The horsemen approach ! Erin's daughters, away !
 Ah ! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
 And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
 Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
 Those ruffians have ruined poor Eileen O'More."

5

"Away ! bring the ointment - O God ! see those gashes !
 Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;
 Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes ;
 Already the screech-owl and raven appear.
 By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
 With wild flow'rs I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
 Till the ooze and dark seaweed, beneath the curl'd billow,
 Shall furnish a death-bed for Eileen O'More."

Thus raved the poor maiden, in tones more heart-rending
Than sanity's voice ever poured on my ear,
When, lo ! on the waste, and their march tow'ards her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear.
" O ye fiends ! " she exclaimed, and with wild horror started,
Then thro' the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted !
With overcharged bosom I slowly departed,
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Eileen O'More.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

(Died 1802).

THE CLAN OF MAC CAURA.

KEY G. *Animated.*

Air: “ Δη βόιτμίν βαιόε.”

{ :l₁ | r :r :r | r :m :d | r :r :r | m :f }
 { Oh! | bright are the names of the | chief-tains and sa - ges }

{ :s | l :s :f | s :m :r | d :d :r | l₁ :t₁ }
 { That | shine like the stars thro' the | dark-ness of a - ges, }

{ :d | r :r :r | r :m :-.d | r :r :r | m :f }
 { Whose | deeds are in - scribed on the | pa - ges of sto - ry, }

{ :s.s | l :s :f | s :m :d | r :m :r | r :r }
 { There for | ev - er to live in the | sun-shine of glo - ry— }

{ :l | l :l :l | t :l :f | s :s :s | l :s }
 { He - roes of his - to - ry, | phan-toms of fa - ble, }

{ :m | f :f :f | f :m :r | d :d :r | l₁ :t₁ }
 { Char-le-magne's champions, and | Ar-thur's Round Ta - ble; }

{ :d | r :r :r | r :m :d | r :r :r | m :f }
 { Oh! but they all a new | lus - tre could bor - row }

{ :s.s | l :s :f | s :m :d | r :m :r | r :r }
 { From the | glo - ry that hangs round the | name of Mac Caura! ||

2

In chasing the red deer what step was the fleetest ?—
In singing the love-song what voice was the sweetest ?—
What breast was the foremost in courting the danger ?—
What door was the widest to shelter the stranger ?—
In friendship the truest, in battle the bravest—
In revel the gayest, in council the gravest—
A hunter to-day and a victor to-morrow ?
Oh ! who but a chief of the princely Mac Caura !

3

Mac Caura, the pride of thy house is gone by,
But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die—
Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves, shine
Around no green forests or castles of thine—
Though the shrines that you founded no incense doth hallow,
Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo,
One treasure thou keepest—one hope for the morrow—
True hearts yet beat of the clan of Mac Caura !

D. F. M'CARTHY.

SHULE AROON.

KEY C.

{ | m | l : - . t | d^l : - . t | l : - . s | m : - . m }
 { | I | wish I were on yon - der hill, 'Tis }

{ | s : - . m | s . l : d^l . l | s : - . m | r : - . r }
 { | there I'd sit and cry my fill, Till }

{ | m : m . r | d . , r : m . f | s : - . m | d^l : - . d^l , t }
 { | ev' - ry tear would turn a mill, A'r so }

{ | l . t : l . s | m . r : m . s | l : - | : ||
 { | οτερίο τύ μο νύνη - νίν | γλάν. ||

CHORUS.

{ | d^l : - | t : - | l : - . s | m : - . f }
 { | Shule, shule, shule, a - roon, }

{ | s : - . m | s . l : d^l . l | s : - . m | r : - }
 { | Shule so roc-ατη ΔS-ur shule so ciúm, }

{ | m . , f : m . r | d . , r : m . f | s : - . m | d^l : d^l . r^l }
 { | Shule so οτεί' n οοη-αρ ΔS-ur έί - υS υύm, A'r so }

{ | m^l . , r^l : d^l . l | d^l . t : l . s | l : - | - ||
 { | οτερίο τύ μο νύνη - νίν | γλάν. ||

2

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
 To buy for my love a sword of steel :
 Δ'ṛ ʒo ʋτέιό tú mo múnín rlán.

CHORUS.

3

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
 And round the world I'll beg my bread,
 Until my parents shall wish me dead :
 Δ'ṛ ʒo ʋτέιό tú mo múnín rlán.

CHORUS.

4

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
 I wish I had my heart again,
 And vainly think I'd not complain :
 Δ'ṛ ʒo ʋτέιό tú mo múnín rlán.

CHORUS.

5

But now my love has gone to France
 To try his fortune to advance ;
 If e'er he comes back 'tis but a chance,
 Δ'ṛ ʒo ʋτέιό tú mo múnín rlán.

CHORUS.

This simple and pathetic ballad has been always a favourite all over Ireland. It belongs to the time of the "Irish Brigade," 1691-1745.

THE IRISH WIFE.

KEY D.

Air: "The Lucky Lover."

{ : .m | d .l₁ : l₁ .t₁ | d .r : m .fe | s .l : s .r | t₁ }
 { I | would not give my I - rish wife }

{ : s₁ .t₁ | d .l₁ : l₁ .t₁ | d .r : m .l | d .l₁ : t₁ .se₁ | l₁ }
 { For | all the dames of the Sax - on land— }

{ : .m | d .l₁ : l₁ .t₁ | d .r : m .fe | s .l : s .r | t₁ }
 { I | would not give my I - rish wife— }

{ : s₁ .t₁ | d .l₁ : l₁ .t₁ | d .r : m .l | d .l₁ : t₁ .se₁ | l₁ }
 { Not | for the Queen of Fran - ce's hand. }

{ : .m | l .t : l .m | l .t : l .m | s .l : s .r | t₁ }
 { For | she to me is | dear - er }

{ : s₁ .s | l .t : l .m | l .t : l .m | l .t : d^l .t | l }
 { Than | cas - tles strong, or | lands, or life— }

{ : s .f | s .l : t .s | l .f : s .m | r .t₁ : s .r | t₁ }
 { An | out - law, so | I'm near her, }

{ : s₁ .t₁ | d .l₁ : m .l₁ | d .r : m .l | d .l₁ : t₁ .se₁ | l₁ }
 { To | love till death my I - rish wife. ||

2

Oh, what would be this home of mine—

A ruined hermit-haunted place,

But for the light that nightly shines,

Upon its walls from Kathleen's face ?

What comfort in a mine of gold,

What pleasure in a royal life,

If the heart within lay dead and cold,

If I could not wed my Irish wife ?

3

I knew the law* forbade the banns—
 I knew my king abhorred her race,—
 Who never bent before their clans,
 Must bow before their ladies' grace.
 Take all my forfeited domain,
 I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
 Take knightly gear and noble name,
 And I will keep my Irish wife.

4

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
 My heaven by day, my stars by night—
 And twinlike truth and fondness lie
 Within her swelling bosom white.
 My Irish wife has golden hair,
 Apollo's harp had once such strings—
 Apollo's self might pause to hear
 Her bird-like carol when she sings.

5

I would not give my Irish wife
 For all the dames of the Saxon land—
 I would not give my Irish wife
 For the Queen of France's hand.
 For she to me is dearer
 Than castles strong, or lands, or life,—
 In death I would be near her,
 And rise beside my Irish wife !

T. D. M'GEE.

I have selected for this song an air different from the one to which I have seen it set elsewhere.

* The Statute of Kilkenny, 1367 A.D.

THE FAIR HILLS OF ERIN O.

KEY E \flat .Air: "ua Δ la \check{c} án 'Ou \check{b} Ó!"

{ $\frac{d}{\text{Beauti-}}$ $\frac{m}{ful}$ | $\frac{f}{}$: $\frac{f}{\text{and}}$ $\frac{s}{}$ | $\frac{f}{\text{wide}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{r}{\text{are}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{the}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{green}}$: $\frac{m}{}$ $\frac{s}{\text{fields}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{of}}$: $\frac{d^l}{\text{E}}$ $\frac{l}{\text{rin,}}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{ua}^*}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{r}{\text{la}}$ $\frac{d}{}$ | $\frac{l_l}{\check{c}\acute{a}n}$ $\frac{s_l}{}$: $\frac{l_l}{\text{'Ou}\check{b}}$ $\frac{d}{}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{Ó!}}$: - | : $\frac{d}{\text{With}}$ $\frac{m}{}$ }

{ $\frac{f}{\text{life}}$: $\frac{f}{\text{giv}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{-ing}}$ | $\frac{f}{\text{grain}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{r}{\text{in}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{the}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{gold}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{-en}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{corn}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{there}}$: $\frac{d^l}{\text{-in,}}$ $\frac{l}{}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{ua}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{r}{\text{la}}$ $\frac{d}{}$ | $\frac{l_l}{\check{c}\acute{a}n}$ $\frac{s_l}{}$: $\frac{l_l}{\text{'Ou}\check{b}}$ $\frac{d}{}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{Ó!}}$: - | : $\frac{s}{\text{And}}$ $\frac{l}{}$ }

{ $\frac{ta}{\text{ho-ney}}$ $\frac{l}{\text{in}}$: $\frac{ta}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{d^l}{\text{woods}}$ | $\frac{ta}{\text{of}}$ $\frac{l}{\text{the}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{mist}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{l}{\text{-wreaths}}$ $\frac{d^l}{\text{deep,}}$ | $\frac{d^l}{\text{And}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{in}}$ $\frac{l}{}$ }

{ $\frac{ta}{\text{summer}}$ $\frac{l}{\text{by}}$: $\frac{ta}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{d^l}{\text{paths}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{the}}$: $\frac{d^l}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{l}{}$ | $\frac{s}{\text{bright}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{r}{\text{streams}}$ $\frac{d}{}$ | $\frac{l_l}{\text{leap,}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{At}}$ $\frac{l}{}$ }

{ $\frac{ta}{\text{burning}}$ $\frac{l}{\text{noon}}$: $\frac{ta}{\text{rich}}$ $\frac{d^l}{\text{sparkling}}$ | $\frac{ta}{\text{dew}}$ $\frac{l}{\text{the}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{fair}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{m}{\text{flow'rs}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{steep,}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{On}}$: $\frac{d^l}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{l}{}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{fair}}$ $\frac{m}{}$: $\frac{r}{\text{hills}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{of}}$ | $\frac{l_l}{\text{E}}$ $\frac{s_l}{}$: $\frac{l_l}{\text{rin}}$ $\frac{d}{}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{O!}}$: - | ||

2

How clust'ring his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,
 ualaacán Duḃ Ó!
 Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,
 ualaacán Duḃ Ó!
 Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,
 I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling,
 Beyond your rich rewards, I'd choose a lowly dwelling,
 On the fair hills of Eirn O.

3

Gainful and large are the cornstacks of Erin,
 ualaacán Duḃ Ó!
 Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein,
 ualaacán Duḃ Ó!
 And sorrel soft and cresses where bright streams stray,
 And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the live-long day,
 And the little thrush so noble of sweet-sounding lay,
 On the fair hills of Eirn O!

EDWARD WALSH

THE OLD BOREEN.

KEY D. *Slow and expressive.*

Air: “Δὸν ἑανθὸ ἀνιμῆριό.”

{ $\frac{l_1 t_1 d}{My}$ | r : $\frac{r m}{na - tive}$ | r : $\frac{d l_1}{land, how}$ | d : $\frac{r}{oft}$ | m : $\frac{d^1 t}{in thought A -}$ }

{ | l : $\frac{s m}{midst thy}$ | r : m | r : - $\frac{r}{cher - ished}$ | d : $\frac{r m}{scenes I dwell; How}$ }

{ | f : $\frac{m r}{near thy}$ | $\frac{m r}{dis - tant}$: $\frac{d l_1}{tant}$ | d : r | m : $\frac{d^1 t}{shores are brought By}$ }

{ | l : $\frac{s m}{mem - 'ry's}$ | m : r | r : - $\frac{r}{mag - ic}$ | r : $\frac{m s}{spell! The}$ }

{ | l : $\frac{l t}{qui - et}$ | l : s | d^1 : $\frac{r^1}{stream-let's}$ | r^1 : - $\frac{d^1}{fall, The}$ }

{ | l : $\frac{s m}{heath - capped}$ | r : m | r : - $\frac{r}{hill in robe}$ | d : $\frac{r m}{of green, The}$ }

{ | f : $\frac{m r}{fair - est,}$ | $\frac{m r}{dear - est}$: $\frac{d l_1}{est}$ | d : r | m : $\frac{d^1 t}{spot of all, My}$ }

{ | l : $\frac{s m}{boy - hood's}$ | m : r | r : - $\frac{r}{haunt, the old}$ | d : $\frac{r m}{bo - reen.}$ }

2

I see again the mists of morn
 From crag and heather roll away,
 The sunshine gleams through furze and thorn,
 And smiling daisies throng the way,
 Through briar and brambles sings the breeze,
 The violet peeps out between—
 Ah, Nature strove her best to please
 When decking out the old boreen.

3

I hear, far back through years of care,
 A modest, sweet, and holy swell
 Come floating on the mountain air,
 The tolling of the chapel bell.
 With honest greetings, as they go,
 The groups to Mass are hast'ning seen,
 And well-known forms of long ago
 Come tripping down the old boreen.

4

And when the sun his ruddy face
 Would hide behind the mountain's brow,
 Old friends would seek the trysting place—
 I fancy that I see them now—
 And there with tales and laughter light,
 Whilst Love would have her say between,
 Would fly the hours, till came the night
 To bathe with dew the old boreen.

5

Alas ! since then the changeful times
These friends have scattered far and wide ;
Some breathe the air of distant climes,
If life still bears them on its tide ;
One sleeps at home—our brown-eyed maid,
Our brightest rose, our townland's queen ;
The daisies cluster where she's laid
Long slumb'ring near the old boreen.

6

In other lands I've bent my gaze
On pictures fair of stream and hill ;
I grudge them not their meed of praise,
Yet, ah ! there's one that's fairer still.
Let others boast of park and glade,
Of boulevard, of grove and green,
But all man's art, and nature's aid,
Could never match our old boreen.

E. A. SUTTON.

KEVIN BARRY.

KEY C. *Moderato and with feeling.*

Air: "Emir's Farewell"

{ .t ₁ : d .r m	:- .r m .l : s .m r .d : l ₁	}
1. Bit-ter the	death they gave you,	sol-dier lad,
2. Ma - ry, be - lov - ed	Queen of this	land of Faith,

{ .d : m .f s	:- .l s .m : d .m r	:- }
You of the	boy - ish heart and fair blue	eyes,
Pa-trick, who taught	the truths for which you died,	

{ .t ₁ : d .r m	: r .r m .l : s .m r .d : l ₁ .s ₁	}
Hanged like a	dog : God's mer - cy it	would be sad
Col - um, who went	in - to ex - ile	worse than death—

rall.

{ l ₁ .t ₁ : d .r m	:- .f m .r : d .r d	:
Did we not	know you lived be-yond the	skies.
Ev'-ry saint of E	- rin	stands by your side.

*mf.**A tempo.*

{ d .s : l .t d ^l	:- .t t .l : s .m s .m : d	}
There nigh the	Throne of Christ, who	died to save,
See thro' the	Courts of Heav-en what an	ar - ray

{ .s : l .t d ^l	: d ^l .t t .l : s .m r	:
There shall you	plead for the land that claim'd your	love;
Mus - ter to	see - ond your plead-ing, Kev-in	lad,

f

{ .s : s .s m ^l	: r ^l .r ^l r ^l .d ^l : l .d ^l s .m : d	}
Si-lent you	sleep in your lew - ly	pris-on grave,
He-roes of	old, and mar - tyrs	of to - day,

rall

{ .t ₁ : d .r m .l : s .m	r .d : l ₁ .t ₁ d	:- }
Man - y shall	plead with you in the realms a-	bove.
How do you	won-der, boy, that our hearts are	glad.

REV. FR. CASEY, Kingston, Canada.

IF I HAD THOUGHT.

KEY E♭.

Air: "Σπᾶὸ μο ἔμοιρε."

{	d		s	:	-	.l		s	:	m		l	:	-	.t		d ^l	:	l	}
	If		I					had		thought		thou					could'st		have died,	I

{	s	:	-	.m		r	:	-	.m		d	:	-		:	s	}
	might					not		weep		for		thee;				But	

{	d ^l	:	-	.t		d ^l	:	r ^l		d ^l	:	t		l	:	s	}
	I					for -		got,		when		by		thy		side,	That

{	l	:	s		d ^l	:	m		s	:	-		:	s	}
	thou		could'st		mor		-	tal		be;				It	

{	d ^l	:	-	.t		d ^l	:	m ^l r ^l		d ^l	:	t		l	:	s	}
	nev		-			er		through		my		mind		had		past	The

{	l	:	s		f	:	m		l	:	-		:	t	}
	time		would		ne'er		be		o'er,					And	

{	d ^l	:	-	.t		l	:	s		l	:	-	.t		d ^l	:	l	}
	I					on		thee		should		look		my		last,	And	

{	s	:	m		r	:	-	.m		d	:	-		:	}
	thou		should'st		smile			no		more.					

2

And still upon that face I look,
 And think you smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say,
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary !—thou art dead.

3

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art
 All cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave,
 And I am now alone !

4

I do not think where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I perhaps may soothe this heart
 In thinking, too, of thee ;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

REV. C. WOLFE.

“ The writer of this song was born in Dublin in 1791. He died in 1823. He was the younger son of Theobald Wolfe, of Blackhall, Co. Kildare. The history of the song is peculiar. ‘Σπᾶτό μοι Ἐμοῖοε’ was his favourite air. Wolfe thought that no words had ever been written for it which had come up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they appeared to him to want *individuality* of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps, impossible to hear sung without tears”—(*Remains of Rev. C. Wolfe*).

Wolfe is best known as the writer of the fine piece “ The Burial of Sir John Moore.”

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

KEY A^b.

{ : .s₁ | d .,d : d : - .s₁ | l₁ .,l₁ : l₁ : - .s₁ | t₁ .,t₁ : t₁ : - .s₁ }
 { When | all be-side a | vig-il keep, The | West's a-sleep, the }

{ | d .,d : d : - .s₁ | d : - .d : d .s₁ | l₁ .,l₁ : l₁ : - .s₁ }
 { | West's a sleep, A - | las ! and well may | E-rin weep, When }

{ | t₁ .,t₁ : t₁ : - .s₁ | d .d : [^]d : .s₁ | m .,m : m : - .d }
 { | Con-naecht lies in | slum-ber deep. There | lake and plain smile }

{ | f .,f : f : - .m | f : - .m : r .d | t₁ .d : r : - .s₁ }
 { | fair and free, 'Mid | rocks—their guardian | chi-val-ry. Sing, }

{ | s : - .fe : f .r | t₁ .,s₁ : m : - .s₁ | m .,f : r : - .s₁ }
 { | oh ! let man learn | li - ber-ty From | crashing wind and }

{ | r .f : m : d . |
 { | lash - ing sea. ||

2

That chainless wave and lovely land
 Freedom and Nationhood demand—
 Be sure the great God never planned
 For slumbering slaves a home so grand.
 And long a brave and haughty race
 Honoured and sentinelled the place :
 Sing, oh ! not e'en their sons' disgrace
 Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

3

For often, in O'Connor's van,
 To triumph dashed each Connacht clan,
 And fleet as deer the Normans ran
 Through Corsliabh pass and Ardrahan.
 And later times saw deeds as brave,
 And glory guards Clauricarde's grave—
 Sing, oh ! they died their land to save
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

4

Then if when aſ a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep ;
 Alas ! and well may Erin weep
 That Connacht lies in slumber deep.
 But hark ! some voice like thunder spake,
 " The West's awake ! the West's awake !
 Sing, oh ! hurrah ! let England quake !
 We'll watch till death for Erin's sake."

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE HARPER.

KEY F. *Moderato*.

{	:m	.r		d	:	l ₁	:	s ₁		s ₁	:	-	.f	:	m	.d	}
{	On	the		green		banks		of		Shan		-	non,		when	}	

{		l ₁	:	d	:	d		d	:	-	:	r	.m	}
{		Shee	-	lah		was		nigh,					No	}

{		f	:	f	.s	:	l	.d ¹		s	:	m	:	r	.d	}
{		blithe		I	-	rish		lad		was			so	}		

{		r	:	r	.m	:	f	.l		s	:	-	:	r	.m	}
{		hap	-	py		as		I;					No	}		

{		f	:	f	.s	:	l	.d ¹		s	:	f	.m	.r	:d	}
{		harp		like		my		own		could		so	}			

{		r	:	r	.m	:	f	.r		m	:	-	:	s	.m	}
{		cheer	-	i	-	ly		play,					And	wher-	}	

{		d	:	l ₁	:	s ₁	.l ₁		s ₁	.m ₁	:	s ₁	.f	:	m	.d	}
{		ev	-	er		I		went		was			my	}			

{		l ₁	:	d	:	d		d	:			}
{		poor				dog		Tray.				}

2

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
 Oh ! remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

3

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me although I was poor ;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

4

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey.
 And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

5

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
 And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

6

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and blind ?
 Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS (1802).

The poet Thomas Campbell has included this song in his published works. He included also, "The Exile of Erin." His title to the latter is fully disproved in a book* which I have published on the subject. The above song is claimed for George N. Reynolds, the real author of "The Exile," by many, and with good reason. It is time we should recover from the Scotsmen what they have purloined from us in music and song.

The air which I now give is taken from the Pigot Collection. It was obtained from "Eva," whose maiden name was Eva Kelly. She lived at Portumna on the Shannon. The beauty of the air impressed me. There is a fitness in the selection of a tune from "the banks of the Shannon" for the song.

* "*The Exile of Erin*"—*Who Wrote it?* (Fallon, Dublin).

THE REBEL'S SERMON.

A STREET BALLAD.

KEY E♭.

Air: "Irish Molly O!"

{ :m | r :- :d | r :- :m | l :- :s | m :- :m }
 { My | bro - thers all, who | hear me now, Give }

{ | r :- :d | l, :- :l, | l, :- :- | : :l }
 { | ear to what I | say; The }

{ | l :- :t | d' :- :t | l :- :s | s :- :l }
 { | words are so - lemn | that I speak On }

{ | m :- :r | d :- :r | m :- :- | : || l }
 { | this, my dy - ing | day: || For }

REFRAIN—For

{ | l :- :t | d' :- :t | l :- :s | s :- :l }
 { | Ire - land's love, for | Eng - land's hate, I }
 Ire - land! for Ire - land! Up -

{ | m :- :r | d :- :r | m :- :- | : :m }
 { | swore a so - lemn | vow, And }
 on this drop I stand; For

{ | r :- :d | r :- :m | l :- :s | m :- :m }
 { | if I swore it | once - be - fore I'd }
 Ire - land! for Ire - land! My

{ | r :- :d | l, :- :l, | l, :- :- | : || }
 { | swear it ten times | now! || }
 own, my na - tive land!

2

Thrice blacker be the face of death,
 Thrice brighter be the sky !
 And yet, for such a cause as this,
 I'm well content to die.
 I never knew what 'twas to fear,
 And still I do not know ;
 And for the wrongs that feared my heart
 I strove to deal a blow.

REFRAIN—You'll follow, you'll follow,
 The path I went before,
 Like brave men, to save, men,
 Their old island shore !

3

I did the duty of a man ;
 I care for life no more ;
 If death will bring the cause some good
 Its stroke I don't deplore.
 If one more throb of stern resolve
 It raise in any breast,
 If one more pulse of bitter hate
 'Gainst England's robber crest—

REFRAIN—'Tis welcome ! 'tis welcome,
 Right merrily to me ;
 Victorious, and glorious
 The last hour I see !

4

And now the word I leave behind
 Is Vengeance ! Vengeance ! still.
 O'er every plain I'd ring it out,
 On every lofty hill.
 Who cares a straw for life or limb
 Deserves not to be free ;
 Who thinks of caution or of fear
 Will frighten liberty.

REFRAIN—Still daring, uncaring,
 For all the might of man,
 There is no other way, my boys,
 To carry out your plan !

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY ("EVA").

NIAMH.

KEY C.

{ : ḍ .ṃ | ṣ : ṣ .ḷ | ṣ .ṃ : ṛ .ṃ | ṣ .ḷ : ḍ^l | ḍ^{r'm'} ḍ^l }
 { Oh, | who is she, and | what is she? }

{ : .ḷ | ṣ .ṃ : ḍ^l .ḷ | ṣ .ṃ : ṛ .ṃ | ḍ .ṭ₁ : ḍ .ṛ | ṃ }
 { A | beau - ty | born e - | ter - nal - ly }

{ : ḍ^l .ṭ | ḷ .ṭ : ṣ .ṃ | ṛ .f̣ : ṃ .ṛ | ḍ .ṭ₁ : ḍ .ṛ | ṃ }
 { Of | shim - mer - ing | moon - shine, | sun - set | flame, }

{ : ḍ^l .ṭ | ḷ : ṣ .ṃ | ṣ : ṃ .ḍ | ḍ : - | }
 { And | rose - red | heart | of | dawn; }

{ : ḍ .ṃ , ṣ | ṃ^l .ṛ^l : ḍ^l .ṃ^l | ṛ^l .ḍ^l : ḷ .ḍ^l | ḷ .ṣ : ḍ^l .ṃ | ṣ }
 { None | knows the se - cret | ways she came— }

{ : ḍ^l .ṭ | ḷ : ṣ .ṃ | ṣ : ṃ .ḍ | ḍ : - | }
 { Whith - | er she | jour - neys | on. }

2

I follow her, I follow her
 By haunted pools with dreams astir,
 And over blue unwearied tides
 Of shadow-waves, where sleep
 Old loves, old hates, whose doom derides
 Vows we forgot to keep.

3

I send my cry, I send my cry
Adown the arches of the sky,
Along the pathway of the stars,
Through quiet and through stress ;
I beat against the saffron bars
That guard her loveliness.

4

And low I hear, oh, low I hear,
Her cruel laughter, fluting clear,
I see far-off the drifted gold
Of wind-blown flying hair ;
I stand without in dark and cold,
And she is—Where ? Where ? Where ?

ETHNA CARBERY.

Taken by permission from *The Four Winds of Erinn*.

THE PRIESTS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

KEY A. *Moderately slow.*

Air: "The Star."

p.
 { : s₁ | d : - . r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - . s₁ | m₁ : s₁ }
 { The | sto - ry of our | na - tive land, from }

{ d : - . s₁ | d : r | m : - | r : s₁ }
 { wea. - ry age to | age, Is }

{ d : - . r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - . s₁ | m₁ : s₁ }
 { writ in blood and | scald - ing tears on }

{ l₁ : - . d | t₁ . d : r . m | d : - | - || s₁ }
 { man - y a gloom - y | page; || But }

{ f₁ : - . s₁ | l₁ : d | m₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ . f₁ : m₁ . r₁ }
 { dark - est, sad - dest | page of all is }

{ d₁ : - . r₁ | s₁ : - . s₁ | l₁ : - | s₁ : f }
 { that which tells the | fate Of }

cres. *dim.*
 { m : - . s | s . f : m . r | d : - . r | d . t₁ : l₁ . s₁ }
 { E - rin's no - blest | mar - tyr - sons, the }

p. *pp.*
 { m₁ : - . f₁ | s₁ . m₁ : d₁ . m₁ | r₁ : - | d₁ ||
 { priests of Nine - ty - | Eight. ||

2

Leal children of the Church were they, her soldiers brave and true,
 Yet Irish hearts within their breasts were beating warmly, too ;
 For years of patient, studious toil, of vigil, and of prayer
 Had never quenched the patriot fire which God had kindled there.

3

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
 The love a darling mother wins from true and tender sons—
 A love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
 With such a love they love their land, the priests of Ninety-Eight.

4

Crushed by a thousand cruel wrongs, a prey to myriad woes,
 Discrowned, despoiled, the nations' scorn, the scoff of brutal foes
 Who've tracked her steps with hellish hate for many a long year past,
 And joy to think the hour of doom has come to her at last.

5

Well may the fire of righteous wrath leap to your watching eyes !
 Well may you vow before the God that rules the earth and skies
 No more to preach ignoble peace, no more your hands to hold,
 While tyrants waste your land with war and tigers rend your fold !

6

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the light,
 And Wexford heard the rallying cry and gathered in her might,
 And swore around uplifted cross until the latest breath
 To follow where her soggarths led—to victory or death !

7

The soggarths, the pikemen fought like lions brought to bay,
 And Wexford proves her prowess well in many a bloody fray,
 Where wronged and wronger, foot to foot, in deadly grip were seen,
 And England's hated Red went down before the Irish Green.

8

The bravest of the brave and true that struck for Ireland's right—
 The wisest at the council board, the boldest in the fight—
 All pure from stain or breath of shame, thro' storms of strife and hate,
 They bore the soggarth's honoured name; the priests of Ninety-Eight

9

O Irish priests ! how proud and grand a heritage is yours !—
 A priceless love that will not die as long as time endures—
 A precious flower of matchless bloom, whose perfume day by day
 Will sweeten every toil and cross that meet you on your way.

10

Oh ! guard it well against all taint of foul decay and death,
 Its holy, hallowed beauty shield from every withering breath,
 And fair and stainless hand it down to those who follow you,
 And love it with an equal love—as generous, fond, and true.

11

And honour them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good, and wise—
 Who for its sake in evil days made willing sacrifice
 Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's fate
 To feed it with their own heart's blood—the priests of Ninety-Eight !

REV. P. M. FURLONG.

I have taken a verse here and there from what is a very long, beautiful piece of poetry. I don't think it has ever before been wedded to an air. I have selected for it a fine bit of music, taken from the Pigot Collection.

O ERIN! MY COUNTRY.

KEY C.

{	:d ^l		t	:	l	:	s		f	:	m	:	r		d	:	m	:	s		s	:	-	}
{	O		E - rin !		my Coun - try,		tho'		strangers may roam															}

{	:d ^l		t	:	l	:	s		f	:	m	:	r		d	:	d ^l	:	d ^l		d ^l	:	-	}
{	Thy		hills and		thy		val - leys		I		once called my home,													}

{	:s.s		d ^l	:	- .t	:	d ^l		m ^l	:	r ^l	:	d ^l		d ^l	:	t	:	l		se	:	-	}
{	Tho' thy		lakes		and thy		moun-tains		no		long - er		I		see,									}

{	:m.m		l	:	- .se	:	l		d ^l	:	t	:	l		m ^l	:	l	:	se		l	:	-	}
{	Yet		warm - ly		as		ev - er		my		heart beats for thee.													}

cres.

{	:s		d	:	m	:	s		s	:	-	:	s		d ^l	:	m	:	s		s	:	-	}
{	A		cush-la		ma - chree,		my		heart beats for thee ;															}

f.

{	:		l	:	d ^l	:	-		s	:	d ^l	:	m ^l		r ^l	:	d ^l	:	t		d ^l	:	-	
{			E - rin !				E - rin !		my		heart beats for thee.													

2

Tho' years have passed o'er me since last time we met,
 Yet lived I a thousand I ne'er could forget
 The fond hearts that loved me, the bright eyes that shone
 Like stars in the heavens of days that are gone.

REFRAIN—A cushla machree, etc.

3

Dear home of my youth, I may see thee no more,
 Yet mem'ry shall cherish the bright days of yore ;
 My heart's latest wish, the last sigh of my breast,
 Shall be given to thee, dearest isle of the west.

REFRAIN—A cushla machree, etc.

THE MONKS OF ERIN.

KEY F. *Slow and expressive.*Air: "The Dawning of the Day."
(Pigot.)

{ $\frac{m}{\text{The}}$: $\frac{f}{\text{I}}$ - $\frac{s}{\text{rish}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{monks,}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{the}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{I}}$ - $\frac{l_1}{\text{rish}}$ $\frac{l_1}{\text{monks,}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{their}}$: $\frac{r}{\text{the}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{names}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{are}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{treas-}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{ured}}$ $\frac{t_1}{\text{still}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{still}}$: - | - : $\frac{r}{\text{In}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{man}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{y}}$ a | $\frac{d^1}{\text{for}}$: $\frac{l}{\text{eign}}$ | $\frac{t}{\text{val}}$: $\frac{l}{\text{ley,}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{on}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{on}}$ }

{ $\frac{l}{\text{man}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{y}}$ a | $\frac{d^1}{\text{for}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{eign}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{hill;}}$: - | - : $\frac{m}{\text{Their}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{preach-}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{ing,}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{prayers}}$: $\frac{l}{\text{and}}$ | $\frac{t}{\text{fast}}$: $\frac{l}{\text{ing}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{are}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{are}}$ }

{ $\frac{l}{\text{still}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{the}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{pea-}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{sants'}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{themes}}$: - | - : $\frac{m}{\text{A-}}$ $\frac{f}{\text{A-}}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{round}}$: $\frac{l}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{coast}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{of}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{of}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{Corn}}$: $\frac{l_1}{\text{wail}}$ | $\frac{l_1}{\text{wail}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{and}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{a-}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{long}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{old}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{Flan-}}$: $\frac{d}{\text{ders'}}$ $\frac{t_1}{\text{streams.}}$ | $\frac{d}{\text{streams.}}$: - | - ||

Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders of their hands,
Still nourish faith and sanctity thro' fair Italia's lands;
The cross they bore in triumph still bright as ever shines
Above the domes of Austria, among the Tuscan vines.

3

Sedulius the poet and Columbkille the dove
 At Rome and Hy are honoured and remembered still with love ;
 At Lucca, St. Frigidian, in a church ablaze with lights,
 Is honoured with pure worship 'mid the pomp of Roman rites.

4

Even still the British miners exult on Piran's feast,
 And tho' they hate the Church of Rome they venerate her priest ;
 The bells of sweet Tarentum, as they wake the matin air,
 Still tell in tones of gladness that Cataldus' faith is there.

5

Quaint Mechlin's noblest temple to an Irish monk is raised,
 In every home in Mechlin St. Rumold's name is praised ;
 Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Saltzburg tomb,
 Is honoured by the silent prayer, and by the cannon's boom.

6

Old hymns are sung to Fridolin in the islands of the Rhine,
 And the relics of Besançon's saint sleep in a silver shrine ;
 The voice that roused Crusaders by the Tagus, Rhone, and Po,
 Seems ringing still o'er Malachy at the convent of Clairvaux.

7

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives
 In the stainless church of Ireland, and in her priesthood's lives ;
 Their spirit still doth linger round Holycross and Kells—
 Oh ! Ireland's monks can know no death while gush our holy wells.

8

High Cashel's fane is standing, and, tho' in the spoiler's hand
 Like captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing to our land,
 For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days of yore
 When kings were monks, and monks were kings, upon our Irish shore.

REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY, S.J.

This air is taken from the Pigot Collection. Its name must not lead the reader to imagine that it is the same as, or even like to, the well-known air of that name. It is a sweet, beautiful bit of music.

DONAL KENNY.

KEY D.

Air: "The Shasken Reel."

{ s₁ .l₁ | d : - .m | r : r .f | s .d^l : l .s | f .r }
 {" Come, | pi - per, play the 'Shas - ken Reel,' }

{ r .f | m .s : m .d | r , m , f : r .t₁ | d .m : r .d | t₁ .s₁ }
 { Or | else the 'Lass - es | on the hea-ther,' }

{ l₁ .t₁ | d .t₁ : d .m | r : r , m , f | s .d^l : l .s | f .r }
 { And, | Ma - ry, lay a - side your wheel }

{ r .d^l | t .l : t .r^l | l .f : r .f | m .d : r .t₁ | d }
 { Un - | til we dance once | more to - gether. ||

{ m .f | s .d^l : d^l .t | d^l : t .d^l | r^l .m^l : r^l .d^l | t .s }
 { At | fair and pat - tern | oft be - fore, }

{ s .f | m .f : m .d | r , m , f : r .t₁ | d .m : r .d | t₁ .s₁ }
 { Of | reels and jigs we've tripped full ma - ny; }

{ s₁ | s .d^l : d^l .t | d^l : t .d^l | r^l .m^l : r^l .d^l | t .s }
 { But | ne'er a - gain this | loved old floor }

{ s .l | t .l : t .r^l | l .f : r .f | m .d : r .t₁ | d }
 { Will | feel the foot of | Don - al Ken-ny." ||

2

Softly she rose and took his hand,
 And softly glided through the measure,
 While, clustering round, the village band
 Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
 Warm blessings flowed from every lip
 As ceased the dancers' airy motion :
 O Blessed Virgin ! guide the ship
 Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean !

3

" Now God be with you all ! " he sighed,
 Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
 " God guard you well, *avic*," they cried,
 " Upon the strange path you are going."
 So full his breast, he scarce could speak,
 With burning grasp the stretched hands taking,
 He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
 And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

4

" Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
 For sake of all the days passed over—
 The days you spent on heath and bawn,
 With *Donal Ruadh*, the rattlin' rover.
 Mary, agraú, your soft brown eye
 Has willed my fate " (he whispered lowly)
 Another holds thy heart : good-bye !
 Heaven grant you both its blessings holy ! "

"A kiss upon her brow of snow,
 A rush across the moonlit meadow,
 Whose broom-clad hazels, trembling slow,
 The mossy breen wrapped in shadow ;
 Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
 And far beyond the Inny river ;
 One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
 And Donal Kenny's gone for ever.

* * * * *

The breezes whistled through the sails,
 O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving,
 And smothered groans and bursting wails
 Told all the grief and pain of leaving.
 One form among that exiled band
 Of parting sorrow gave no token,
 Still was his breath, and cold his hand :
 For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

· · J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

The air is found in O'Neill's *Irish Music*. "It has the life of a reel and the terrible pathos of a caoine." (Dr. Henebry.)

SHALL I?

KEY A. *Lively.*

Air: "Hunting the Hare" (Pigot).

{ | d : - : d₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁, s₁ | s₁ : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ }
 { | Shall I do this, sir, or shall I do that, sir? }

{ | d : - : d₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁, t₁ | l₁ : r : t₁ | d : - : - }
 { | Shall I go in, sir, or shall I go out? }

{ | d : - . d₁ : d₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ }
 { | Shall it be bon - net, or shall it be hat, sir? }

{ | d : s : m | f : r : d₁, l₁ | t₁ : r : t₁ | d : - : - ||
 { | State your o - pin - ion; I'm sad - ly in doubt. ||

{ | m : r : d | m : r : d | f : r : d | l₁ : f₁ : d }
 { | Shall I go ri - ding, or shall I go walk - ing? }

{ | r : t₁ : r | r : t₁ : r | m : s : f | m : - : - }
 { | Shall I ac - cept it, or shall I re - fuse? }

{ | d : - . d₁ : d₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ }
 { | Shall I keep si - lent, or shall I keep talk - ing? }

{ | d : s : m | f : d : s₁ | l₁ : r : t₁ | d : - : - ||
 { | Give your ad - vice, pray; I can - not well choose. ||

REFRAIN.

{ | m : r : d | m : r : d | f : r : d | l₁ : f₁ : d }
 { | Thus do we pan - der to | o - thers' o - pin - ions, }

{ | r : t₁ : r | r : t₁ : r | m : s : f | m : - : - }
 { | Wear-ing the garb of So - ci - e - ty's slaves ; }

{ | d : d₁ : d₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ }
 { | Fash-ion's a ty - rant, and | we are her min - ions, }

{ | d : s : m | f : d : s₁ | l₁ : r : t₁ | d : - : - ||
 { | Rob-bing our life of the | free-dom it craves. ||

2

Ought I to visit her, ought I to cut her ?
 Shall I be friendly, or shall I be cold ?
 Shall I look boldly, or peep through the shutter ?
 Shall I give silver, or shall I give gold ?
 What will be said if I stay from the dinner ?
 What will be said if I'm seen at the ball ?
 Will they proclaim me a saint or a sinner ?
 If not the former, I go not at all.

REFRAIN—Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
 Wearing the garb of Society's slaves ;
 Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
 Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Why not go forward, undaunted, unfearing,
Doing the thing that is lawful and right,
Caring not who may be seeing or hearing,
Shunning the darkness and courting the light ?
Surely if conscience forbear to upbraid us,
Well may we laugh at the verdict of fools ;
God is our guide—for His service He made us,
Not to be ruled by the maker of rules.

REFRAIN—Pander no longer to others' opinions ;
Wear not the garb of Society's slaves ;
Be not of Fashion the pitiful minions ;
Rob not your life of the freedom it craves.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

This pretty song is now wedded to music for the first time. I give it a fitting mate in the pleasant air taken from the Pigot Collection. For the sake of song and music, as well as for the sake of the salutary lesson taught by the words, I hope it will be often sung.

A PATRIOT OF THE TYROL.

KEY D. *Molto spirito.*

Air: "Ancient Clan March."

{ .1 | r¹ .r¹ : r¹ .d¹,r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ .1 | s,fe.s,1 : d¹ .r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ . }
 He | stands with king - ly | eye and keen, And | looks a - down the | val - ley, }

{ .1 | r¹ .r¹ : r¹ .d¹,r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ .1 | l,se.l,t : d¹ .m | r : r . }
 With | hand up-raised as | when he moved Our | bro - ken host to | ral - ly. }

{ .1,t | r¹ .r¹ : r¹ .d¹,r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ .1 | s,fe.s,1 : d¹ .r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ . }
 The | youths and maidens bow | as they pass, The | old men calm-ly | list - en, }

{ .1 | r¹ .r¹ : r¹ .d¹,r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ .1 | l,se.l,t : d¹ .m | r : r . ||
 While | down the grim-faced | war-rior's cheek The | sad tears bright-ly | glis - ten. ||

{ .1,s | f,m.f,s : f .r | m,r.de,r : m .f,s | l,se.l,t : d¹ .m | s,f,m,r : d . }
 "Why | weep, Speck-back-er? | All Tyr - ol | is | free, no ty-rant | ban - ner }

{ .1, | f,m.f,s : f .r | m,r.de,r : m .f,s | l .,t : d¹ .m | r : r . }
 waves | o - ver town or | moun-tain peak, Our | proud land to dis- | hon - our; }

cres.

{ .1,s | f,m.f,s : f .r | m,r.de,r : m .f,s | l,se.l,t : d¹ .m | s,f,m,r : d . }
 And | tho' we tend our | flocks to - day, Like | shep-herds true and | stea - dy, }

{ .1, | f,m.f,s : f .r | m,r.de,r : m .f,s | l,se.l,t : d¹ .m | r : r . ||
 The | clar-ion blast of | war would find Our | ri - fles yet are | rea - dy. ||

ff.

{ .1,t | r¹ .,r¹ : r¹ .d¹,r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ .1 | s,fe.s,1 : d¹ .r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ . }
 And | tho' we tend our | flocks to - day, Like | shep-herds true and | stead - y, }

{ .1 | r¹ .,r¹ : r¹ .d¹,r¹ | m¹ .r¹ : d¹ .1 | l,se.l,t : d¹ .m | r : r . ||
 The | clar-ion blast of | war would find Our | ri - fles yet are | rea - dy. ||

2

“ In the red fight with thee we’ve stood,
When dark Bavarian legions
Had poured across our north frontier,
Swarmed from their German regions.
We’ve knelt in the December snow,
And vowed to stand beside thee,
In weal or woe, in peace or war,
Whatever should betide thee.”
Then closer gathered round the group,
While his proud head bent lowly :
It was a solemn thing to see
A sight so calm and holy—
The greybeards with their aged chief,
The glacier peaks high o’er them—
The mountain pathways stretched behind,
The Virgin’s house before them.

3

“ Years, years have passed,” he cried, “ since we
Fought for our noble Kaiser,
And from unholy tyranny
Our own dear land did raise her ;
But who forgets this woful day ?
Or tenderest child or woman,
When Andreas Hofer martyred lay
Before his treacherous foemen ?
Have Mantua streets no tale to tell
Of him who placed them proudly,
When those he swept from cliff and pass
Called for his blood so loudly ?
The foes have fallen and we yet live—
But him—my more than brother,
Can all Tyrol, from end to end,
Now find us such another ? ”

When by the fire each mountaineer
Sits when the day is over—
And far above the snowy clouds
In winter o'er do hover,
The young may hear from aged lips,
In every clefted valley,
How freedom's sons in every clime
For freedom learnt to rally.
"God, as the master, leader, guide—
With prayers to Holy Mary,
And from the patriot's noble path
No foot shall ever vary.
So did we march the foe to meet,
And calmly died if need be,
And so should work each people who
From slavery would freed be."

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

Speckbacher was born in 1767 and died in 1820. He was one of the noblest and bravest of the patriots of the Tyrol. A peasant, he spent his youth in roaming, and did not learn to read and write until later in life. At the beginning of the war with France he became one of the volunteers who sought to defend the Fatherland. He was a daring fighter, a sharpshooter, but, above all, a cautious, unterrified strategist. He took part in many bloody skirmishes—in all thirty-six—against Marshal Ney and other French and Bavarian enemies of Tyrolese freedom. He was one of the most trusted friends of Hofer. Obligated to retire before superior forces, he spent the entire winter in the Tyrolese mountains, sometimes hid among friends at lonely farms, sometimes hid in Alpine huts and in clefts of rocks, but always hunted by enemies with a price set upon his head.

It was not until 1814 he was able to return home unmolested. A year later he received the national demonstration of honour which "Leo" commemorates in the above fine ballad. I here wed it for the first time to a grand old Irish clan march. The last two lines of each verse are repeated as a refrain.

AN EXILE'S SONG.

KEY A \flat . *Andante*.

{	: m .,r		d .,t ₁ : l ₁ .,s ₁ : m ₁ .,s ₁		l ₁ .l ₁ : l ₁	}
	What		am I think - ing		of all the day ?	

{	: l ₁		d .,r : m .s : f .r		m .m : m	}
	What		am I dream - ing		of all the night ?	

{	: r		d .,r : m .s : f .r		m .m : m	}
	Why		am I sigh - ing		when all are gay,	

{	: m .,r		d .,t ₁ : l ₁ .s ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁		l ₁	
	And		gloom-y 'mid scenes that are		fair ?	

2

Answer it, burning and lonely heart !

Answer it, leagues of ocean foam,

That widely, darkly, and drearily part

The wandering Celt from his native home.

3

I was a child in faith and years,

When I placed my foot on the out-bound ship,

But the tears that trickled were manhood's tears,

As the sunlit prow in the wave did dip.

4

The faces grew dim upon the shore,
And the mountains vanished in mist away,
And a still voice whispered me : " Never more
Shall your eyes look out on your native bay."

5

And I thought of Tom, and my brother Ned,
And Katie, the dearest to me of all ;
And I thought of my mother, so cold and dead,
'Neath the holy shade of the abbey wall.

6

I thought of the cabin beside the heath,
Of the daily toil, and the twilight rest,
Till I prayed that the cold, cold hand of death
Might bear me away to my mother's breast.

7

'Tis twenty years since that bitter day ;
I have learned the sweetness of being free—
But the pulse still beats for the homeward way,
For the olden loves beyond the sea.

Oh ! sing me an Irish song, true love !
A ringing song of the brave old times ;
And voices will whisper from heaven above
A soothing tone on the rushing chimes.

Let it bound along on the twilight air,
Like the charge and tramp of conquering men,
To banish the cloud of my dark despair,
And light my soul with new hope again !

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

MARY OF CARRICK.

KEY A^b. *Slowly.*

{ : m , f , s | m : m . r : r . de | r : d . l₁ : d . d , r }
 { Mary of | Car - rick has gone a - | way From our plea - sant }

{ d r m , m : m . r : d . l₁ | l₁ : m m : f . s }
 { pla - ces down to the | sea, She has put a }

{ | m : m . r : r . de | r : d . l₁ : d . d , r }
 { loss on our moun-tain | gray, She has drained the }

cres.

{ | m : m . r : d . l₁ | l₁ : - . r : f . s }
 { joy from the heart o' | me, Ma - ry a }

*pp.**cres.*

{ | l : - . r : r . de | r : - . m , f : s : f , m }
 { stor, Ma - ry a | stor, Black hair, black }

dim.

{ | m : m . r : d , l₁ , l₁ | l₁ : - ||
 { eyes, I am griev - ing | sore ! }

2

Mary of Carrick is small and sweet—

My share of the World, how sweet were you
Tripping along on little bare feet

With your milking-pails thro' the rainbow dew ?

*Mary a stor,**Mary a stor,**The sun was a shadow with you to the fore !*

Mary of Carrick gave only a smile—
 No word of comfort for words I spake,
 But since she left me, this weary while,
 My heart is learning the way to break,
 Mary a stor,
 Mary a stor,
Quick is my learning—and bitter the lore !

Mary of Carrick, 'tis you I must follow,
 For where you are 'tis there I must be—
 On mountain gray, or in heathery hollow,
 Or where the salt wind blows from the sea.
 Mary a stor,
 Mary a stor,
When I find I shall bind you, nor lose evermore !

ETHNA CARBERY.

Taken by permission from *The Four Winds of Erin*.

HAND IN HAND.

KEY C. *Andante.*

{ | 1 | r^l : d^l . 1 | r^l : d^l . 1 | s : 1 | d : r . m }
 { Our | boun - teous God gave the | fer - tile soil To sus- }

{ | f . s : - . f | r : r | r : - | - : 1 }
 { | tain His peo - ple | well, And }

{ | r^l : d^l . 1 | r^l : d^l . 1 | s : 1 | d : r . m }
 { | not that you of a | vam - pire few Should }

{ | f . s : - . f | r : r | r : - | - || r . m }
 { | make this earth a | hell. || We }

{ | f : 1 | d^l : 1 . 1 | s : s | l : f . s }
 { | are not brutes whom your | plea - sure suits To }

{ | l : f^l . m^l | r^l : d^l . 1 | r^l : - | - : 1 . d^l }
 { | har - ness to lash, and | spurn, But }

{ | r^l : d^l . 1 | r^l : d^l . 1 | s . 1 : - . 1 | d : r . m }
 { | love for love, all | tribes a - bove, And }

{ | f . s : - . f | r : r | r : - | - || }
 { | hate for hate re - | turn. || }

REFRAIN.

{ : r .m | f : l | d^l : l | s : s .s | l : f s }
 { Come ! | hand in hand, at | Heav-en's command, Whose }

{ | l : f^e m | r^l : d^l .l | r^l : - | - : l .d^l }
 { | voice thro' the peo - ple | rolls, | Let us }

{ | r^l : d^l .l | r^l : d^l .l | s .l : - .l | d : r .m }
 { | brave - ly stand for our | lives and land, | And }

{ | f .s : - .f | r : r | r : - | - ||
 { | prove that men have | souls ! | }

2

Must we live and die in the pauper's sty,
 The sweltering poorhouse den,
 Where your pride and lust and rapine thrust
 The souls of immortal men ?
 And then you prate of their brutal state,
 Who've made them the things they are—
 By the Hosts on High, it were better to die
 A thousand times in war !

REFRAIN—Then, hand in hand, etc.

3

O sons of men, called of prophet pen—
 Than angels scarcely less—
 Who can trace one sign of a birth divine
 In your woeful wretchedness ?
 Man, maid, and boy know not hope nor joy
 The light from your eyes has flown—
 All peace and love have soared above,
 And your hearts are turned to stone.

REFRAIN—Yet, hand in hand, etc.

4

We have many a bed of Wicklow lead,
 And stronger Leitrim veins,
 Whence the iron ore may make something more,
 Perchance, than bolts and chains.
 If the scythe and spade, like an iron blade,
 Should rust 'neath the landlord's heel,
 There are gows* enow in the land, I know,
 To turn them both to steel!

REFRAIN—Then hand in hand, etc.

5

The young ash trees shall dance on the breeze,
 In the strife for the soil to join,
 And the forests of larch take life, and march
 From the Suir and storied Boyne.
 At length we stand, an united band,
 Prepared to die or do—
 If no gentler hand can save the land,
 We'll have O'Neill's *láin muad*.

REFRAIN—And, hand in hand, etc.

6

From Tirawley, too, *láin lároim abú!*
 Shall be heard like a larum-drum,
 And a burning sleet and a winding sheet
 Portend your hour is come—
 Your hour of doom; from the shroudless tomb
 Shall rise your victims slain,
 Whose guiltless blood, an awful flood,
 Shall fall in a fiery rain—

REFRAIN—When hand in hand at Heaven's command,
 Whose voice even death controls, etc.

* Blacksmiths.

The dark winds blow, and the grave-lights glow,
And the sky hath a feverish glare,
As to and fro in woe they go,
On the labouring midnight air ;
Then the troubled hosts of our brethren's ghosts,
With a sound like unsheathing swords,
On the blast aghast have passed up fast
To the throne of the Lord of Lords !

REFRAIN—Swear, hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the storm-wind rolls,
To bravely stand for your lives and land,
And prove that men have souls.

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

THE REAPERS' SONG.

KEY F.

Air: "An Smadctín O'íón."

{ : .s₁ | d .,d : m .d | m .s : - .s₁ ,s₁ }
 { The | Au - gust sun is set - ting Like a }

{ | d .,d : m .r ,d | t₁ .r : - .r }
 { | fire be - hind the hills— 'Twill }

{ | d .,d : m ,m .d ,d | m .s : - .s }
 { | rise a - gain to set us free Of }

{ | l .s ,m : d .r | d : || s l t }
 { | life and all its ills; For }

{ | d^l .t : l ,l .t ,t | l .s : - .l ,t }
 { | what is life but deadly strife That }

{ | d^l .t : l .t | l .s : - .s l t }
 { | knows no truce or pause? And }

{ | d^l .,t : l ,l .s ,s | m .l : - .l }
 { | what is death but want of breath To }

CHORUS.

{ | s ,m : d .r | d . - : - .s l t }
 { | curse their a - lien laws? Then a }

{ d^l .t : l .t ,t | l .s :- .l ,t }
 { reap - ing let's go, my boys, A }

{ d^l .t : l .t | l .s :- .s l t }
 { reap - ing let us go; On }

{ d^l .,t : l ,l .s ,s | m .l :- .l }
 { our own soil 'twill be no toil To }

{ s .m : d .r | d :- .||
 { lay the corn low. }

2

The harvest that is growing
 Was given us by God—
 Praise be to Him, the sun and shower
 Work'd for us at His nod.
 The lords of earth, in gold and mirth
 Ride on their ancient way,
 But could their smile have clothed the isle
 In such delight to-day?

CHORUS.

3

“How will you go a reaping?
 Dear friends and neighbours all?”
 “Oh, we will go with pike and gun
 To have our own or fall;
 We'll stack our arms and stack our corn
 Upon the same wide plain;
 We'll plant a guard in barn and yard,
 And give them grape for grain.”

CHORUS.

God speed ye, gallant reapers,
May your courage never fail,
May you thrash your foes and send the chaff
To England on the gale!
May you have a glorious harvest-home,
Whether I'm alive or no;
Your corn grows *here*—the foe comes *there*—
Or *it* or *he* must go.

CHORUS.

Then a-reaping let us go, my boys,
A reaping we will go;
On our own soil 'twill be no toil
To cut the corn low.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.
(1825-1868.)

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 Three hundred men and three men;
 And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A Nation Once Again!

A Nation Once Again!
 A Nation Once Again!
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A Nation Once Again!

And from that time through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone a fair light;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight;
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field and fane;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,
 A Nation Once Again!

It whispered, too, that freedom's ark
 And service high and holy,
 Would be profaned by feelings dark,
 And passions vain or lowly:
 For freedom comes from God's right hand,
 And needs a godly train;
 And righteous men must make our land
 A Nation Once Again!

So as I grew from boy to man,
 I bent me to that bidding—
 My spirit of each selfish plan
 And cruel passion ridding;
 For thus I hoped some day to aid—
 Oh! can such hope be vain?—
 When my dear country shall be made
 A Nation Once Again!

THOMAS DAVIS.

HOW FAIR IS THE SUN ON LOCH GARA!

KEY D. *Tenderly.*

Air: "mo ḡrḡḡ-rḡ ḡn juḡ mḡr."

{ : ṃ . f | s : ṃ : ṛ . ṃ | ḍ : t . s : ḷ . t | ḍ : - . ṛ }
 { How | fair is the | sun on Lough | Gar - a ! }

{ : ṃ . ḍ | ḍ . t : s : s . f | ḍ ṃ r : d : d | d : - }
 { How | bright on the | land of the | Gael ! }

{ : ṃ . f | s : ṃ : ṛ . ṃ | ḍ : t . s : s . ḷ . t | ḍ : - . ṛ }
 { For | sum - mer has | come with her | ver - dure , }

{ : ṃ . ḍ | ḍ . t : s . ḷ : s . f | ḍ ṃ r : d : d | d : - }
 { To | glad - den the | droop - ing and | pale . }

{ : ḍ . r | ṃ : f : s . ḷ | ta : ḍ . ta : s . f | ṃ : d }
 { And | morn o'er the | land - scape is | steal - ing , }

cres.

{ : ḍ . r | ṃ . f : s . ḷ : t . s | ḍ . t : s : s | s : - . f }
 { The | mea - dows are | joy - ous with | May ; }

{ : ṃ . f | s : ṃ : ṛ . ṃ | ḍ : t . s : ḷ . t | ḍ : - . ḷ }
 { All | light - some and | bright - some the | hours — }

{ : ṃ . ḍ | ḍ . t : s : s . f | ḍ ṃ r : d : d | d : - }
 { Poor | E - rin was | nev - er so | gay ! }

2

How loud is the storm on Lough Gara!
How dark on the land of the Gael!
The clouds they are split with red lightning,
The blasts how they mutter and rail!
Oh, black is the evening around us,
And gone are the smiles of the morn,
All gloomsome and dreary the hours—
Poor Erin was never so lorn!

3

Sweet mother! how like to our story!
How like our own mournfullest doom—
Now bright with the prestige of glory—
Now dashed into gloomiest gloom!
How late since our dear flag flew o'er us!
How soon did our poor struggles fail!
And frail as the gladness of Gara
Were the hopes in the heart of the Gael!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

RORY DALL'S LAMENTATION.

KEY D.

Air: "Cailín Dear Cháiríste na mbó."

{	<u>r .m</u>		f	:	l	:	f		m	:	s	:	m		r	:	d	}
	Ah,		where		is		the		no	-	ble		one		van	-	ish'd?	

{	<u>r .m</u>		f	:	l	:	f		m	:	s	:	m		r	:	-	}
	I		look		thro'		the		day		and		the		night;			

{	<u>r .m</u>		f	:	l	:	f		m	:	s .f	:	m .r		r	:	d	}
	The		sun		and		the		north	-	star		are		stead	-	fast,	

{	<u>l .s</u>		f	:	-	.	m	:	r		l ₁	:	r	:	r .m		r	:	-	
	But my		Ei		-		re		is		fled		from		my		sight.			

cres.

{	<u>r .m</u>		f	:	s	:	l .t		d ^l	:	l	:	d ^l		r ^l	:	r	}
	The		moun-tain		-		ous		Al	-	byn		I		clam	-	ber,	

{	<u>r .m</u>		f	:	s	:	l .t		d ^l	:	l	:	d ^l		r ^l	:	-	}
	And		Mo	-	na		of		winds		I		can		see,			

f

{	<u>m^l .r^l</u>		d ^l	:	l .t	:	d ^l		f	:	s .f	:	m .r		r	:	d	}
	Wild		Wal	-	lia		still		frowns		on		the		o	-	cean,	

{	<u>l .s</u>		f	:	-	.	m	:	r		l ₁	:	r	:	r .m		r	:	-	
	But my		Ei		-		re		is		hid	-	den		from		me.			

2

Who passeth, all shrouded in sable,
 Moaning low, like a wandering wind?
 What voice is this wailing? I fear me
 'Tis one that should madden my mind.
 O Eire! my saint and my lady—
 Oh! musical, beautiful, brave;
 Why, why do you pass like a shadow
 That smiles on the sleep of a slave?

3

If these dark eyes were bright as the falcon's,
 If my soul would fly with me away,
 And give me to-morrow with Eire,
 Death might have me for asking next day.
 For what is my life without Eire?
 A harp with the base of it gone;
 And glory? a bright golden goblet,
 When the wine that should fill it is done.

4

Oh! had I my foot on your heather,
 With my harp and my hound in my ken,
 No door but would play on its hinges
 To have Rory Dall coming again.
 Ah, potent the spell that should sever
 My Eire and me evermore—
 The angel of judgment might part us,
 We could not be parted before.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

Rory "Dall," or the blind, a celebrated Irish harper at the court of James V. of Scotland; who was banished that court for declaring he would rather be the O'Neill than King of Scotland.

MY TRIP OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

KEY G. *Pretty quick.*

Air: "Ὅπως να ταξιδίσεις βάλνε."

{ : l ₁	l ₁ : l ₁ : l ₁	d . r : - . r : m	r : t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : l ₁	}
{ 'Twas	night and the	moon was just	seen in the	west,	}

{ : t ₁ . t ₁	d : t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : m ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : - : -	l ₁ : -	}
{ (When I	first took a	no - tion to	mar -	ry ;	}

{ : l ₁	l ₁ : - . l ₁ : l ₁	d . r : - : m	r : t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : l ₁	}
{ I	rose and pur -	sued my	jour - ney in	haste,	}

{ : t ₁ . t ₁	d : t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : m ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : - :	l ₁ : -	
{ (You'd have	known that I	was in a	hur -	ry.	

{ : l ₁	l ₁ : - . l ₁ : t ₁	d : r : m	s : l : - . l	l ₁ : -	}
{ I	came to the	door, and I	rat - tled the pin,		}

{ : l ₁	l ₁ : - . l ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁	d : r : m	l : l : l	s : -	}
{ I	lift - ed the	latch and I	bold - ly walked in,		}

{ : l	f : f : f	m : m : m	r : t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : -	}
{ And	see - ing my	sweetheart I	bid her "good e'en,"		}

{ : t ₁ . t ₁	d : t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : m ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : - : -	l ₁ : -	
{ (Saying,	"Come with me	o - ver the	moun -	tain."	

2

“What humour is this you’ve got into your head ?
 I’m glad for to see you so merry ;
 It’s twelve by the clock, and they’re all gone to bed ;
 Speak low, or my dadda will hear ye !”
 “I’ve spoken my mind, and I never will rue ;
 I’ve courted a year, and I think it will do ;
 But if you refuse me, sweet girl, adieu !
 I must go alone o’er the mountain !”

3

“But if from my dadda and mamma I go,
 They never will think of me longer ;
 The neighbours about them, too, will not be slow
 To say, that no one could do wronger.”
 “Sweet girl, we’re wasting the sweet hours away,
 I care not a fig what the whole of them say,
 For you will be mine by the dawn of the day,
 If you’ll come with me over the mountain !”

4

She looked in my face with a tear in her eye,
 And saw that my mind was still steady,
 Then rubb’d out the tear she was going to cry ;
 “In God’s name, my dear, now get ready !”
 “Stop ! stop ! a few moments till I get my shoes !”
 My heart is rejoiced for to hear the glad news ;
 She lifted the latch, saying, “I hope you’ll excuse
 My simplicity over the mountains !”

5

’Twas night, and the moon had gone down in the west,
 And the morning star clearly was shining,
 As we two pursued our journey in haste,
 And were joined at the altar in Hymen !
 In peace and contentment we spent the long day,
 The anger of parents, it soon wore away,
 And oft we sat chatting, when we’d nothing to say,
 Of the trip we took over the mountain !

"OH, BLAME NOT THE BARD!"

KEY E♭. *Andante*.

Air: "Kitty Tyrrell."

mf.

{ | $\underline{d \cdot l_1}$ | s_1 : l_1 : d | | d : - r : $m \cdot r$ | d : d^1 : t }
 { "Oh! blame not the Bard!" was the prayer he put }

{ | \underline{l} : - t : $d^1 \cdot l$ | | $\underline{l \cdot s}$: $f \cdot m$: $r \cdot d$ | d : d : r }
 { | forth To the | age and the | na - tion he }

{ | m : $f \cdot m$: $r \cdot d$ | | $t \cdot l_1$: - : $d \cdot l_1$ | s_1 : l_1 : d }
 { | wished to a - | dorn, Well he knew that man's }

{ | d : - r : $m \cdot r$ | | d : d^1 : t | \underline{l} : - : $d^1 \cdot l$ }
 { | life is a | war - fare on | earth, And that }

dim.

{ | $\underline{l \cdot s}$: $f \cdot m$: $r \cdot d$ | | d : l_1 : $d, r \cdot m$ | r : d : d }
 { | peace on - ly | comes to the | dust in the }

{ | d : - || s | d^1 : t : d^1 | | \underline{l} : - t : d^1 }
 { | urn. || Yet | who that has | paus'd o'er his }

{ | r^1 : - d^1 : $t \cdot l$ | | s : - : $s, l \cdot t$ | d^1 : $d^1 \cdot t$: $\underline{l \cdot s}$ }
 { | mag - i - cal | page, Could | cou - ple the }

{ | m : $f \cdot m$: $r \cdot d$ | | r : $d, r \cdot m$: $r \cdot d$ | | $\underline{l_1}$: - t_1 : $d \cdot l_1$ }
 { | bard, e'en in | fan - cy, with | blame? The de- }

{ | s₁ : l₁ : d | d : - .r : m .r | d : d^l : - .t }
 { | light of our | youth, and our | sol - ace in }

{ | l : - : d^l .l | l .s : f .m : r .d | d : l₁ : d, r .m }
 { | age, In the | bright roll of | song, the pre - }

{ | r : d : d | d : - ||
 { | em - i - nent | name! ||

2

Who can think of the thoughts, as in torrents they roll'd
 From the spring of his soul, and forget how, at first,
 We learn'd to repeat them from lips that are cold,
 And caught them upheaving from hearts that are dust!
 He err'd—is that more than to say he was human?
 Yet how nobly he paid for the errors of youth!
 Who has taught, as he taught, man's fealty to woman,
 Who has left us such texts of love, freedom, and truth?

3

Blame not the Bard! let the cynic who never relented
 Dwell alone on the page that is soil'd with a stain,
 Forgetting how deeply and long he repented—
 Forgetting his purer and holier strain.
 For us—while an echo remains on life's mountain,
 While the isle of our youth 'mid the seas shall endure—
 We must pray, as we stoop to drink at the fountain
 Of song, for the soul of the Builder—Tom Moore.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

This song will be found very appropriate for a festival concert in honour of Thomas Moore. It is sung to the same air as the Poet's song,

THE REBEL HEART.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

Air: "The Mountains."

{	: s	s	: m	s .f	: m .r	d	: -	.r	l ₁	}
	From	reb	- el	veins	my	life		I	drew,	}

{	: d .l ₁	s ₁	: l ₁ .d	d	: r .m	f	: -		}
	In	re	- bel	arms	I	lay,			}

{	: m .f	s	: m	s .f	: m .r	d	: r	l ₁	}
	From	reb	- el	lips	the	les - sons		knew	}

{	: d .l ₁	s ₁	: l ₁ d	d	: - .d	d	: -		}
	That	led	me	day	by	day;			}

{	: d .r	m	: - .r	d	: r .m	f	: s	s	}
	And	rocked	to	rest	on	reb - el		breast,	}

{	: d ¹ .l	s	: m	d	: r .m	f	: -		}
	And	nursed	on	reb - el	knee,				}

{	: m .f	s	: m	s .f	: m .r	d	: r	l ₁	}
	There	woke	and	grew,	for	weal or		rue,	}

{	: d .l ₁	s ₁	: l ₁	d	: - .d	d	: -		
	A	reb - el	heart	in	me.				

CHORUS.

{	: d .r	m	: r	d	: r .m	f	: s	s	}
	A	reb - el	heart,	a	reb - el		heart!		}

{	: d ¹ .l	s	: - .m	d	: r .m	f	: -		}
	From	taint	of thral -	dom	free,				}

{ : m . f	s : m	s . f : m . r	d : r	l,	}
God	streng - then	still, thro'	good and	ill,	

{ : d . l,	s, : - . l,	d : d	d : -		
A	reb - el heart	in	me!		

2

My home was where the Moher heights
 Rise rugged o'er the wave,
 And nature's scenes and nature's sights
 Forbade me live a slave.
 The billows on the crag that crashed
 Still thundered "Liberty,"
 And at the cry throbbed fast and high
 The rebel heart in me.

CHORUS.

3

I read my country's chequered page,
 I sang her deathless songs,
 I wept her woes from age to age,
 And burned to right her wrongs:
 And when I saw to British law
 She never bent the knee,
 Oh, prouder yet for Ireland beat
 The rebel heart in me.

CHORUS.

4

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 'Mid scenes and faces strange,
 And passing years have in my breast
 Worked many a wondrous change:
 One hope of old still firm I hold,
 And cold in earth I'll be,
 Ere breaks or fails, or sinks or quails,
 The rebel heart in me.

CHORUS.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

LOVELY LOCH LEIN.

KEY A^b. *Pretty quick.*

Air: "Dean an tPáirí Ruadh."

{ $\frac{d}{\text{Though}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{of}}$ $\frac{m}{-}$ $\frac{d}{\text{ten}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{I'd}}$ $\frac{l_1}{\text{rove}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{through}}$ $\frac{l_1}{\text{grove}}$ $\frac{s_1}{\text{and}}$ $\frac{s_1}{\text{and}}$ }

{ $\frac{l_1}{\text{val}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{-ley}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{and}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{mount,}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{From}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{Shan}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{-non}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{to}}$ }

{ $\frac{f}{\text{Rath,}}$ $\frac{-}{\text{each}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{each}}$ $\frac{f}{\text{path}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{by}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{by}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{fort}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{and}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{by}}$ }

{ $\frac{r}{\text{fount,}}$ $\frac{-}{\text{I}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{I}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{saw}}$ $\frac{-}{\text{not}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{else}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{-}}$ $\frac{f}{\text{where}}$ $\frac{-}{\text{so}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{so}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{fair,}}$ $\frac{-}{\text{so}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{so}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{so}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{beau}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{-teous}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{a}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{scene}}$ $\frac{-}{\text{As}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{the}}$ }

{ $\frac{m}{\text{lit}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{-tle}}$ $\frac{r}{\text{white}}$ $\frac{l_1}{\text{town,}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{the}}$ $\frac{l_1}{\text{crown}}$ $\frac{s_1}{\text{of}}$ $\frac{s_1}{\text{the}}$ }

{ $\frac{l_1}{\text{love}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{-ly}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{Loch}}$ $\frac{d}{\text{Lein.}}$ }

2

How sweet is its grace, that place with fruit ever fair,
The trees white with flowers, and showers of scent on the air,
The waters and boats, where notes of melody pour
From Ross Castle tower, the bower of dames we adore.

3

What damosels fair! 'Tis there is gaiety found,
Red wine on the board, a hoard of dainties around;
High chase of the deer, the cheer, and winding of horn,
With thrush's sweet song among the branches at morn.

4

I've wandered brown Beare, from there to Erne in the North;
I've watched in the West, the best of its beauty and worth;
But, afar or anear, the peer I never have seen
Of the fairy-fond place, whose grace is the lovely Loch Lein.

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

CAHIR O'DOGHERTY'S MESSAGE.

KEY C. *Lively*.

Air: "The Groves of Blackpool."

{	: d ^l .d ^l	s	: l	: f	m	: f	: r	d	: r	}
{	Shall the	chil - dren	of	Uls - ter	de -	spair?				}

{	: m	s	: m	: d	d	: m	: s	l	: -	}
{	Shall	Ai - leach	but	e - cho	to	groans?				}

{	: d ^l .d ^l	s	: l	: f	m	: f	: r	d	: r	}	
{	Shall the	line	of	Conn	tame - ly	re -	pair				}

{	: m .m	s	: m	: d	d	: m	: s	l	: -	}	
{	To the	char - nel	and	leave	it	their	bones?				}

{	: t .t	d ^l	: t	: d ^l	r ^l	: d ^l	: t	l	: s	}
{	Sleeps the	soul	of	O'	Neill	in	Ty -	rone?		}

{	: m .m	d ^l	: t	: d ^l	r ^l	: d ^l	: t	l	: -	}	
{	Glance no	ax - es	a -	round	by	Lough	Erne?				}

{	: d ^l .r ^l	m ^l	: d ^l	: m ^l	r ^l	: d ^l	: t	l .d ^l	: -	}	
{	Has Clan	Ran - dall	the	heart	of	a	stone?				}

{	: l .l	s	: m	: d	d	: m	: s	l	: -	
{	Does O'	Boyle	hide	his	head	in	the	fern?		

2

Go, tell them O'Dogherty waits—
 Waits harness'd and mounted and all,
 That his pikestaves are made by the gates—
 That his bed's by the white waterfall!
 Say, he turneth his back to the sea,
 Though the sail flaps to bear him afar!
 Say, he never will falter or flee,
 While ten men are found willing for war!

3

Bid them mark his death-day in their books,
 And hide for the future the tale;
 And insult not his corpse with cold looks,
 Nor remember him over their ale.
 If they come not in arms and in rage,
 Let them stay, he can battle alone—
 For one flag, in this fetter-worn age,
 Is still flying in free Innishowen!

4

If the children of chieftains you see,
 Oh, pause and repeat to them then,
 That Cahir, who lives by the sea,
 Bids them think of him, when they are men;
 Bids them watch for new Chiefs to arise,
 And be ready to come at their call—
 Bids them mourn not for him if he dies,
 But like him live to conquer or fall!

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

In 1608 O'Dogherty, Chief of Innishowen, seized Derry, garrisoned Culmore, and fought a campaign of five months against the troops of James I. with success. He fell by assassination in the twentieth year of his age.

THE MEN OF EIGHTY-TWO.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "The Crúiscín Lán."

{ :m ₁	m ₁ .l ₁ : l ₁ .t ₁ d	: t ₁ .d	r .d : t ₁ .l ₁ se ₁ }
{ To	rend a cru - el chain,	To	end a foreign reign, }

{ :m ₁	m ₁ .,l ₁ : l ₁ .,t ₁ d .t ₁	: d .,r	m : - - }
{ The	swords of the Volun - teers	were	drawn. }

<i>f</i>		<i>dim.</i>	
{ :m	m .,d : d .,m s	: f .m	r .d : t ₁ .,d r }
{ And	instant from their sway,	Op -	pression fled a-way, }

{ :d .,r	m .,r : d .t ₁ m : m ₁	l ₁ : t ₁ d }
{ So we'll	drink them in a crúis - cín	lán, lán, lán, }

{ :d .,r	m .,f : m .,r m .d : t ₁	l ₁ : - -
{ We'll	drink them in a crúis - cín	lán !

2

Within that host were seen
 The Orange, Blue and Green—
 The Bishop for its coat left his lawn—
 The peasant and the lord
 Ranked in with one accord,
 Like brothers at a crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
 Like brothers at a crúiscín lán !

3

With liberty there came
 Wit, eloquence, and fame;
 Our feuds went like mists from the dawn.
 Old bigotry disdained—
 Old privilege retained—
 Oh ! sages, fill a crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
 And, boys ! fill up a crúiscín lán !

4

The traders' coffers filled,
 The barren lands' were tilled,
 Our ships on the waters thick as spawn—
 Prosperity broke forth,
 Like summer in the north—
 Ye merchants! fill a crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
 Ye farmers! fill a crúiscín lán!

5

The memory of that day
 Shall never pass away,
 Tho' its fame shall be yet outshone;
 We'll grave it on our shrines,
 We'll shout it in our lines—
 Old Iréland! fill a crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
 Young Ireland! fill a crúiscín lán!

6

And drink—The Volunteers,
 Their generals, and seers,
 Their gallantry, their genius, and their brawn,
 With water, or with wine—
 The draught is but a sign—
 The purpose fills the crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
 This purpose fills the crúiscín lán!

7

That ere Old Ireland goes,
 And while Young Ireland glows,
 The swords of our sires be girt on,
 And loyally renew
 The work of Eighty-Two—
 Oh! gentlemen—a crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
 Our freedom! in a crúiscín lán.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

KEY F.

Air: "New Langeloe."

p. *cres.*
 { $\underline{\dot{d}.l}_1$ | $s_1 : l_1 : d$ | $\dot{d} : r : m$ | $f : l : s$ | $f : m$ }
 { Dear | harp of my country! in | dark-ness I found thee, }

{ r | $m : d : l_1$ | $s_1 : -.l_1 : d$ | $m : -.f : r$ | $d : -$ }
 { The | cold chain of si - lence had | hung o'er thee long, }

p. *cres.*
 { $\underline{\dot{d}.l}_1$ | $s_1 : l_1 : d$ | $\dot{d} : r : m$ | $f : l : s$ | $f : m$ }
 { When | proud-ly my own Is - land | Harp I un - bound thee }

dim.
 { r | $m : d : l_1$ | $s_1 : -.l_1 : d$ | $m : -.f : r$ | $d : -$ }
 { And | gave all thy chords to light, | free - dom and song! }

cres.
 { d | $d : m : s$ | $s : -.m : s$ | $f : -.s : l$ | $s : m$ }
 { The | warm lay of love, and the | light note of glad-ness }

dim.
 { d | $d : m : s$ | $l : -.t : d^1$ | $d : -.r : d$ | $d : -$ }
 { Have | waken'd thy fond - est, thy | liv - li - est thrill; }

{ $l_1 . s_1$ | $f : -.f : f$ | $f : m : m$ | $r : -.d : r$ | $m : d$ }
 { But so | oft hast thou e-choed the | deep sigh of sad - ness, }

{ l_1 | $d : -.l_1 : s_1$ | $s_1 : l_1 : d$ | $m : -.f : r$ | $d : -$ ||
 { That | ev'n in thy mirth it will | steal from thee still. ||

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'twas thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

THOMAS MOORE.

TEARS ON THY SACRED FACE, MY GOD.

KEY F. *Moderato*.

Air: "Slane's Lamentation."

{ :m .f | s : - .l | m : l .se | l : l | | d : - .r }
 { Tears | on Thy Sa - cred | Face, my God! Long }

{ | m : r .d | l | | d .t | l : - | : m .f }
 { sor - row, told by tears, A }

{ | s : - .l | m : l .se | l : l | | ḋ : r }
 { wreath of tor - ture | crowns at last The }

{ | m : r .d | l | : d .t | l : - | : m }
 { ag - o - ny of years. Thy }

{ | l : - .t | ḋ : t .l | t : s | m : m }
 { glo - ry dimmed, Thy | beau - ty fled, Thy }

{ | l : - .t | ḋ : l .s | ḋ : - | : m .f }
 { ten - der touch - ing | grace Beams }

{ | s : - .l | m : l .se | l : l | | ḋ : r }
 { on us now no | long - er here, O }

{ | m : r .d | l | : d .t | l : - | |
 { Sa - cred, Suf - f'ring | Face! }

2

Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God !
The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin,
The sin whose deadly hands have laid
So deep, so sad a trace
On Brow, and Lips, and weeping Eyes,
O Sacred, Suffering Face !

3

Love on Thy Sacred Face, my God !
The love that liveth on,
Though light, and loveliness, and joy,
To sight of earth are gone ;
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,
And folds in Thine embrace
The children of Thy tears, my God !
O Sacred, Suffering Face !

M. G. R.

THE PEACEFUL NAME OF MARY.

KEY A^b. *Slow*.

{ :m .f | s : - .l : f .s | m : - : r | d : - .t : s .l }
 { The | peace - ful name of | Mary ! | When | day is at its } .

{ | ta : - : d .r | d : - .t : s .f .m | f : - : m .f }
 { | close, | And | wea - ry hearts and | eyelids | Are }

{ | s : - .d : d .r | d : - : m .f | s : - .l : f .s }
 { | yearn - ing for re- | pose ; | Sleep | falls in dreams more }

{ | m : - : r | d : - .t : s .l | ta : - : d .r }
 { | holy, | Rest | shows her form most | fair, | Where the }

{ | d : - .t : s .f .m | f : - : m .f | s : - .d : d .r }
 { | sweet | name of | Mary | Hath | closed the ev'-ning }

piu moto.

{ | d : - : s | d : - .r : m .f | s : - : f }
 { | prayer. | The | bless - ed name of | Mary ! | When }

{ | s : - .l : s .f .m | f : - : m .f | s : - .l : s .m .r }
 { | morn is | up once | more, | And | hearts new-born from }

a tempo.

{ | m : - : r | d : - .t : s .f | s : - : m .f }
 { | slumber | Are | hast - 'ning to a- | dore ; | Still }

{ | s : - . l : f . s | m : - : r | d : - . t₁ : s₁ . l₁ }
 { | morn - ing joys grow | deeper, As | wakes on ev' - ry }

{ | ta₁ : - : d . r | d : - . t₁ : s₁ f₁ m₁ | f₁ : - : m₁ f₁ }
 { | tongue The | joy - ful name of | Mary, From }

{ | s₁ : - . d : d . r | d : - ||
 { | whom our joy hath | sprung. ||

2

The royal name of Mary !
 When storms are raging round,
 And many a fierce temptation
 Would hurl us to the ground ;
 Thus then, in grief and danger,
 We turn our Queen to view,
 And the great name of Mary
 Still bears us bravely through.

The heaven-taught name of Mary !
 When death itself draws near,
 And the poor heart is aching
 With many an anxious fear ;
 This name which blessed our childhood,
 And checked youth's headlong course,
 The conquering name of Mary,
 Then most we'll prove its force.

SISTER ALPHONSUS DOWNING.

SAINT BRIGID.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

{ : s₁ | d : - . r : d | t₁ : - . l₁ : s₁ | s : - : - | l : - . t }
 { O ! | Brig - id, Saint most ho - ly, }

{ : d^l | s : - . f : m | r : - : d | l₁ : - : - | - : }
 { Dear | Pa - tron of our Isle, }

{ : t₁ | d : - . r : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s : - : - | l : - . t }
 { Oh, | make, oh ! make us ho - ly, }

{ : d^l | s : - . f : m | r : - : d | d : - : - | - : ||
 { What- | ev - er foes be - guile. ||

{ : s . s | s : - . l : t | d^l : - : d^l | d^l : - : - | d^l : - . t }
 { Make the | ho - ly still more ho - ly, }

{ : l . l | s : - . f : m | r : - : d | l₁ : - : - | - : }
 { Make the | pure one still more pure ; }

{ : t₁ | d : - . r : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s : - : - | l : - . t }
 { With | thy pro - tec - tion, Brig - id, }

{ d^l | s : - . f : m | r : - : d | d : - : - | - : ||
 { Of | bless - ings we are sure. ||

2

The Lamp of Love you lighted
 In golden days of yore
 Within the heart of Eirinn,
 Oh, make it glow once more.
 When heedless hearts would quench it,
 And ruthless foes assail,
 Be near to shield and guard it,
 O Mary of the Gael!

3

Be near us, holy Brigid,
 When suff'ring comes our way ;
 Be near us when the tempter
 Would lead our souls astray.
 Watch over all thy children,
 Where'er on earth they be,
 And keep them always faithful
 To Eirinn, God and thee !

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

The above is a hymn to St. Brigid, partly old and partly new. The first verse is old—one of several that used to be sung in Dundalk church. The others are lost. The second and third verses were written at my request by Brian O'Higgins, and are now published for the first time.

APPENDIX

SINCE this volume went to press the following very pretty versions of airs have come into my hands. I did not wish to withhold them from the readers who have given such large encouragement to my previous efforts, and hence I set them down here as an appendix.

THE EDITOR.

MY TRIP OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

KEY G. *Moderato.*

{ : s₁ | s₁ : d : d | t₁ : r : r | d : m : d | r : - }
 { 'Twas | night and the morn was just | seen in the west, }

{ : m . f | s : m : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ | l₁ : t₁ : r | d : - }
 { When I | first took a no - tion to | mar - ry; }

{ : s₁ | s₁ : d : d | t₁ : r : r | d : m : d | r : - }
 { I | rose and pur - sued my | jour - ney in haste, }

{ : m . f | s : m : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ | r : - : - | d : - ||
 { You'd have | known that I was in a | hur - ry. }

{ : m . f | s : m : d | d : m : s | l : f : r | r : - }
 { I | came to the door and I | rat - tled the pin, }

{ : m . f | s : m : d | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - }
 { I | lift - ed the latch and I | bold - ly walked in, }

{ : s₁ | s₁ : d : d | t₁ : r : r | d : m : d | r : - }
 { And | see - ing my sweet-heart I | bid her "good e'en," }

{ : m f | s : m : d | t₁ : l₁ : t₁ | r : - : - | d : - ||
 { Saying | "Come with me o - ver the | moun - tain." }

2

"What humour is this you've got in your head?
 I'm glad for to see you so merry;
 It's twelve by the clock, and they're all gone to bed:
 Speak low, or my dadda will hear ye!"
 "I've spoken my mind, and I never will rue;
 I've courted a year, and I think it will do;
 But if you refuse me, sweet girl, adieu!
 I must go alone o'er the mountain!"

3

"But if from my dadda and mamma I go,
 They never will think of me longer;
 The neighbours about them, too, will not be slow
 To say, that no one could do wronger."
 "Sweet girl, we're wasting the sweet hours away,
 I care not a fig what the whole of them say,
 For you will be mine by the dawn of the day,
 If you'll come with me over the mountain!"

4

She looked in my face with a tear in her eye,
 And saw that my mind was still steady,
 Then rubb'd out the tear she was going to cry;
 "In God's name, my dear, now get ready!"
 "Stop! stop! a few moments till I get my shoes!"
 My heart is rejoiced for to hear the glad news;
 She lifted the latch, saying, "I hope you'll excuse
 My simplicity over the mountain!"

5

'Twas night, and the moon had gone down in the west,
 And the morning star clearly was shining,
 As we two pursued our journey in haste,
 And were joined at the altar in Hymen!
 In peace and contentment we spent the long day,
 The anger of parents, it soon wore away,
 And oft we sat chatting, when we'd nothing to say,
 Of the trip we took over the mountain!

THOMAS DARCY M'GEE.

This air I got from the Rev. P. Cummins, Enniscorthy. I've already set the song to another fine air, but having learned, whilst this book was going through the press, that the song was being sung in Co. Wexford to above air, I think it better to reprint the song to this music.

BOOLAVOGUE.

KEY F. *Somewhat slow.*

Air: "Youghal Harbour."

{ : s₁ | ḍ .s₁ : ḍ .r : ṃ .s | d^l .,t : l : d^l .l ,l }
 { At | Boo-la - vogue as the | sun was set - ting O'er the }

{ | ṣ .ṃ : ḍ : ṛ .ṃ | ṛ .ḍ : l₁ : - .s₁ }
 { | bright May mead - ows of | Shel - ma - lier, A }

{ | ḍ .s₁ : ḍ .r : ṃ .s | d^l .,t : l : d^l .,l }
 { | reb - el hand set the | hea - ther bla - zing And }

{ | ṣ .l : ṃ .,r : ḍ .r | ḍ̂ .ḍ̂ : ḍ || .ṃ }
 { | brought the neigh - bours from | far and near. Then }

{ | ṣ .ṃ : ṣ : ḷ .t | d^l .t : l : d^l .l }
 { | Fa - ther Mur - phy from | old Kil - cor - mack Spurred }

{ | ṣ .ṃ : ḍ : ṛ .ṃ | ṛ .ḍ : l₁ : .s₁ }
 { | up the rocks with a | warn-ing cry. "Arm!" }

{ | ḍ .s₁ : ḍ .r : ṃ .s | d^l .,t : l : d^l .,l }
 { | arm!" he cried, "for I've | come to lead you, For }

{ | ṣ .l : ṃ .,r : ḍ .r | ḍ̂ .ḍ̂ : ḍ || }
 { | Ire-land's free - dom we | fight or die."

2

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers,
 And the cowardly yeomen we put to flight;
 'Twas at the Harrow the boys of Wexford
 Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.
 Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
 Search every kingdom that breathes a slave,
 For Father Murphy of the County Wexford
 Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

3

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,
 And Wexford storming drove out our foes;
 'Twas at Slieve Kiltha our pikes were reeking
 With the crimson stream of the beaten yeos.
 At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
 Full many a Hessian lay in his gore.
 Ah, Father Murphy, had aid come over,
 The green flag floated from shore to shore!

4

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney,
 Our heroes vainly stood back to back,
 And the yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
 And burned his body upon the rack.
 God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,
 And open heaven to all your men;
 The cause that called you may call to-morrow
 In another fight for the green again.

P. J. M'CALL.

This fine song is taken, with permission of Mrs. M'Call, from P. J. M'Call's collection. The above air is a Co. Wexford version, obtained from the Rev. P. Cummins, Enniscorthy, and written down by Chevalier Grattan-Flood, Mus. Doc.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WITH YOU ALL.

KEY D. *Rather slow.*

{ : .s | f .m : d : - .r | m .,m : f : m .f }
 Oh ! why are we so soon to part, And }

{ | s .d^l : t .s : f .s | f .m : d .l_l : ta_l .s }
 leave this scene of gay de - light ? And }

{ | f .m : d : - .r | m .,m : f : m .f }
 why does yon re - clin - ing moon Pro- }

{ | s : d^l : t ,s .f ,s | f .m : d .d : d . | s ,s }
 claim that we must bid good night ? { Tho' a- }

{ | d^l .,s : s : - .l | ta .,d^l : ta : - .s }
 las by fate we're doomed to part, We'll }

{ | f .,m : f : - .s | f .m : d .l_l : ta_l .s }
 meet a - gain at friend - ship's call, And }

{ | f .m : d : - .r | m .,m : f : m .f }
 then en - joy a glow of heart, Good }

{ | s .d^l ^{r^l} : t .s : f .s | f .m : d .d : d[^] .d ,r }
 night and joy be with you all, be }

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} | m \quad .m \quad : f \\ \text{with} \quad \text{you} \quad \text{all}, \end{array} \right.$
 $\quad : m \quad .f$
 $\quad \left| \begin{array}{l} s \\ \text{night} \end{array} \right.$
 $\quad : -$
 $\quad \widehat{.d^i}^{r^i}$
 $\quad : t, s \quad .f, s$
 $\quad \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{and} \quad \text{joy} \quad \text{be} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} | f \quad .m \quad : d \quad .d \quad : d \quad . \\ \text{with} \quad \text{you} \quad \text{all}. \end{array} \right. \parallel$

This is a traditional and beautiful version of the air as sung in Co. Wexford. I got it from the Rev. P. Cummins, Enniscorthy, whose fine traditional style of singing, both Irish and English songs, shows that Wexford has not lost the old traditional touch.

I have not been able to get all the verses of this nice old ballad. I hope that some of my readers may have them. I will hereafter print them in a second edition, if they come into my hands.

A CO. WEXFORD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

KEY F. *Slow.*

{ : s₁ | d .d, t₁ : d :- .r | m .f : s : s }
 { Good | peo - ple all this | Christmas time, Con - }

{ f .m : d .s₁ :- .l₁ | ta₁ .d : ta₁ : .s₁ }
 { sid - er well and | bear in mind, What }

{ | d .d, t₁ : d :- .r | m .f : s : m }
 { our good God for | us has done, In }

{ | f .s : m .d :- .r | d .d : d || .d }
 { send - ing His be - | lov - ed Son. With }

{ | d .ta : s .f :- .r | ma .f : ma :- .s, f }
 { Ma - ry ho - ly | we should pray To }

{ | ma , r , d : d .s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ .d : ta₁ : .s₁ }
 { God with love this | Christmas Day; In }

{ | d .d, t₁ : d :- .r | m .f : s :- .m }
 { Beth - e - lem up - | on that morn There }

{ | f .s : m .d :- .r | d .d : d || }
 { was a bless - ed Mes - | si - ah born. }

2

The night before that happy tide,
The noble Virgin and her guide,
Were a long time seeking up and down
To find a lodging in the town.
But mark how all things came to pass,
From every door repelled, alas!
As long foretold, their refuge all,
Was but an humble ox's stall.

3

Near Bethelam did shepherds keep
Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep
To whom God's angels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear.
"Prepare and go," the angels said,
"To Bethelam, be not afraid
For there you'll find, this happy morn,
A Princely Babe, sweet Jesus born."

4

With thankful heart and joyful mind,
The shepherds went the Babe to find,
And as God's Angel had foretold,
They did our Saviour Christ behold.
Within a manger he was laid,
And by His side the Virgin Maid,
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Who came on earth to end all strife.

5

There were three wise men on their way,
Directed by a glorious star,
Came boldly on and made no stay,
Until they came where Jesus lay.
And when they came unto that place
And looked with love on Jesus' face,
In faith, they humbly knelt to greet
With gifts of gold and incense sweet.

Come let us then our tribute pay
To our good God, as well we may,
For all the grace and mercy shown,
Thro' His Son to us, till then unknown.
And when thro' life we wend our way,
'Mid trials and sorrows, day by day.
In faith and hope, whate'er befall,
We'll wait, in peace, His holy call.

Father Fitzhenry, Adm., Enniscorthy, writes, as follows :—" Carol at first meant a dance accompanied by song. In the 16th century the dance was dropped and Carol now means song only. Carols have been in Ireland since, at least, the 14th century.

In the latter part of the 17th century coarse and indecent songs began to flow into our county; so much so, that the Bishop of the time, Dr. Luke Wadding, as a set off against them, composed many 'pious and godly songs' and carols. His carols have been sung in Kilmore (South Wexford) since 1680.

This carol—author unknown—is sung by a local traditional singer. The words, where necessary, have been revised by Father Cummins, and the old air, to which they are sung, has been put in form by Dr. Grattan Flood."

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

KEY A.

(A CAOINE).

{ :d.r | m : r .d : d,r.m | r : m,r.d,l : s₁ | l₁ : d : d.,r }
 { The | grey dawn had | crept o'er the | still - ness of }

{ d :- : r .,m | f :- : f ,m , r | m :- : m , r , d }
 { morning, The | dew drop had | glis - tened like }

{ r : l : s .,m | r :- : d,r.m | f :- : f ,m , r }
 { i - ci - cle | breath, The | note of the }

{ m :- : m , r .d | r .,m : f .m : r .d | l₁ :- : d .r }
 { trumpet had | sound - ed its | warning, A }

{ m : r .d : d,r.m | r : m,r.d,l : s₁ | l₁ , t₁ : d .,r : m .,r }
 { young I - rish | sol - dier was | sen - tenced to }

{ d :- || d .,r | m .,r : d .,r : m .,d | r .,d : l₁ .d : r .,l₁ }
 { death. || No | cold - blood - ed | mur - der had }

{ d .,l₁ : s₁ .,l₁ : d .,r | d :- : d ,r ,m | f .,m : r .,m : f .,r }
 { stained his pure | conscience, As he | called to his }

{ m .,r : d .r : m .,d | r : l : s .,m | r :- : d,r.m }
 { wit - ness his | Ma - ker on | high ; He'd }

{ | $\frac{f \text{ ., } m}{\text{sim}} : \frac{r \text{ ., } m}{\text{ply}} : \frac{f \text{ ., } r}{\text{been}} | \frac{m \text{ ., } r}{\text{fight}} : \frac{d \text{ ., } r}{\text{ing}} : \frac{m \text{ ., } d}{\text{for}} | \frac{r \text{ ., } m}{\text{Ire}} : \frac{f \text{ ., } m}{\text{land's}} : \frac{r \text{ ., } d}{\text{loved}} | }$

{ | $\frac{l_1}{\text{freedom}} : - : \frac{d \text{ ., } r}{\text{Ar}} | \frac{m \text{ ., } r}{\text{res}} : \frac{d \text{ ., } r}{\text{ted}} : \frac{m \text{ ., } d}{\text{and}} | \frac{r \text{ ., } d}{\text{tried}}, \frac{l_1 \text{ ., } d}{\text{he}} : \frac{r \text{ ., } l_1}{\text{was}} | }$

{ | $\frac{d \text{ ., } l_1}{\text{sen}} : \frac{s_1 \text{ ., } l_1}{\text{tenced}} : \frac{d \text{ ., } r}{\text{to}} | \frac{d}{\text{die}} : - ||$

CHORUS. KEY G. *Moderato*.

{ : $\frac{m}{\text{Lay}} | \frac{l}{\text{him}} : - : \frac{m}{\text{a}} | \frac{m}{\text{-}} : \frac{r}{\text{way}} : \frac{t_1}{\text{on}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{the}} : - : \frac{t_1}{\text{hill}} | \frac{s_1}{\text{side}}, : - | }$

{ : $\frac{m}{\text{A}} : - | \frac{r}{\text{long}} : - : \frac{t_1}{\text{with}} | \frac{t_1}{\text{the}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{brave}} : - : \frac{l_1}{\text{and}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{the}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{bold}}, : - : - | - : - | }$

{ : $\frac{m}{\text{In}} : - | \frac{l}{\text{scribe}} : - : \frac{m}{\text{his}} | \frac{m}{\text{name}} : \frac{r}{\text{on}} : \frac{t_1}{\text{the}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{roll}} : - : \frac{t_1}{\text{of}} | \frac{s_1}{\text{fame}} : - | }$

{ : $\frac{m}{\text{In}} : - | \frac{r}{\text{letters}} : - : \frac{t_1}{\text{of}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{pu}} : - : \frac{l_1}{\text{-}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{rest}} | \frac{l_1}{\text{gold}}, : - : - | - : - ||$

{ : $\frac{t_1}{\text{"My}} | \frac{r}{\text{conscience}} : - : \frac{m}{\text{would}} | \frac{s}{\text{never}} : - : \frac{m}{\text{con}} : - | \frac{l}{\text{vict}} : - : \frac{m}{\text{me,"}} | \frac{m}{\text{-}} : - | }$

{ : $\frac{t_1}{\text{He}} | \frac{r}{\text{said}} : - : \frac{m}{\text{with}} | \frac{m}{\text{his}} | \frac{l}{\text{last}} : - : \frac{t}{\text{dying}} | \frac{l}{\text{breath}}, : - : - | - : - | }$

{ : t | l : s : m | m : r : t | l : - : t | s : - }
 { " May | God bless the | cause | of | Free - dom, }

{ : m | r : - : t | l : - : l | l : - : - | - : ||
 { For | which I am | sentenced to | death." ||

2

He thought on the love of a feeble old mother,
 He thought on his cailin, so dear to his heart ;
 The sobs of affection he scarcely could smother,
 Knowing that soon from them both he must part.
 He feared not to die, though his heart was nigh broken,
 'Twas simply remembrance of those he loved well.
 His bible he pressed to his breast as a token,
 The words cheered his soul in a felon's cold cell.

CHORUS.

3

Through the old barrack square they marched the young soldier,
 The bandage he tore from his eyes with disdain ;
 "Do you think I'm afraid ? Like a down-trodden hero,
 I'd die for old Erin again and again.
 I blame not my comrades for doing their duty ;
 Aim straight at my heart " were the last words he said,
 Exposing his breast to the point of the rifle—
 The smoke cleared away, the young soldier was dead.

CHORUS.

I got this song from a respected Dublin correspondent at the last moment, when my Fourth Series was well-nigh off the printing machine. I have had little time to select an air for it. I have as a matter of fact selected two airs, both of which are very beautiful. One is a lament,

to be sung to the verses. The other, in a different key, to be sung to the chorus, which is cast in a more triumphant or defiant tone. I could see no other way of managing a song with two such different metres. The song is a good one and worth preserving. It was taken down from the dictation of Jack Derham of Bân Bóg, Skerries, in August, 1921. He says that he first heard it long ago in Liverpool. "About twelve years ago, a man (from the North, I think) came to Skerries and sang it." Jack Derham could remember only a bit of the tune. It was, he says, very sad. The hero of the song was probably a Northern Protestant who left the Antrim Militia, or Yeomen, in 1798 to fight for Ireland's liberty in the ranks of the United Irishmen. This would explain the use of the words "Bible" and "comrades" in the song. My correspondent draws my attention to the imitation of the vowel assonance, so remarkable in Irish poetry. For example in verse 1, lines 7 and 8 we have the "i" rhyme in "fighting" for "Ireland's" and "tried" "he was sentenced to death." In verse 2, lines 7 and 8 I italicise the assonance thus :—

" His Bible he *pressed* to his *breast* as a *token*,
The words cheered his *soul* in a felon's cold cell."

In verse 3 :—

" Like a down-trodden *hero*,
I'd die for old *Erin*."

In a small party of friends one might sing the verses to the air of the caoine, whilst another or others might sing the chorus to the other air.

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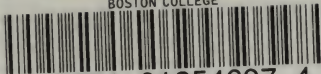
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